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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APRIL 10, 1920

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Beginning: The Dear Eccentric – By Henry C. Rowland

"That's It-The Breakfast Food of The Nation"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Some Notes on Agricultural Readjustment and the High Cost of Living

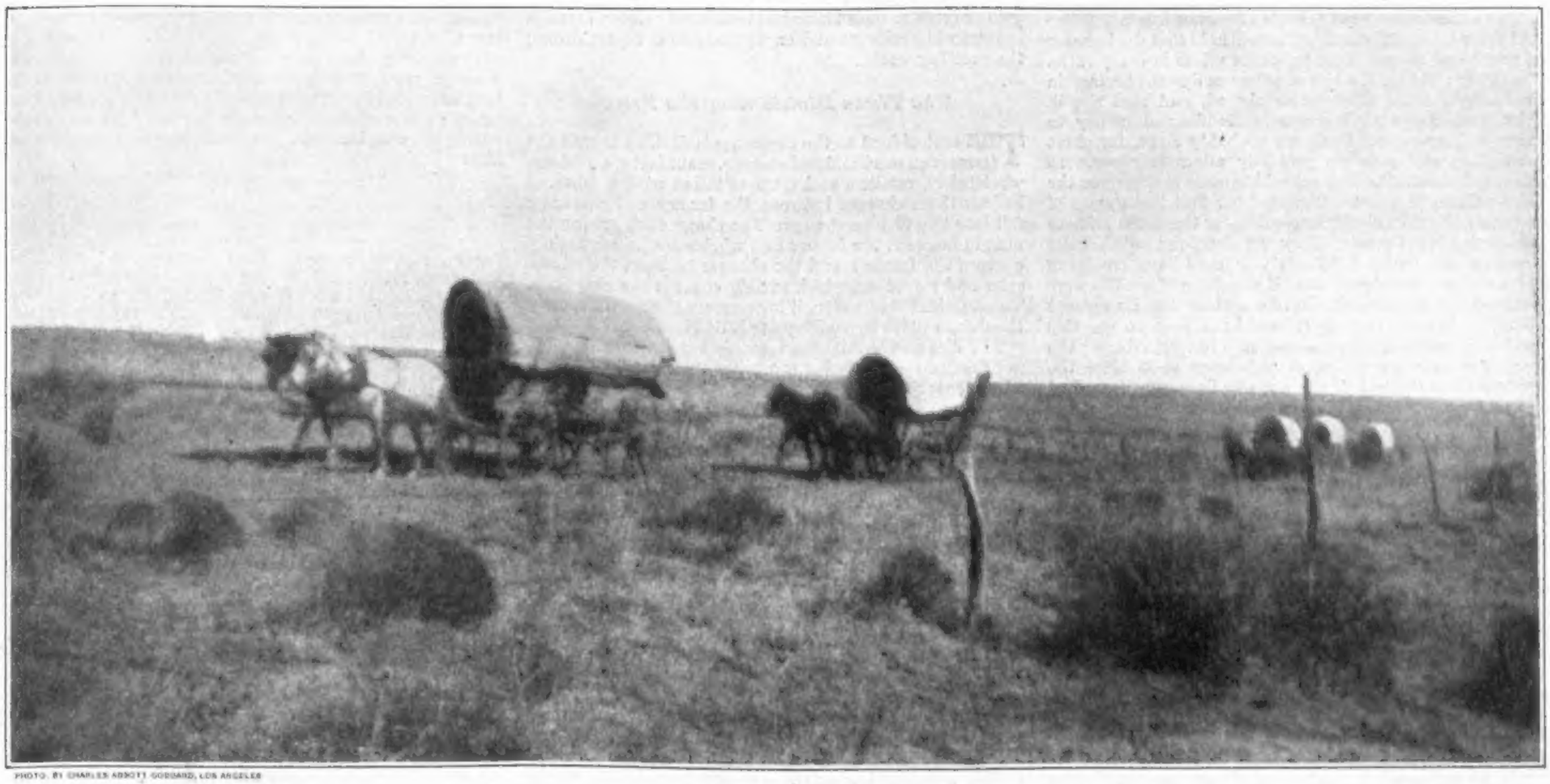

PHOTO. BY CHARLES ARNOTT GODDARD, LOS ANGELES

By HERBERT HOOVER

THE high cost of living is a temporary economic problem, surrounded by high emotions. The agricultural industry is a permanent economic problem, surrounded by many dangers. We are now entering into our regular four-year period of large promises to sufferers of all kinds. Except to demagogues and to the fellows who farm the farmer, there are no easy formulas; nevertheless, there are constructive forces that can be put in motion—and these are good times to get them talked about.

As bearing upon some suggestion of constructive solution, I wish to establish and analyze certain propositions. Amongst other things they involve a clear understanding of the bearings of different segments of the total price of food between the different links in the chain of production and distribution:

FIRST: That the high cost of living is due largely to inflation and shortage in world production; speculation is an incident of these forces, not the cause.

SECOND: That the farmer's prices are fixed by the impact of world wholesale prices; that such prices bear only a remote relation to his costs of production.

THIRD: That any increase or decrease in the cost of placing the farmer's products in the hands of the wholesaler is a deduction from or addition to the farmer's prices; that is, an expansion or contraction of the margin between the farm and wholesale prices makes an increase or decrease in the farmer's return.

FOURTH: That increase or decrease in the cost of distributing food from the wholesaler to the door of the ultimate consumer is an addition or deduction predominantly to the consumer's cost; that is, the margin between the wholesaler and consumer in its increases or decreases is largely an addition or subtraction from the consumer's price.

FIFTH: That these two margins in most of our commodities except grain were, before the war, the largest in the world; that they have grown abnormally during the war, except during the year of food control.

SIXTH: That analysis of the character of the margin between the farmer and wholesaler will show that decreases in price find immediate reflection on the farmer, while immediate increases in price are absorbed by the trades between, and the farmer gets but a lagging increase.

SEVENTH: That an analysis of these margins will show that they can be constructively diminished, but that, regrettable as it is, the prosecution of profiteers will not do it.

EIGHTH: That the problem must be solved, if our agriculture is to be maintained and if the balance between agriculture and general industry is to be preserved so as to prevent our becoming dependent upon imports for food, with a train of industrial and national dangers.

Present Prices Due to Inflation and Shortage in World Production

OUR war inflation does not lie so much in our increased gold and currency. Our currency per capita has increased by perhaps twenty-five or thirty per cent; but, compared to European practice of currency inflations of from 200 to 800 per cent, our conduct has been provident indeed. This is not, however, the real area of inflation. It lies in the expansion of our bank credits. If we exclude the savings banks as not being credit institutions in the ordinary sense, and if we compile the commercial bank deposits we no doubt gather in some real savings, but nevertheless the figures show a considerable color of inflation somewhere. No one need think we have gotten so suddenly rich as the money complexion of these figures might indicate. At the outset it should be emphasized that all figures of this kind are subject to dispute and interpretation; but, after all such deductions, the indication of tendencies remains.

	BANK DEPOSITS TOTAL	PER CENT CHANGE FROM 1913
1913	$11,390,918,596	100.0
1914	11,974,760,593	105.1
1915	12,282,097,628	107.8
1916	15,398,090,701	135.2
1917	18,444,103,496	161.9
1918	20,425,067,839	179.3
1919	24,971,784,000	219.2

It will be accepted at once that the volume of bank deposits must grow with increased commodity production and therefore we may roughly examine into this as well. If we

combine the tonnage productivity of agriculture, metals, coal, salt, cement, lumber and the quarries, we shall cover the great bulk of our products. These figures also must be taken as merely indicating the tendencies of the times.

	PRODUCTION IN TONS	PER CENT CHANGE FROM 1913
1913	1,081,293,417	100.0
1914	1,019,018,207	94.2
1915	1,073,472,988	99.3
1916	1,162,489,530	107.5
1917	1,241,173,806	114.8
1918	1,247,787,883	115.4
1919	1,117,181,233	103.3

If we attach the index of prices during these periods and compare them with the per cent variation in commodity production and bank deposits, we have the following interesting parallels:

YEAR	PER CENT CHANGE IN PRODUCTION FROM 1913	PER CENT CHANGE IN BANK DEPOSITS FROM 1913	DEPARTMENT OF LABOR WHOLESALE INDEX OF ALL COMMODITIES
1913	100.0	100.0	100.0
1914	94.2	105.1	99.3
1915	99.3	107.8	100.5
1916	107.5	135.2	120.5
1917	114.8	161.9	175.9
1918	115.4	179.3	196.6
1919	103.3	219.2	214.5

Two different extreme schools of economists will interpret these tables differently. One will hold that the increase in credit and money must influence prices in exact ratio. The other will hold the rise of prices as due to shortage in production, either at home or abroad, and that rise in price necessitates an increase in credits and money to carry on commerce. Both are probably right, for short production and inflation probably alternately serve as cause and effect. The first school has some claims upon the large volume of gold we imported the first three years of the war and multiplied into credits—as the cause prior to our coming into the war. They can also point out that our Treasury and banks deliberately inflated bank credits in order to place war loans, that if this form of credits were removed our expansion would be nothing like its present volume. As necessary as it may have been to use this method in securing quick money at a low rate during the war, there are the strongest objections to it since the armistice was signed. If our postwar finance at least had been secured from savings by offering sufficiently attractive terms, the inflation would be less, though the market price of Liberty Bonds might be lower.

That short world production has been one of the causes of rising prices cannot be denied. The warring powers of Europe took 60,000,000 men from production—nearly one-third their productive man power—and put it to destruction. They have lived to a great degree by drain of commodities from the United States and thus brought their shortage to our shores. They have not yet altogether recovered from the holidays of victory, the gloom of defeat, the persuasive "isms" that would find production without work, the destruction of their economic unity, transportation, credits, and other fundamentals necessary to maintain production. It will be some time before they do recover. In the meantime, they are perforce reducing their consumption—their standard of living—because they have largely exhausted their securities, commodities or credit to continue the borrowing of our commodities for their own short production, as during the war. The exchange barometer is to-day witness of the end of this procedure of living on borrowed money. In passing, it may be mentioned that exchange is no more a cause of their inability to buy from us than is the barometer the cause of blizzards. The storm is that they have mostly exhausted their credits and they have not recovered production so as to offer commodities to us in exchange for ours.

Our own industrial production, as distinguished from agricultural production, has fallen rapidly since the armistice. Some of the fall is due to war weariness, some to "isms" that have infected us from Europe, some to the natural abandonment of high-cost production brought into play during the war, some to strikes, and a host of other wastes. Our consumption has greatly increased after the restraint of war. Decrease had not penetrated our agricultural community up to 1919 harvest, nor will such decrease arise from these causes, but, as I will set out later, forces are entering that will decrease our agricultural production. Our production in nearly all important food commodities except sugar is in surplus of our own need. It only becomes a shortage affecting prices under the drain of exports. Therefore it is the world shortage that is affecting our price levels, not, so far, a deficiency for our own needs.

So far as relief from price influence by shortage in production is concerned, it may arise in two ways: First, slowly through gradual recuperation in world production. Second, by compulsory reduction of consumption in Europe through their inability to pay us by commodities, gold or credits. This latter has been very evident through the drop in exchange and engagements for export during the past few weeks.

The Three Divisions of the Price

THE cost of food to the consumer is divided among the farmers on one hand and storage, manufacture, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers and transportation on the other. I believe these charges between the farmer and consumer fall into two distinct groups: The charges comprising the margin between the farmer and wholesaler, which mainly concern the farmer; and the charges between the wholesaler and consumer, which mainly concern the consumer. To establish this division, it is necessary to analyze shortly the datum point by which price is determined.

The diet of the American people from a nutritional—not financial—standpoint comprises the following articles and proportions:

Wheat and rye	29.5
Pork products	15.7
Dairy products	15.3
Beef products	5.3
Corn products	7.0
Sugar products	13.2
Vegetable oils	3.6
	89.6
All others, including potatoes	10.4
	100.0

The wholesale price of about ninety per cent of our food in normal times is only remotely determined by the cost of production, but mostly by world conditions. We export a surplus of most commodities among the ninety per cent, and the prices of exports are determined by competition with other world supplies in the European wholesale markets. Those items in this ninety per cent that we do not export are influenced by the same forces, because in normal times we import them on any considerable variation in price and the wholesaler naturally buys in the cheapest market. Even milk is to a considerable degree controlled by butter imports in normal times. When we import butter it releases more milk to competition. This cannot be said to such extent of the most of the odd ten per cent, because they are largely perishables that do not stand overseas transport, and consequently rise and fall more nearly directly upon local supply and demand.

Some economists will at once argue that if prices are unprofitable to the farmer the situation will correct itself by diminished production and, consequently, a general rise in the world level of prices. In the abstract this is true, but as a matter of fact the surplus which our farmers contribute for export is only a small portion of their total production or of the world pool, yet the total of the world pool operating through this minor segment makes the prices for a large part of his commodities. Therefore, the effect in normal times of restriction in production in any one country does not affect price so much as theoretic argument would believe. The farmer must plant if he would live, and he must plant long in advance of his knowledge of prices or world production. He can make no contracts in advance of his planting, nor can he cease operations on the day prices fall too low. He is driven on, year after year, in hope and necessity, and will continue over long periods with a standard of return below rightful living because he has no other course—and always has hopes. He will vary fairly rapidly from one commodity to another—from wheat to other grains, for instance—but he mostly raises his maximum of something. In the long run of decreasing prices he would undoubtedly reach so low a standard as to cease production. Then comes a comparatively short period of higher prices in some commodity; production is again stimulated and followed by long intervals of low standards. As shown by the following table, on the whole, the farmer has not been underpaid during the war, but the currents again are turning against him:

	DEPARTMENT OF LABOR WHOLESALE INDEX OF ALL COMMODITIES	INDEX OF PRICES AT THE FARM IN PRINCIPAL PRODUCE STATES				
		ALL FARM PRODUCE	HOGS	CORN	WHEAT	COTTON
Prewar	100	100	100	100	100	100
First quarter 1918	187	200	213	224	254	246
Last quarter 1918	206	204	223	220	258	246
First quarter 1919	200	202	225	228	264	215
Last quarter 1919	230	206	178	216	277	268

It will be seen that the farmer enjoyed prices equivalent to and higher than the general level up to the last six months. He is now, however, falling behind in some important products. Unlike the industrial workers, he is unable to demand an adjustment of his income to the changed index of living.

For the moment, what I wish only to establish is that the farmer's prices are not based upon any conception of costs of production, but upon forces in which he has no voice. He can never organize to put his industry on a "cost plus" basis as industrial producers do, and remedy must be found elsewhere.

The Two Margins

AS STATED, the margin between the farmer and consumer falls into two divisions—one of which predominantly affects the farmer and the other the consumer. It is really the wholesale prices that govern the farmer, rather than retail prices, for it is in wholesale prices that the farmer competes with the world. As the prices paid by the wholesaler are mostly fixed by overseas trade at the datum point on the Atlantic seaboard or in Europe, then if the

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PHOTO. BY ERWIN E. SMITH, BONHAM, TEXAS

AT THE DIM GATE

"Don't Say a Word, Edy," Her Voice Crooned. "Don't Try to Say a Word. Mother Understands"

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE maid who opened the front door looked at her a little strangely, Edith Pemberton thought. Certainly her lips had parted as if she were about to speak. Then evidently on a changed impulse she stepped back while her mistress passed her and went down the long hall. At the foot of the staircase leading to her private sitting room on the second floor Mrs. Pemberton stopped, drawing off her gloves as she turned to the servant in a characteristic impulse to save time.

"Has anyone called this afternoon, Mary?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

The maid brought her the card tray and the mistress sent a quick glance over the half dozen cards it contained.

"The doctor came again at four," added Mary.

Mrs. Pemberton nodded absently, her thoughts still on the cards.

"If anyone else calls say I am not at home," she directed. "I shall be very busy until it is time to dress for dinner."

"Yes'm."

Mary slowly replaced the tray on the hall table. Her mistress was already halfway up the stairs and there was that in her purposeful progress which seemed to forbid interruption, but with only an instant's hesitation the servant hurried after her.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," she faltered. "But—but were you planning to stop in your mother's room this afternoon as you went past?"

Mrs. Pemberton glanced over her shoulder, her straight black eyebrows rising.

"Why, no," she said quickly. "Is there any reason why I should?"

"I think she'd like to see you."

"Is she any worse?"

Her mistress had taken a watch from her belt, looked at and replaced it, and was hastening on up the staircase. Mary followed, knowing that this was expected.

"The doctor didn't say so," she admitted. "But she seems different to me. Perhaps she's lonesome."

"Lonesome? Nonsense!" Mrs. Pemberton's brisk tone showed sudden relief. "That's absurd. She hasn't time to be lonesome. I saw her this morning, and no doubt the children and the servants have been in and out of her room all day. But I'll look in."

She was already tapping at a door opening from the upper hall, and now she turned the knob and passed from Mary's view. As she entered the big cheerful room her voice and manner unconsciously took on something of the brisk efficiency they expressed when she visited the wards of the great hospital whose impressive list of trustees was headed by her name.

"Well, mother, how do you feel this afternoon?" she inquired, approaching the uncurtained four-poster bed. "Comfortable?"

She smiled down on the bed's occupant, and the little old woman lying before her returned the smile with a sudden illumination of a worn and pallid face. It was a very sweet old face, framed in white hair and set off by a becoming lace-and-lavender cap; and it bore the resemblance to Mrs. Pemberton's face which lies between a faded white rose and a full-blown pink one. Everything about the invalid showed close attention to detail. Like her cap, her silk jacket was lavender, and a lavender silk quilt lay across the foot of her bed. The white wicker chairs in the room had lavender cushions, thin silk lavender curtains screened the window frames and against a background of delicate lavender walls a few choice pictures hung. The whole effect of the room was deliberately and completely restful. The highly efficient Mrs. Pemberton had devoted both time and thought to making it so.

Within easy reach of the sick woman's hand stood a small table covered with new books and magazines, and a shaded electric drop lamp for night reading hung above her pillows. There were cut flowers in vases and growing flowers in pots, and through the parted curtains of the windows a wide stretch of sky and water and distant river banks invited tired eyes with a late-afternoon vista which—as if in deference to Mrs. Pemberton's taste—also held delicate lavender tones. The invalid put out a thin blue-veined hand and her daughter took it in her cool, almost professional grasp.

"I'm always comfortable, dear," her mother said. "I owe that to you—same's I owe everything else."

A stranger would have observed that she spoke with an effect of breathlessness and in a voice that was little more than a whisper, but Mrs. Pemberton hardly noticed this—partly because she had grown accustomed to it, but largely because her thoughts were not in the sick room. She recalled herself, however, to the duty of the moment.

"You have all you need but a nurse," she murmured, gazing down at her mother discontentedly. "I wish you would let me get one to-morrow. Can't you make up your mind to it?" At the first words the hand in her own slipped away, while the delicate features and even the body of the sick woman began to tremble uncontrollably.

"Don't you get started on that subject again, Edith," she quavered. "You know the doctors say all I need is to be quiet; and you promised me again and again you wouldn't get a nurse till I said you could."

"I know; I'm asking you to say it now."

Mrs. Pemberton's voice was very kind, but it held a note of tried patience; and this deepened as she went on, while the little figure before her seemed to cower under its tacit reproach.

"Try to be reasonable. It would be such a comfort to me to feel that someone was always with you."

"An' it would just about kill me."

The patient's voice was tense. In her excitement she reverted to the speech of an earlier day.

"Ain't I told you I couldn't stand it?" she went on with rising agitation. "Ain't I told you it would make me lose my mind to have a trained nurse settin' here in my room watchin' me every minute? Ain't ——"

She was growing hysterical, and Mrs. Pemberton checked her with a gentle touch on her shoulder.

"Now, now, don't excite yourself," she urged, still patiently. "I'm not insisting; I'm only expressing a wish. Have it your own way. I know you are well cared for. The servants have orders to answer your bell the instant it rings, and I'm sure they do."

"Yes, they do. Someone always comes. And Mary's better than any nurse."

Her mother's tone grew quieter. Her features steadied and she relaxed obviously, but with an air of extreme exhaustion, as if she had fought and won a hard battle. At intervals she drew a quivering breath such as a child draws after a paroxysm of sobbing.

Mrs. Pemberton continued to pat her shoulder. She was making a mental list of the things to be done before dinner. It was a really alarming list, considering that it was already five o'clock.

"Mary's in and out every ten minutes," her mother was saying. "She's a good girl, Mary is," she conceded in the generous impulse following her triumph.

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SPIRITUALISM FRUMENTI

"Mary—Is There Someone Here Named Mary?"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AIN'T it remarkable how a person which is an expert in their own particular line can be a regular nitwit in every other way? Not meaning exactly Jo-Jo the Dog-Face Boy or any such specialty act like that where actual absence of human intelligence is the principal interest in it, but, say, as with husbands, doctors, theatrical producers and many other high-class professionals.

And just put this in your flask: When a woman is a expert she is no exception either, and a experience I have just been ground through with Maison Rosabelle impressed me with this great truth, because Maison has certainly got brains when it comes to running her exclusive gown shop and she has got it all over a girl across the street from her which calls herself Modes. Which probably isn't her own name any more than mine is Marie La Tour, or than is that of any professional lady which has adopted a little French orphan of a trade-mark for her own.

Well, anyways, I have seen Maison take a lot of sixty-dollar dresses she couldn't sell and mark them down to a hundred and twenty-five and get away with it, and if that don't show brains and highly developed modern business technic I'm at a loss. But outside of business hours! Of all the nitwits she is the prize empty package. She's got a head like the box you put away in case you should ever need it—full of wrinkled dressmakers' tissue paper and nothing else. Not that I intend to say Maison is in the least wrinkled, she being the most faithful massage tipper I know of and wonderfully well preserved for her age, whatever it is. And as for clothes, she never makes the mistake of using up old stock but wears the samples which are too extreme instead.

I and Maison having been intimate for years, I am in a position to know where she gets off mentally, but no lady ever really disliked a friend for having less brains than herself, and so on account of both our mothers having been in the same circus and my charge account at her store, and everything, we have really a whole lot in common. But my loyalty to her through all my brilliant career on the stage and in pictures has cost me more than what her realization of the salary I get ever set me back in cash.

Well, anyways, this latest sacrifice commenced with me going shopping, though for once not at her place, but meeting her just the same.

"Hello, Mary Gilligan!" she says, sailing up to me on Thirty-fourth Street. "How good you look in that elephant's-ear silk! I just knew it would be darling on you when I sold it to you. The green hat ain't so good, though. Where did you get it?"

"It's a French hat," I says, thinking that would change the subject. But it didn't. Maison sure does keep her mind on her business.

"A French hat!" she sort of squeaked. "My dear, it's not! What did you pay for it?"

"I can't remember exactly!" I says.

"Can't you give me a vague idea?" she persisted.

"Oh, about twenty-five or fifty dollars," I says, though I knew darn well it was ten-fifty, but didn't want her to have the satisfaction.

"That's vague enough!" says Maison. "You were stung at seven-ninety-eight. What are you doing now?"

"I'm shopping," I says. "I got a whole lot of little things to get."

"So have I," says Maison. "Leave us go along together. I got something I want to tell you."

"All right," I says; "but I have to meet Jim at the automobile show at three o'clock, and before that I got to get—here let me see," I says, and dug into my bag and pulled out my handkerchief, my keys, my powder, my money, my check book and some soda mints, and finally at last the list I had wrote out before leaving home according to female custom. Did you ever notice how no woman can leave home for any purpose without first writing down something? Well, anyways, I found the list.

"What a convenient bag!" says Maison.

I give her a sharp look at that, but she was serious.

"I got to get some hair nets, blotting paper, sealing wax, peanut brittle and shoe cleaner," I says, reading 'em off.

"And I got to get poker chips, lead pencils and some perfume," says Maison. "Come on into this drug store where we can get 'em all and then we can talk."

"All right," I says, "because I got to meet Jim at the automobile show at ——"

"We are also thinking of getting a new car," says Maison. "Though, of course, our flivver certainly can do the work!"

"Yes, of course," I says in a tone of sympathetic understanding, as when one speaks of any dear friend's shameful secret. "Of course they are wonderful. But what are you going to get?"

"We was waiting for the show," says Maison, "before making up our mind."

"Same here," I says. "It's hard to decide."

"I have about concluded to see all the cars and then ask weegee," says Maison. "Say, girlie, is there much alcohol in this Flower of Persia cologne?"

This last remark was to the girl behind the counter, which we were by now at it.

"About eighty per cent," says the girl, smiling. "And the flavor is said to be like cinnamon."

"Then there's no use in me buying it," says Maison. "It wouldn't last two hours with Rollo in the house! And anyways, twelve dollars for two ounces of alcohol is too high, even in these days!"

"Why, Maisy Ryan!" I says. "Do you mean to tell me Rollo is drinking again?"

"I mean he is drinking still," says Maison, "and no joke intended or felt, for all he drinks any still he can get. Ain't you got some rose or sandalwood without any kick to it?" she went on to the girl.

"There's a violet made with oil. You couldn't drink that on a bet. Excuse me for misunderstanding."

"That's all right," says Maison, smelling of the stuff, which come in a ten-dollars-for-the-bottle-and-a-nickel-for-the-perfume outfit. "It's awful delicate and faint for my style, but I guess it wouldn't furnish a jag for a trained flea, so I'll take it."

And when the girl had gone to wrap it up and powder her nose and kid along the aisle man and dream about last night's movies and think about to-morrow's and wake up with a start to remember your change like they generally do when you are in a hurry—well, anyways, when she had gone Maison turned to me with a look of real genuine human worriment under her make-up that went right to the heart, and continued her sad story.

"Marie, you don't know what a curse it is to have a drinking husband," she says solemnly. "Especially now, with prohibition and all. In the old times I at least knew which saloon to send to, and now ——"

She stopped with a dramatic gesture.

"You're dead right I don't know what it is," I says. "Because no professional dancer could long be both a drinker and my husband, as stands to reason. But why don't you do something about it?"

"Why, dearie, I have!" she says. "I've done everything I could think of. I even insisted on his new suits being made without a hip pocket, but all to no avail. He simply carries it elsewhere whenever obtainable. You don't know what it is to have domestic troubles!"

Well, of course, that was a terrible challenge for one woman to throw at another, but I let it pass, because after all my own are but in smaller things such as who will drive the car and thick or thin soup at dinner; but if I had greater I would never discuss them, especially with a intimate friend, as no lady would reveal her dirty wash to anybody but the laundress, as the poet says. But, of course, Maison could trust me perfectly, as I would never breathe it to a soul, as the man who got the drink promised. And as both of us sort of enjoyed her misery, why not leave her talk?

"You poor darling!" I says. "Whatever did you marry him for?"

"Love!" sighs Maison, heaving her thirty-eight, which would be a forty in any other shop. "Love! And, of course, there was that story of his about his rich father being lost in the Klondike but bound to come home with the kale eventually. But believe me, dearie, it was love first."

Well, how anybody her size could love a table d'hôte portion like Rollo was a mystery to me, but they say most marriages are made in heaven, and in heaven everybody looks like an angel, I suppose, though it is admittedly a awful jolt when they come down to earth. But I did not pass this remark aloud, but bought my hair nets with as much sympathy on the side as could be managed.

"You got to do something about it, Maison dear," I says earnestly.

"Well, I intend to ask weegee," says Maison. "I got great hopes there."

"Who on earth is this weegee you are talking so much about?" I says.

"Nobody on earth," says Maison. "Do you mean to tell me you never heard of a weegee board?"

"Oh!" says I. "Is that how you pronounce it? Well, of course I've heard of it and seen pictures, but I always thought it was a kind of indoor roller skate for kids!"

"That's where you are all completely wrong!" exclaimed Maison. "It's what all the best mediums use to get messages with; that is to say, all the up-to-date scientific ones."

"A sort of self-starter for spirits," I says. "I see. But Maison, you don't believe all that bunk, do you?"

"Well, you got to admit it does some wonderful things," she says, not committing herself too deeply, though I could see she did believe every bit of it. "Of course a lot depends on the medium and the control," she went on.

"And on the gas and ignition," I says very sarcastic and well over her head. "But do you really think you can get Rollo cured of drinking by anything to do with spirits?"

"I do!" she says firmly. "And I want you to come to a séance up to Madame Rickettes'. She has Tuesdays and Fridays, and the public séances are the best, because she can't know are you there or not."

"If I went at all," I says, "I would want her to come to us—to your flat or to mine, where there couldn't be any trick furniture nor trapdoors and she'd have to make good. If Madame Rickettes wants to come up to our place, say, on Sunday evening, there being no performance for us that night, why leave her come and bring her pet weegee, and you bring your Peek and your husband and I'll have a little supper afterward, and we might each ask a few friends to help pay the tax, because I take it for granted this is a luxury. So if you want to fix it up, why fix it up, and nobody can be hurt by it, anyways."

"I'll do that little thing! Maybe something will come of it. Well, I got to run along now, Mary. I got a salesman with some English goods from Portsmouth, Maine, coming at one-thirty. So long! I'll phone you later."

Well, I held out until she was gone, and then I staggered over to the soda fountain and got a glass of aromatic spirits of ammonia. I knew that was what to ask for, because they had to give it to me the night Goldringer raised my salary of his own accord and it was the only drug I had ever taken. It's a good thing they didn't give me morphine or something that night in the wings, because the ammonia done me good, and I sat down at one of the little tables and thought hard.

For me not to feel good was something new, and as I felt better already I was more than ever glad that I had said nothing about it to Maison, because if I had of by night everybody on the Rialto would been saying I had the drug habit. You know how women talk—each feeling it is her duty to herself to go the last one's story a little better until it accumulates moss like a rolling snowball. But I was mighty worried. I had a picture to finish that wasn't supposed to be done for a week yet, which in actual studio time meant three at least, and I had the script of a new seven-reeler at the flat that moment with full intention of reading every word of it myself, though hardly any stars do that, it being generally considered better not to know the plot in advance. Besides all this, I and Jim was dancing our old-time parlor dances at the Colossal and didn't finish until Saturday night. So for me not to feel good meant a lot. My motto has ever been that a stitch in the morning saves embarrassment in the afternoon, and so though I felt perfectly all right again I walked across the drug store and got into a telephone booth. Always act promptly may have been and still is my motto, but far differently with the telephone operators, especially lately, and I suppose pretty soon they will commence lining the telephone booths with padding so that when the party which is trying to get their number goes crazy they will not injure themself before being removed to a more permanent stall at the nut farm.

Well, anyways, before I had quite reached this stage I heard old Doc Williams' voice, and I says can I come up and he says to do it, and so I hung up and went up. I knew I'd be late at the show and Jim would be mad, but it couldn't be helped. I had to see that doc. Always putting my career first, unless in real, genuine, important

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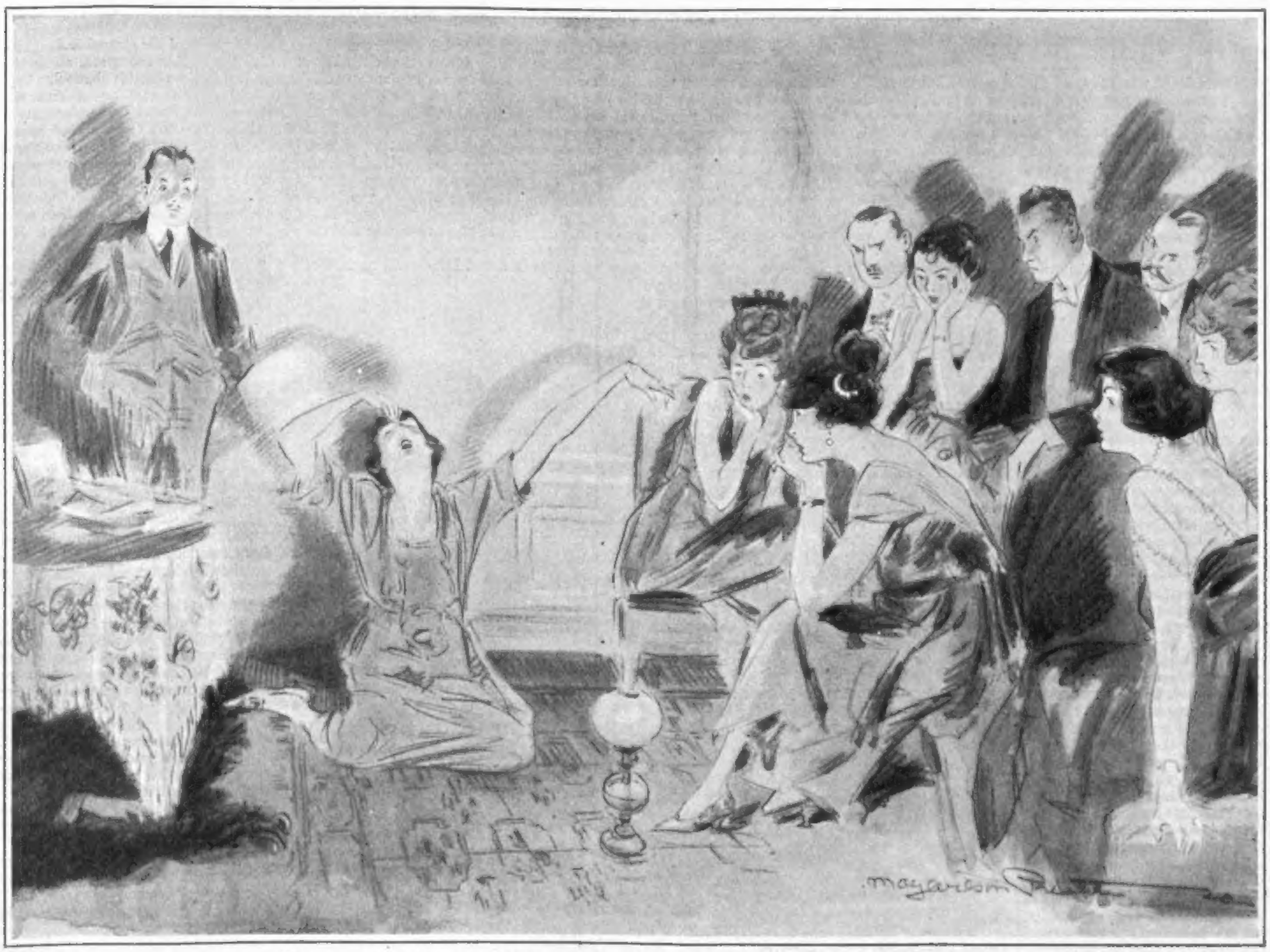

"Rollo—Come, Rollo!" Says the Medium Louder. "Do Not Try to Refuse! Come Out of the Darkness!"

HOP

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

An Old Chinaman Carrying a Flickering Candle Cupped in His Hand Came Shuffling Out of the Night

The stars come nightly to the sky
The tidal waves unto the sea—

CHIN FAT was spawned in the stilted house of his father, which verges the muck of a rice field beside the Canton River. The house stands away from the East Gate of the city beyond the festering graves that lie about the temple wherein wailing droves of starving old women sublet the business of singing prayers from hypocrite Buddhist priests.

He is dead now in San Francisco, and on his hand a phosphorescent rotten yellow diamond defeats the blackness of his grave, and in the sockets of his skull his clotted blood reveals the black technique of death.

This dog of a Chin Fat is dead in the dishonored fastness of a rented grave at which no person mourns. Presently the charnel slugs will get him, and for a little while in sanguinary carnival the crawling grubs of earth will discover a congenial savor in the fabric of his tissues. Then he will incorporate with the black earth slime of his origin, and nights which were blemished by each enterprise of his inception will be clean. Stars whose rays impacted on the filth of his soul when it knew residence in his body will then shine clear upon his tranquil house, which once was hell. The beast is dead.

At dawn in Canton a creaking cart traversed the crooked streets which lay within the East Wall of the city. Before the sun was an hour high the cart was filled with a cargo of dead girl babies whose parents had contributed to their offspring the sleep that derives from a pill of uncooked opium.

The parents of Chin Fat were poor and opium for the purpose of murder was beyond their means, and so the three baby sisters who had preceded Chin Fat were strangled with the leather string which ordinarily functioned as the tether of a pig belonging to a Buddhist priest. While the leather string was absent from the pig's leg he would be herded in the hut wherein dwelt the father of Chin Fat, who was nominally the watchman in charge of the priest's pig. In reality Chin Fat's father was a professional thief who spent his time stealing rice.

On the day which marked the strangling of the third consecutive girl baby the priest's pig took advantage of the absence of the leather thong and escaped. Enjoying his freedom, he trotted to the Whampoa Channel of the Canton River. He bathed luxuriously in the mud for a few minutes and then, over his depth, he began to swim for the rice field which lay across the channel. Presently blood dyed his wake, and as he swam his throat was slashed with his plunging front feet. Midway of the channel he squealed loudly several times, and died with a final crescendo grunt of protest and surprise.

His squeals were echoed by the watchman and the watchman's wife, whose neglect had permitted his escape. This wailing pair sensing the disaster which had befallen them returned to their domicile, upon the clay floor of which lay the body of the baby daughter. About her neck was still the leather thong whose removal from the leg of the pig had been the instrument of that animal's escape.

As the watchman's fears grew upon him he found himself no longer able to control the impulse to flee from the wrath of the Buddhist priest who owned the pig. He departed into the East Gate of the city. He traversed the city and presently was lost in the labyrinth of streets near West Gate, from which extends the Street of Benevolence and Love. For many weeks he found sanctuary in the lost black houses about him.

The mother carried the form of her strangled daughter from the hut and with the leather thong still about the infant's neck she cast it into the sluggish channel, where presently it came to rest upon the mud flat, which is left bare when the tide is out. For half a day four vultures from the Execution Ground forsook their wonted points of patrol, but presently the tide came in and so these interrupted scavengers flapped their slow reluctant wings west to their accustomed feasting.

A year later in all this happy circumstance Chin Fat was born in the hut whence had escaped his three baby sisters and the pig belonging to the Buddhist priest. His advent was marked by the Cycle of Running Deer. "He will be fleet of foot," his mother predicted. So that the evil spirits might be deceived she christened the child Little Lady Pig. "The evil spirits will think he is a girl, and will pay no attention to him."

When the Little Lady Pig was two weeks old he fell sick. From their burrows in the crumbling bricks of the clay bed which stood against the wall of the hut Chin Fat's mother captured four cold and sluggish beetles, which, with a wisp of hair, three feathers from a crow, and half an ounce of parings from the hoof of a pig, were boiled in a jar until but a spoonful of essence remained. This potent medicine was given to the infant Chin Fat, and he was thrown naked upon the uneven floor of the hut, where for three days and nights he wailed until the fact of his being alive established his triumph over the evil spirits.

When he was six years old he abandoned his milk name, and after a few lessons he learned the business of collecting firewood. He returned one evening from the territory about the graves which lay near the fort beyond the Buddhist temple. Dangling from a pole across his shoulders were two great bundles of fuel. His mother's gratification lasted only for a moment, and then the smile on her face gave way to a grimace of horror.

"You have destroyed the nest of the black birds!"

Chin Fat sensed his error.

"These branches come from the nests of crows. There are more. We shall be warm."

For the next week he was subjected to terrific beatings, which taught him the virtue of falsehood and the advantages of deceit.

There Came a Scar Which Endured Throughout His Life, and With the Scar a New Name Which Would Tend to Confuse the Gods of Darkness

"The nests of crows are molested only by people of evil character. You are a criminal," his mother reiterated

To defeat the efforts of the evil spirits she burned a pinch of sulphur and charcoal dust in the hair which bristled from the forehead of Chin Fat. With the flame of the burning powder there came a scar which endured through his life, and with the scar a new name which would tend to confuse the Gods of Darkness.

The evil spirits were unsuccessful in their pursuit of Chin Fat, and when he was twelve years old he put on the cap which marked the ending of his childhood. For this son who had become a man his mother found a wife, and with the family of the girl red papers of engagement were exchanged. It was fitting that the new husband should go to school, and so to school he went, while his wife served in the house of her mother-in-law. At school Chin Fat was a failure, and one day he came home to his wife, weeping loudly from the pain of a beating he had received at the hands of his teacher. Over the bruised areas of his skull his wife applied a mixture of black mud and pitch, which presently formed an impregnable defense against such roving spirits as might seek to gain entrance into her husband's head.

After school had proved to be a failure Chin Fat studied the business of rain making for a while, but in his rovings he fell in with a character whose heart was black and who wore the shoes of treachery. Chin Fat and his new companion earned several dollars between them one evening by beating an old man to death and taking several strings of cash from his girdle. A dispute rose concerning the division of the spoils, and in this dispute Chin Fat was well beaten by his associate.

Bearing his dishonorable scars thick upon him he fled to the sanctuary of his mother's house, whence after a period of days he journeyed forth to affiliate with a local society of crop guardians. Presently from his vantage point in the door of a leaf-clad hut in a garden of watermelons his roving eye discovered new opportunity for gain. A compromise with a foraging party resulted in considerable profit to Chin Fat. To the foraging party he sold the crop of which he was guardian and returned to his home with nearly six dollars in silver. Two cents of this he gave to his wife and two cents to his mother. While he was lying under cover vague ideas of life in a world apart from his constricted horizon recurred to him. They were inspired by the tales that had been told him by his associate murderer. He resolved to start a friendly loan society with ten associates.

"For enterprise I need great capital," he said to several prospective partners. "Each of us shall contribute five dollars. I shall be the head man and will provide a great feast, and after a year the next man will pay in five dollars and receive ten times that amount."

After a little while he found ten individuals who agreed to enter into this cooperative loan with him, and thus he promoted The Friendly Society of the Eleven Worthies.

Soon after, with a treasure of sixty dollars in his pocket, he fled across the city and embarked on a junk which lay at the mouth of the creek that flows through the gardens of the Honan Temple. At noon the junk cleared the Shameen Channel and swung southward toward Macao. It landed at evening against the fleet of its kind which fronts the crescent harbor. Chin Fat trotted swiftly across a field of sampans until he gained the reaches of the Praia Grande. He traversed this street at dusk for half a mile along the waterfront, caring not whither his feet led him. Then the shadows deepened, striking from the silhouette of the San Paulo Cathedral against the sky, and presently night lay over the city.

Chin Fat swung into a little street, and while the bells of the several Christian churches announced the evening hour he dived into a gambling house whose flamboyant invitations were revealed by the rays of clustering red lanterns.

On a Day of Surrender She Promised Chin Fat That She Would Marry Him

In the course of the evening he lost half of his wealth, but to offset this misfortune he made the acquaintance of a Chinese whose Portuguese blood showed only in his name. This Conego Sampaio invested Chin Fat's mind with a method of beating the game of poverty.

"Hong-Kong is forty miles away," he said. "Obtain employment on the steamer which runs daily from here to that city.

"Each day I will supply you with a dozen boxes of powder such as English ladies use on their faces. Deliver these boxes to an address in Hong-Kong, and for this service I will pay you each day five dollars."

Chin Fat thought of the time during which he had worked a full year for that amount. His eyes narrowed.

"Opium?" he asked.

The Portuguese-Chinaman looked straight at him.

"Opium."

Chin Fat engaged in this lucrative venture for a period of twelve days, and then for twice that long he languished in a jail across from Kau-lung Point.

"This is good business," he reflected. "Conducted on a more elaborate scale it is worthy of a man's attention."

When he was released from jail he returned to Macao, but instead of resuming his traffic in opium he secured employment for himself in the great opium factory which is operated by white millionaires at the expense of the yellow pauper millions of the East.

For ten years Chin Fat stood before one of a hundred great brass caldrons. During all this time he used his eyes

One day he married a Chinese girl who was employed at a caldron near the one which he watched. On the day of his marriage Chin Fat spoke briefly to his second wife:

"I smoke opium. Contrive to bring with you this night to our house two tins of the best black gum."

The wife of Chin Fat accomplished her husband's command.

"You have stolen opium," he said in thanking her. "See that you bring two tins home with you each night. Otherwise I shall deliver you to the authorities."

In the course of six weeks Chin Fat had as much opium as he could easily conceal in the quilted garment upon which he was at work. In September he embarked for Manila. He remained in Manila long enough to add a hundred words to his English vocabulary, and then one day he sailed on an army transport bound for San Francisco. Chin Fat appeared on the ship's papers as mess boy.

On a night in October the transport entered the Golden Gate. At midnight she docked at Fort Mason, and before dawn Chin Fat and his heavy quilted vest were over the side. He lay for a while after midnight in the shadows of a billboard on Van Ness Avenue. At dawn he made his way along Francisco Street until he came to Columbus Avenue. On Stockton Street he swung to the right. Presently he dived into the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown.

He paused for a moment to warm himself at a flare which blazed in the gutter before a blank brick wall patched with a motif of red paper posters in Chinese. A motto written on two silk handkerchiefs pasted on the wall attracted his attention.

"Riches lead to vice and poverty to theft," he read. The two handkerchiefs were marriage announcements. "The two young fools think that happiness lies in the middle course," he reflected. He pressed his elbows down to reassuring contact with the tins of opium that lay against his ribs. "I shall try riches. If vice follows, well and good."

An old Chinaman carrying a flickering candle cupped in his hand came shuffling out of the night. Chin Fat accosted this old man and asked him three sharp questions. A moment later Chin Fat walked into the obscurity of Bartlett Alley. Under the faint rays of a little green light he stepped softly down the rickety stairs which led from the sidewalk to the subsurface entrance of the Goo Yat Lodging House. Confronting him was a door of heavy plank two feet wide. He knocked on this door. After a little while there was a sound from within, and presently

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THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

LEONARD HOBART met me at the wharf on the arrival of my ship at New York. This was very good of him, as he had motored all the way from the coast of Massachusetts near Plymouth to do so, and it made me feel a lot less of an alien on what was my first visit to the land of my ancestors.

It is tremendously necessary, I think, to meet a friend arriving in a strange new country, especially when it happens to be a country in which the stranger feels he ought to find himself at home, but does not. I had never felt conscious of any constraint at entering an entirely foreign land or in finding myself amongst utter strangers widely separated in language and customs and point of view. But I had a singular diffidence about America, such as one might feel at going to the home of relatives whom one has never seen and feels remiss about having so long neglected. This was a vague sensation of silent reproach. The United States affected me as thinking to itself that I had been a slacker in an inherited obligation.

I said something of this to Leonard after we had threaded the city and stopped for luncheon at a road restaurant in the suburbs.

"It does seem rather odd, Dick," he admitted, "but after all you were born in France and grew up there, and not having taken the trouble to declare yourself American when you came of age you had no choice but to do your duty by the country at the outbreak of the war."

"You didn't wait for that," I answered, "and it must be a tremendous satisfaction to you now."

Our acquaintance had begun in Paris in 1912, when Leonard was studying to enter the Beaux Arts and I had been taking special courses at the Sorbonne with the ambition to become a playwright. Leonard was about four years my senior and had come to Paris on graduating from Harvard. His family was an old colonial New England one and I secretly envied him his long identification with a definite place in its established society. We had been together in the Flying Squadron until America had entered the war and Len was taken over for service under his own flag. But oddly enough we had both been slightly wounded at about the same time and made our convalescence in the same hospital. He knew all about my rather peculiar history and now commented on it. "Was your mother still embittered with your father just before her death, Dick?" he asked.

"'Embittered' is not quite the word," I answered. "You see, her marriage was the result of a sudden strong infatuation, and she was always a fervent Catholic and probably felt convinced that she could make him a convert to her church. Then when she discovered a few months later that he was at heart the very worst kind of heretic, which is a pan-religionist, the disappointment was terrific. Besides he must have been a hopeless crank. One minute he seems to have hobnobbed with royalties and the next with social disturbers, and several times the house was raided by the police. Then mother was rich and he had scarcely anything and I fancy she made him feel it. When they separated she would never so much as allow his name mentioned in her presence. I haven't the slightest idea whether he is living or dead—and I don't greatly care."

"Do you suppose he knew that he was destined to be a father?" Leonard asked.

"No," I answered. "Mother once told me that much, which was about the only time she ever mentioned him. But she would never come to America on his account, I fancy. Then she was an ardent Catholic and no doubt found the ecclesiastical atmosphere of Catholic countries more congenial. Religion replaced matrimony with her as with a good many other women, I suppose. She left her fortune half to me and half to the church."

Len had a fast road car and it was a wonderful journey for me, this running through a continuous town, with its unending evidence on every side of incredible wealth and stupendous industrial power. About all I could think of was the infinite pity that America had not come into the war at the start and smothered it immediately. It struck me rather as though a costly conflagration had burst out and a big, well-equipped fire department had stood arguing whether or not it was worth while to put it out.

The region round the Hobarts' country place, which we entered the following afternoon, was picturesquely unfinished to my eyes, and on approaching it we passed the gates of a neighboring estate.

"That's a freak place," said Len. "The present owner has got to be quite a friend of mine. Fascinating chap with a pretty daughter about eighteen."

"Perfectly good ground for friendship," I answered.

"Why, yes," he admitted, "but Suzy is a separate account. Her father goes entirely under his own power. I can't quite make out whether he's a genius or a nut."

"They're usually the same thing," I answered.

"Of course," he said. "But John Malluc is neither a good deal of the time; just sane and natural and with a sort of boyish eagerness uncommon in a man of middle age who seems to have lived such an awful lot. I go over there a good deal. He always has a house full of guests; retiring, well-bred people that nobody ever seems to have met. Malluc devotes his whole time to entertaining them, and we swim and ride and race boats and play tennis and talk metaphysics and philosophy and ——"

"Flirt?"

"No, that's the odd part of it. I never fell in with such an impersonal crowd. They're not exactly highbrow, but abstract—abstracted you might say. All the people I've met there somehow give the impression of having been through some sort of crucible—unpleasant experiences—they seem trying to forget, though that's not unusual just now. But if it's the war you'd think that once in a while somebody would let slip something about it. They never do. I've got to know Malluc pretty well, but I haven't the least idea who he actually is or where he comes from or what he's been doing for the last number of years. He's a widower and must have a lot of money to entertain as he does. Suzy has been in a convent since she was fourteen and spent her vacations in California. I've got a sort of idea that Malluc may have found a pearl island in the Pacific, or something of that sort."

"Why a pearl island?" I asked. "Why not gold or guano or opium smuggling?"

"Well, it might be that. Struck it rich somewhere, and now he's indulging his fads. He's a sailorman, whatever else he may or may not be. He bought a sub chaser in the sale of surplus boats from the Government yards and uses it for a yacht. And he's his own navigator. I ran up to Marblehead with him about a week ago and we never got out of the fog from the time we left until we dropped anchor off the yacht club. Thick as any cloud we ever flew through and he was never for a moment in the slightest doubt."

A few minutes later we reached the entrance to the Hobart estate and came to a stop before the gates, which to Len's surprise were closed. He sounded the horn, when a middle-aged woman, apparently the lodge keeper's wife, came out of the little vine-covered cottage to let us in.

"What's this, Mrs. Kenny?" Len asked.

"There's been a burglar scare in the neighborhood, Mr. Leonard," said she, "and Miss Martha ordered the gates closed to keep the dogs from straying."

"First time I ever heard of burglars down here," said Len. "The dogs wouldn't stray anyhow." And he added to me: "I brought back a pair of *chiens policiers*. Martha must be afraid they may nab the wrong chap. Have any of our neighbors been burgled, Mrs. Kenny?"

"The Coolidge house was entered, sir, though they didn't get much, and night before last some New York people touring in a big car were held up on the road when they had stopped to change a tire about half a mile beyond the country club. They think it's a burglar named Bolton, who is wanted by the police for a murder near Boston." She looked at me and smiled. "But we'll feel quite safe now, sir, with two brave officers back from the war."

"Well," said Leonard, "there seems to be a sort of crime wave going over the country just now."

He started the car, driving slowly that I might see a little of the grounds.

The Hobart estate appeared to be an old one for America as compared with the many palatial country places we had passed on the road, any one of which might have been in its consequence the manor house of an English village or local château of a French commune. It had struck my European sense of proportion as most singular to see these costly modern edifices so crowded in together, many of them with scarcely more than a stretch of lawn and gardens and a grove of ornamental trees, with stables and garage in the rear, comprising the property about a house which might have cost several hundred thousand dollars.

I Now Watched to See if He Were Going to Acknowledge or Conceal a Previous Acquaintanceship With Martha, But He Did Neither

Here Seemed a Tragedy Instead of the Prevention of One—Risking Our Lives to Save a Man From Drowning Only to Have Him Stuck Into a Military Prison

But the Hobart property was more like an English place, with a park of old trees and a wall fronting the highway. Leonard told me that this did not surround the estate, which ran down to the beach, thus having—as one might say—a double frontage. The house itself had been enlarged and modernized and was attractive when one got accustomed to its construction, which was principally of wood, which to the European eye lacks the impression of permanence.

A few minutes later I found myself being greeted warmly by Mr. and Mrs. Hobart and Martha, Len's only sister. They were rather stately people, not stiff, but punctilious and correct to the breaking point, and seemed to be tremendously educated, with none of the careless speech or manner one finds in British families of the same class. I could not imagine Mr. Hobart lounging about with a pipe or setting out a rosebush in his shirt sleeves or losing his temper or using strong or slipshod speech.

Martha was uncommonly pretty in a prim, precise way; by no means cold, I imagined, or strait-laced, but as if she had been filtered through silk and the filtrate put in a centrifugal machine which had whirled out any trace of remaining sediment. Her skin was fresh and clear with the peachy tints of an English girl and she appeared to dress with an effort to hide the beautiful lines which were rather full for a girl of her age. I guessed this to be about twenty-five and was not surprised to see that she had apparently taken over the administration of the household.

We reached the house in time for luncheon, which was served in a room with glass doors opening on an awninged terrace overlooking the inlet a quarter of a mile away. The front of the house commanded a view of the sea, the beach, from which came the constant rumble of surf, being only a few yards distant. As coffee was served we saw a long, low vessel entering the inlet at high speed.

"That's Malluc's ex-chaser," said Len. "Those boats are not very pretty, but they have proved themselves seaworthy and can get through the water at a tremendous gait."

I was talking to Martha when he spoke and it seemed to me that I caught a peculiar expression in her gray eyes. They seemed to darken as if her pupils had suddenly dilated, and she turned to watch the incoming craft. But in that brief second I had surprised the look which I had seen several times in the eyes of my nurse at the field hospital where I was laid up for a while, on hearing suddenly the thrum of an enemy bombing plane; not fear precisely, but excitement, expectation, and I wondered what there could be about the approach of their neighbor's yacht to disturb her. Then I thought I must have been mistaken, for when she turned back to me her pretty face, with its delicate Grecian features and firm mouth, was entirely unruffled.

"Has Leonard told you about our eccentric new neighbor?" asked Mrs. Hobart.

"A little," I answered. "In what way is he eccentric?"

She looked at her husband, who raised his eyebrows.

"I think 'mysterious' might be the better word," said he. "Mr. Malluc impresses one as such a forceful personality that it seems strange nobody knows anything about him. We are all rather well acquainted down here and have always tried to exercise a little supervision as to who shall become a member of the community. We wanted to buy the place next door as a protective measure, but they asked such a ridiculous price for it that the idea was abandoned. Then Mr. Malluc drops in apparently from interplanetary space, pays their absurd figure without trying to bargain and takes up his residence there. He brings his guests in the yacht from no man knows whence and takes them away no man knows whither. Leonard has struck up an acquaintance with him and says he's a charming fellow, apparently very well bred and very well informed. I met him one evening on the beach and in half an hour's conversation found him most interesting."

Leonard laughed. "Oh, come, dad!" said he. "You couldn't tell us a thing he'd said."

Mr. Hobart's aristocratic face turned a little pink, then he laughed himself.

"Well," he admitted, "I must say I never had such an attentive and appreciative listener. You see, Dick, our talk drifted to the subject of wave motion—not unnatural as we were watching the surf, which happened to be very high. He did tell me that he had invented a patent log which worked under a vessel's keel and thus avoided fouling weed and the error of surface-water motion."

"He's got one on his boat," said Len.

"I was also surprised to learn," continued Mr. Hobart, "that he was making some experiments in metaphysics; rather a fad of mine. He quite agrees with me that all so-called spiritistic manifestations must be one day explained by such purely physical forces as gravity and electricity and radioactivity. I must say I should like to see more of him, but we usually wish to know something about those with whom we enter into social relations. Mrs. Hobart and Martha have not yet met him, but have spoken a few neighborly words with the daughter."

Again I caught on Martha's face—Len had insisted that we call each other Dick and Martha—that peculiar expression, one of those fugitive reflexes to which candid natures are specially susceptible. But this time the disturbance was also vasomotor and left a deeper tinge of color, and as before she looked again through the long open windows. I was now sure that for some reason the reference to their neighbor disturbed her. It was hard to imagine anything disturbing Martha, because one could scarcely think that she could ever place herself in a position to be disturbed. She gave the impression of mental and physical aloofness from everything that was not a part of her intimate social system. One felt as if being cast adrift with her for a week in an open boat would neither break down her cool reserve nor yet discover any negligee of dress or attitude or with a single lock of her bright chestnut hair in disarray. Every detail of her charming person suggested this. She did not seem actually to wear her smart sport skirt and shirt and soft knitted sweater with its trim little black ribbon any more than a fox can be said to wear its fur. Her clothes seemed a part of her, just as they seem an afterthought on some women, like a napkin round a champagne bottle to disguise a poor label underneath.

Luncheon over, we seemed to run into our allotted places with an ease which was characteristic in a family of routine habits. Mrs. Hobart whisked off shortly in a car. Mr. Hobart seemed to dematerialize before our eyes—to take, I fancy, a stately nap. Len drifted off through the trees in the direction of the mysterious neighbor, so that Martha and I found ourselves tête-à-tête.

"This looks almost like collusion," said she with a smile. "One might expect me to get out the family album. But we have still a few English customs left in this colony, perhaps the best of which is not to pester a guest. Would you like to explore alone, or do nothing in particular with me?"

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THE JOKE

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE scenes of this tale lie two hours apart as trains go; or two aeons apart as hearts go. The story treats of the evils of divorce if you don't believe in divorce—or the evils of marriage if you are a Fabian and regard marriage as an imperfect institution. Could love be arranged to run on schedule as smoothly as the railroad trains ply hourly between the two great cities concerned in our romance, then there would be no romance to concern us and our novelists would be forced out of their libraries and into honest trades. Love, a force of Nature, like electricity and radioactivity, makes its own rules, and those rules are innocent of honor, kindliness and humanity. The pity about love is that it breeds such poison wells of hatred.

Sorting his instruments after an operation which had been as painful to him as to his patient, Dr. James Bradd Ransom stood at the weary end of a hard afternoon seeking for pleasure in abstract reflection. Ransom was a youngish man, rather poor to look upon, because he was short and insignificant both of face and figure. His hair and eyebrows were the color of cheap gilt. His nose was fine, but too short; it balanced a pair of eyeglasses through which peered deep-blue studious eyes—rather good eyes, but inclined a little to dreams. The rest of his face was small and unheroic.

"Now love," Ransom was thinking, as he lay a spiteful little instrument on its glass tray, "should be based on scientific facts. Heartache and toothache are scientific facts. Marriage is such a bedlam. Eugenics ——"

Ransom laughed to himself. He had a sense of humor, which played a part in his tragedy. Without it he might have hearkened to the voice of numerous Knickerbocker relatives who had informed him that none of his family—either Ransoms, Van Laerenses or Harbingers—had ever gone in for dentistry; dentists were all right when one had a cavity or a pyorrheic burning of the gums. Surgeons, now, were another matter; both Ransoms and Harbingers had practiced medicine and lost no prestige by it. But who ever heard of a Ransom pulling teeth!

Well, here was a Ransom pulling teeth, and doing it with only a moderate degree of success; you could learn that by the sign on the door, where Doctor Ransom's name was merely one of a long list of minor practitioners under the pretentious caption "Dr. Hallenberry." Ransom liked his profession because he realized the art, the knowledge, the skill required in its daily practice. But then, Ransom was peculiar. He amounted to little in the great world of his relatives; that he knew. He had no ambition to shine in that circle. What they thought made little or no difference. Born poor, he had chosen his way of making a living and had never regretted his choice. But how about Linda?

Curious that poor Jim should have thought of Linda at that moment. Or was it curious? Does not the boy who has been page to a princess—a married princess—over a series of months still keep her in mind after she has quit the court and left him blinking outside the palace gate?

It had been something like that; only nobody would ever associate scrawny Jim Ransom with an institution so romantic as a royal court.

At any rate Linda Harbinger's image was with him at the very instant when the branch telephone, operating in his office from a central switchboard, rang thrice—his signal.

"Hello!" A rough and angry voice vibrated over the wire. "This Doctor Ransom?"

"Yes, this is Ransom."

"Well, I'm Pat Maddigrew. I guess you know Maddigrew's place down on Forty-third. Ain't you the cousin or somethin' of Curry Harbinger?"

"Death," Whispered Linda. "It Seems to Make All the Sin and Weakness and Hatred Seem So Petty. It's So Final, Mother—So Awfully Final"

"Yes. I'm his cousin."

What had Curry been doing now?

"He's down here. See? And take my tip—come get him."

"Who's he with?"

"Aw, Fred Hervey, you know. Say, hur-ree up, will you?"

That was all. Much as the image of Linda Harbinger lingered in Jim's mind it gave him no sense of duty toward Linda's divorced husband. But, after all, Curry was Jim's cousin. He must be in trouble. Curry never acknowledged relationship otherwise.

So Jim Ransom got out of his white coat and into his street apparel. He was one of the sort who never look very well dressed in anything. Certainly the derby hat, which was rather small for him and worn well forward on his head, added nothing to his dignity as he came flying down the stairs and out on Madison Avenue. He found a taxi driver who knew Pat Maddigrew's place without much explanation. Down Forty-third Street somewhat beyond the Elevated Railway they saw the well-known name of Maddigrew arranged in electric bulbs, modest in the day to be a thing of glory by night. Maddigrew's place was nearly all cut glass on the outside; inside it presented the reddish polished surface of the prosperous second-grade barroom. A long counter bearing many platters, each platter labeled with a price per portion, proclaimed the usages of a new sad world where free lunch is no longer free and alcoholic beverages contain everything but alcohol.

Upon Jim Ransom's inquiry Pat Maddigrew came out of a rear compartment and looked worried as he gave his caller a hand as pasty as his complexion.

"When I tol' him to git out he said he couldn't. And that's the truth, doc. Him and Fred Hervey's got an awful tide on and they've been hangin' round here, off and on, for two days. He's busted a pianna with a picture he took offen the wall. I ain't afraid he won't pay for it, doc. He always does, sooner or later. Fred's went to sleep in the telephone booth. Jest listen at that, would you?"

Roar upon roar of perfectly senseless laughter floated above the polished red partition and caused a truckman—who had just had something in a small glass passed to him round the end of the bar—to inquire thickly, "What's the wheeze, colonel?"

"It ain't as if these was ordinary times," Maddigrew was apologizing. "I don't objec' to passing out a little something to accommodate friends—and good friends like Mr. Harbinger and Mr. Hervey. But we gotta look out. I'd get in fine, wouldn't I, if a cop should step in and pinch 'em both for disorderly conduc'—in times like these!"

Jim Ransom thoroughly understood the delicacy of Mr. Maddigrew's position in the face of wartime prohibition. Therefore he followed his guide into the rear compartment, to find that Mr. Maddigrew's account, if inaccurate, had been an understatement. That furtive den of side-entrance trade, technically called a sitting room, was entirely occupied by Curry Harbinger and his unfortunate choice of friendship, Fred Hervey.

Curry, his long skinny legs spread far apart, sprawled on the piano stool. Objects which at first looked like broken dominoes, but later proved to be piano keys, strewed the floor. The face, which was naturally long and thin, looked haggard. There were circles under the large wild eyes, and a strand of blond pompadour had come down and dangled over the low forehead.

He was just opening his mouth for another scream of mirth when his eyes lit upon his cousin, standing in the door.

"Dr. James Bradd Ransom—as I live and breathe, it is that distinguished toothsayer. Wake up, Fred, and behold what I've got. Dr. James Bradd Ransom ——"

Out of the telephone booth came a responsive voice, and looking round Jim saw Fred Hervey seated easily on the sill, his hands clasped round his fat knees and a most worldly expression on the beefy face into which innumerable highballs could be sunk, as the German hath it, without a trace. Jim had never liked Hervey, whom he considered partly responsible for his cousin's behavior and for the unpleasant scenes which had sent Linda back to her mother in Philadelphia.

"Dr. James Bradd Ransom!" echoed Fred Hervey, regarding the intruder with a solemn expression. "Is it true, doctor? Is it true?"

He sat upon the floor of the booth, solemn as a district attorney.

"Is what true?" counterquestioned Jim, unable to restrain a smile. Drunk or sober, his wit was no match for Fred Hervey's; his only strength lay in that he knew it.

"True you're going in for politics?"

"Well, no; not exactly."

"You ought to. You've certainly got the pull."

"Y'ought to go in for it tooth and nail," agreed Curry, tilted against the broken piano like the judge in a kangaroo court.

"What you doin' here anyhow?" Hervey continued his cross-questioning. "Anybody call you in to fill a cavity?"

"I'm not a brain specialist," replied Jim, flushing in spite of himself.

"Score one for James!" decided the court, shooting out his long legs as the piano stool gave a dangerous spin.

"Boys," Mr. Maddigrew brought his influence into the conference, "take an old man's advice now and go while ye're quiet. Doc Ransom's here to take ye out."

"He didn't bring his forceps," complained Hervey in a bitter tone.

"Come on, Curry!" insisted his cousin, laying hold of a long limp arm.

To everybody's surprise Curry Harbinger sprang up like a jack-in-the-box, stood erect, and cast down on his inferior relative a prankish expression, which was exaggerated by the wide nostrils of his beaklike nose.

"He's like that," whispered Pat Maddigrew; "down wan minnit, up the next. Take him while he's standin'."

"Come home," repeated Jim in an authoritative tone.

"Home, James!" commanded Curry.

And with a sure and even stride he went over to the telephone booth, where he lifted his boon companion's great bulk to the perpendicular, and together, under convoy, they made their progress toward a taxicab.

III

SHIFT the scene now to the city of Philadelphia, two hours away as the train flies; for while willing, unrewarded Jim Ransom was in New York struggling with an evil—the evil which has rendered seventeen amendments insufficient—a party of prosperous Philadelphians, elderly for the most part, were prolonging the lunch hour into an afternoon of bridge.

Mrs. Wingate's house was a solid one of green stone, with marble steps and a spotless oval-paneled door, comfortably adjacent to many similar doors in the Rittenhouse Square region. It was a house of good family and of good taste within its limits; a house that played its game well, just as its owner, Mrs. Wingate, was obeying Hoyle at one of several tables in the large living room on the first floor. The Widow Wingate was still pretty and marriageable, a trifle plump, worldly as to the wave of her hair, the curl of her lip and the modish modesty of her attire. She bore only a slight resemblance to her daughter, Mrs. Harbinger, who sat two tables away and was conspicuous for the fact that she was the only young person in the room.

Linda Harbinger's eyes were dark, whereas her mother's were light and cool; Linda's hands were delicate and all too helpless as she sat there laying cards upon cards, and, as her partner justly suspected, with her mind far from the game.

Nature had given her a wealth of prettiness upon which she was now paying a crushing income tax. The bones of her face were small and nicely molded, her brows went upward at the corners like little wings, her skin was pale with the paleness of a healthy flower. Linda had never been of the milkmaid type, rosy and obvious. She seemed to have been especially fashioned for our younger generation, where the males are coming in prodigious sizes and the females a trifle scrawny—"slinky," I think they call it, to describe little bodies that will fit into flat-chested waists with sleeves designed for skeletons. The object of all this, they say, is for women to remain girlish of figure, even at the price of a few haggard face lines.

But Linda's face had sacrificed nothing to her figure. Only a square look at her would have hinted at her tragedy, which was commonplace enough. You might have called her a trifle listless and inadequate even to the minor crises of a card game. Linda wasn't clever—how could a clever girl have been taken in by Curry Harbinger?

Every tragedy, however light, deserves its Greek chorus. It is so even in the insect world. Fate in the form of a fat blackbird gobbles a green grasshopper. "Click-click!" cry the choral grasshoppers, recording doom. "He jumped too far! He jumped too far!" sounds the strophe. "He should have known! He should have known!" resounds the antistrophe.

Two elderly gentlemen were sitting in the Wingate library, preferring talk to bridge, since they made an odd number in the party. They play but a choral part in our drama and their identity signifies nothing, further than that the elder and balder of the two had been in California for a period of years and was picking up, as the saying goes, on the gossip of his native city.

"Linda made short work of that marriage, didn't she?" asked the elder and balder.

"Not so very," said the younger and grayer. "She stuck it out for over six years. Anybody that knows young Harbinger would call that a long time."

"Pretty bad, wasn't he?" The bald one ruminated over his cigar. "It didn't look so good to me, even at the wedding. They moved to New York, didn't they?"

"The Harbingers are a New York family," announced the gray one with a finality that settled that question. "I tell you, Charley, it's this awful disease they call jazz that's doing it. Look at my grandchildren. Up all night dancing the sort of dances we used to sneak to Montmartre to see and be ashamed of when I was a student. Fellows like Curry Harbinger wouldn't have been tolerated in a decent drawing-room when I was a young man."

"Fudge!" laughed the bald one, whose wisdom had not departed with his hair. "People nowadays wear their clothes a little differently, that's all. Human nature will always be human. That man, Fred Hervey, was to blame in a way, wasn't he?"

"Mephisto," declared the gray one. "He stood at Curry's shoulder and egged him on. Every weak man finds his Mephisto—he isn't happy, I guess, till he finds one. Hervey's got more money than Harbinger, pays the way and lets Curry dance for him. When Fred brought Curry to Radnor and got him engaged to Linda it was a sort of magnificent gesture—just as though Fred was lending young Harbinger with the understanding that matrimony wasn't going to make any difference and that the boozing and gambling would go on just the same—after a slight interruption."

"How long was the interruption?"

"Nearly a year. Then it began to leak out that Linda wasn't having a very joyful time of it. But she's been bred to jazz, you know. She kept a stiff upper lip and whirled round with a fast set there in New York until things got too awful. She came back to Philadelphia on two hours' notice ——"

"Train-schedule time," suggested the bald one.

"There's a good deal of Quaker in the Wingates still, I think. It must have been something of a pull for poor Martha, but she went at it like a Spartan mother."

"New York divorce?" asked the bald one, turning a pitying look toward the slender young woman just visible through the open door.

"Reno," replied the gray one. "That fool Harbinger seemed bent on spite—he would have ruined himself, I think, to get Linda in wrong. He thought it would be one of those horrible New York affairs and they say he worked himself sick trying to cook up a countersuit. And who do you think he wanted to name as corespondent?"

"Can't guess."

"A dentist!"

"A what?"

"A dentist!"

"Anybody I know?"

"Nobody knows him. Fellow named Ransom, sort of poor relation of Curry's. I really think it must have been a joke on Harbinger's part—he's one of your drunken humorists, you see. This little dentist had a distant family claim on the Harbingers; he was always hanging round, begging to be kicked. It was only natural that Linda should have used him as a hatrack or something of the sort. He was rather handy to her, I think, during those two years when she was trying to stick it out and wanted somebody who didn't amount to much to take her to the theater. It would have been a noble revenge if Curry had managed to drag him into court."

"A nice sort, this Harbinger," ruminated the bald one.

"I sometimes think it was a dark day when they made dueling illegal."

"Hm. I wonder if she'll marry again?"

"I wonder."

Both elderly gentlemen had permitted their eyes to roam toward the head of glossy brown hair bending over the bridge table, and at that instant the head was raised and Linda's small pretty face was turned toward a parlor maid, who had entered and announced that Mrs. Harbinger was wanted on the telephone.

"Who is it?" asked Linda, unwilling to interrupt the play.

"It's New York calling," said the maid, and waited as if for further orders.

"I'm busy now—I'll—oh!" She rose and turned one of her gentle appealing looks to the three whom she was about to desert, then said, "I'm sorry," and disappeared.

She was gone a long time; in fact her absence became so apparent that Mrs. Wingate, who had played out her hand, hurried back to the sun room, to find her daughter sitting by the telephone, her hands folded in her lap, her brown eyes fixed on space.

Linda, what on earth ——"

"Curry," she said at last, and fell again to studying the invisible.

"Curry! Do you mean to say he's had the insolence to call you—now?"

"No. It was somebody else. A doctor; I couldn't get the name. But it was about Curry."

"What did he want?" inquired Mrs. Wingate as one would speak of a housebreaker found picking a lock.

"Mother, he's very ill. He seems to be dying."

"You can't help that, can you?"

"And he's asking to see me."

"To—see—you! I never heard of such a thing!"

She stepped back, aghast at the impropriety of a dying man calling for his divorced wife. But Linda's narrow thin-skinned brow was knit over a question of her own, and her mouth, which was somehow lovely despite the slight irregularity of her teeth, was twisted as if in struggle for a reply.

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"I Haven't the Remotest Idea What You Mean," She Said, Starting Up the Stairs

OUT FRONT—By Kathleen Howard

Interior of the New York Hippodrome

IT WAS good to see the colleagues at the beginning of the season. "Well, how was South America?" I asked a charming dark-eyed soprano, just back from triumphs.

"Oh, delightful! Such a nice public, so warm."

"Nicer than here?" someone asked jealously.

"Oh, no. I love our New York public; but they are different in the two countries. The Latins make more noise."

Which makes me think of a theory I evolved the other evening. We were at a smart and clever review. Every number on the program was brilliant, but the audience remained strangely quiet—the lack of applause was most noticeable. I have remarked it more and more every year here in New York and have finally reached the conclusion that the movies are responsible for it in a large measure. The audiences of the screen sit silently through the most thrilling and exciting episodes, and though years ago they used to be moved to bursts of applause, now no metropolitan gives sign of being stirred emotionally, though he may be in reality intensely moved. Occasionally when the dusty troops are seen spurring through sun-baked California just in time to rescue hero or heroine, at first like flies in the distance, then rushing toward you with incredible speed of marvelous horsemanship, spurts of dust floating behind them, the excitable in the huge audiences will respond with a quick patter of handclapping; but it always dies away in a second as though half involuntary. I wonder if that has not given us the habit of sitting in the theater immovable except for rapid breathing? Certainly the screen excitements a habitual movie public swallows day after day, week after week, far outthrill the majority of plays, and yet the reception is—silence. It is sometimes almost painful to watch the curtain go up and down in a New York theater and know that the actors, whose work everyone has been enjoying immensely, must appear in response to the half-hearted applause, first filing in in self-conscious dignified groups until the star appears, then leaving her or him alone in his glory, while the audience continues to make a feeble demonstration.

Mme. Frances Alda

A rather unusual audience was the one that assembled at the Metropolitan Opera House for the Prince of Wales' gala performance early in the season. I was one of the singers that evening, doing an act of Oberon. After singing I went out and stood in a corner near the stage where the standees are packed in all winter. There I saw the pink-faced boy in his box, nervously pulling at his cuffs, twisting his ring, patting his sleek hair. He was seated in a small chair, having insisted upon giving his bulky one to Lord Grey. How human that was of him, to refuse all the big thronelike chairs offered him during his stay here! His slim young figure seated near the front of a ponderous, sulky, immovable armchair was too unnatural a picture for this energetic boy to leave stamped on our memories, and he preferred the simpler, less enveloping, straight-backed chairs. From the audience one felt a wave of sympathy with the truly American lack of swank the boy betrayed. They laughed at every fresh nervous betrayal, and in the pauses gazed up at him with their typical kind friendliness, which so distinguishes them and which one does not find in a like degree in other nations. When we really approve of someone we mother him and father him, and he can do no wrong, until the day comes when he abuses this kindness or shows signs of a swelled head, when he drops like a plummet into obscurity.

This kindliness of audiences is a most peculiar thing. For instance, at the Metropolitan there is the greatest difference in the nights of the week. Monday is our most fashionable, most sought-after night, and we get little applause but most critical attention from people who have been brought up on opera, who have seen it in all the world capitals and who are very nearly at the limit of their musical endurance.

Wednesday night's audience has—strangely enough—no distinguishing feature; it is just audience. Thursday has always been a bad theater night. This year, however, we have an overwhelming subscription on that evening. Friday is second in popularity to Monday, and is a good typical audience. If they like a thing on Friday night at a première it is apt to be a good indication of its merits.

Perhaps our warmest audience is that of the Saturday matinée. There are many women present, and we all love to play to this particular gathering. It is much easier to work well for people who like you and say so in unmistakable, unpaid-for rounds of applause. Saturday night is devoted to our popular-price performances. Then the enthusiastic Italians gather thick behind the brass rails and give vent to their feelings in great salvos of sound. A tradition seems to have grown up that these standees and their blood brothers up near the ceiling "really know," and the Italians of the company who are used to demonstrative audiences—in fact must have them—depend greatly on these two spots of the house.

The Musical Top-Gallery Gods

WE WERE rehearsing on the roof stage the other evening during a performance of Pagliacci. It is a large hall, up just under the roof, where the ballet usually works. I went into the top gallery during a pause in my work to see how the stage looked from up there. The air was stifling. From where I stood, on top of two steps fenced by a brass rail which runs round the two sides of the gallery and supports tons of panting listeners, one could see only a corner of the stage, far, far below. But the voices came up admirably. It was in fact quite a revelation the way the quality of tone rose above the orchestra. But I'm afraid I'm not musical enough to stand through that heat, and I honor those who do so, for their musical craving must be great. I've stood downstairs many a time in the old days, but never up so high.

One of our most difficult audiences is the one we must face at dress rehearsals. To begin with, these sometimes begin at ten in the morning, and those of you who have known and dealt with humanity just after breakfast time know that the human biped is apt to be but a grouchy lump at that hour. Picture then having to rub cold unpleasant grease paint into your sagging early morning face, and try to lift up your voice in perfect song of a cold foggy morning. Well, just the same, the most important people are sitting out in front, watchfully waiting to see whether the new production is a flivver. Among them are the critics, equally eager to be let alone after a hard day, or week, or month before, thrashing round town, staring at performing annoyances on platforms. Dotted round the house are the people who conceived a prejudice against you the first day they saw you, as we are all prone to do, and who have been having this prejudice increasingly aggravated at intervals by your blatant persistence in earning your living, in the pursuit of which occupation

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Spotting Shop Shoplifting

By CHARLES C. LYNDE

SAY shop instead of store, in referring to a merchandising establishment, and see how many people will accuse you of trying to put on style. But mention shoplifting to these same folks, and they naturally associate the word in its old English sense. There is another use of that word "shop," abbreviating and now almost wholly supplanting the term "workshop," and in this usage it finds wider expression than was ever the case in its older connotation. This other shop also has its shoplifting problems, and losses through this source have in some instances been enough to form the margin between success and bankruptcy for the firms sustaining them.

My introduction to workshop shoplifting came shortly after I was turned out of my technical school with a sheepskin and a taste for manufacturing life. The first job was with the Regent Motor Company as an engineering apprentice—engineering apprentices being men planted in a factory in the hope that they will sprout, develop and grow to the caliber of sub-bosses and eventually become factory executives, just as a florist takes slips of plants, sticks them into the ground, and expects them to take root, grow and be worth transplanting.

Some two weeks after I was assigned a time card and began to punch a clock the foreman of the inspection department where I was working stopped at my bench.

"The big boss'll be wantin' to see you in his office—now, 'r sooner," he said gruffly.

The fifteen minutes I was kept waiting in Mr. Norton's anteroom were utilized in trying to decide wherein I had so promptly been found wanting, and the factory manager's greeting in no way helped to put me back on my feet.

A Detective Assignment

"MR. BROWN," he fired at me—for obvious reasons names used herein are not those of the men involved—"have you ever tried your hand at detective work?"

I must have shown my astoundment in my face as I denied the charge.

"Good," he grunted; "you're the man we want. Do you know that during the past six months this factory has lost tools, valuable tools, to the extent of three thousand dollars more than ever before during a like time? Tools are checked out of the tool room in the morning, and at night no trace can be found of them. In the past year we have taken on very few men, so we are afraid some of our old men are robbing us. For this reason we have decided to try to run the thing down in our own organization rather than bring in detectives. That will be your work."

After I had swallowed my Adam's apple a dozen times or so I managed to mumble something about not liking to spy on my fellow workmen.

"Are your fellow workmen paying your salary, Mr. Brown?" the boss asked rather sarcastically. And then, in the kindly tone that made him "Our Old Man" in the affections of so many of the employees, he went on to explain: "You, like every one of the rest of us on the Regent pay roll, owe your services to the company, and the company's best interests should be yours—should be those of every executive, every foreman, every artisan. But if it is as we fear, and you locate the thief, you will merely be aiding us to help the man snub himself before he takes rope enough to make a noose. The losses have been from the assembly floor. At noon you will check out of the inspection department and report to Mr. Johnson, in the assembly bay, as helper. To-day is Thursday. Come to my house Saturday night and report. That is all."

If I had been surprised at being selected from the dozen of us at state university who tried out for the Regent place, it was nothing compared to my feelings as I backed out of that quiet office. I a detective! I could fairly hear the snort of derision from the bunch at Sigma Rho if the news ever got back to them. But the chief had the reputation of knowing his business, so there was nothing to do but try.

Those first three days on the assembly floor certainly set a new calendar speed record, but when I washed up at six o'clock Saturday and got ready to go to report to Mr. Norton I was pretty sure I knew just about all that had happened in that department since I had checked in.

"Tool-room records show a loss slightly over two hundred dollars since you shifted jobs, Brown," was the way the boss greeted me.

"Good gosh!" I gasped, and then tried to cover it up.

"It's all right; that's the way we all feel," he said. "What have you found?"

"Where one fourteen-inch pipe wrench went," I admitted lamely, still dazed by the amount of the loss. "Jim Hanracky, of the chassis-test department, borrowed that to take out on his trip with him yesterday and when he came back it was to say that the wrench must have rattled off the running board, as he couldn't find it."

"I know," the boss agreed; "we expect small losses through just such carelessness. It's the disappearance of expensive gauges, high-priced micrometers and calipers and similar tools that we can't account for."

"Let me watch those testers for a few days," I suggested. "They can come onto the assembly floor any time and borrow tools for their trips. Also, they are the only men who can get into and out of the factory gates without a pass during working hours."

On the Hanracky Trail

"IT'S your job. I'm due to drive to Philadelphia Monday, and I'll take one of the test drivers for my car, so you can fill in for him on the job. I'll be back in a week, and I'll expect you to be able then to point out the man."

Knowing Cleveland pretty well I was surprised the following Monday morning to see Jim Hanracky turn his car toward the flats along the river instead of keeping to the main streets until he was out of town. But since I had picked him out as the first of the testers to be shadowed, I spun my own car round and did my best to keep him in sight without letting him know he was being watched. The chase led into the lumberyard along the waterfront, and then through fear of getting too close I lost Hanracky completely.

Going it afoot I had covered some four blocks when I happened to notice where a Para tire—the Regent used Paras exclusively—had left the mark of its distinctive tread in the mud of the gutter and then, the distance of the circumference of a wheel farther, had imprinted the wet design on the dry surface of the sidewalk. Obviously Hanracky had

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Ego, Sherburne and Company

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THERE were scores who liked him, and a few who loved him, but there was never a blunt arbiter to tell him the truth to his face. And perhaps the truth would have left no impress on him, for he freely conceded short putts, except in match play, and he dispatched American Beauties, at thirty-six dollars the dozen, to all of his hostesses and now and then to a débutante, and in his heart he was convinced of his own intrinsic generosity. Yet even in Pinehurst, where personal pleasure is the goal of most ambitions, he was called selfish by his friends.

With his money he was openhanded, and with his smile he was prodigal, but he stood as a niggard beyond the dead line drawn just there. From moment to moment he was kind, when kindness cost but little effort, and he was courteous; but he was long since firmly established as a miser of his own calendar and of his own clock. No arrogance of riches sat upon him, and he never bragged; he was an excellent companion unless he chose to be a sphinx, but sometimes he chose to be a sphinx at a dinner party, and that was awkward for everybody. Engagements were sacred to him only if he kept them; otherwise they were immaterial. A wallflower by the ballroom's brim a simple wallflower was to him; and his best friend could starve to death for a waltz if Sherburne didn't feel like dancing. And he wouldn't play golf with women or with beginners; he said that women and beginners put him off his game.

He was twenty-eight, with a seven-figure endowment back of him and nothing to do except to take his leisure and try to enjoy it; he had good features, a good figure and a splendid set of manners, not in the least shopworn. He could flirt gracefully, and plenty of girls had been willing to flirt with him, and one or two of them had tried to take him seriously, with the intention of reforming him later. But Sherburne's flirting was like the balance of his life: it was subjective; his words were chosen not so much to suit his listener as to suit himself. It was as though he fancied himself to be a shrewd trader in minds and considered his own too valuable to exchange for any other. Romance had taken out no pasture lease on his soul.

To the Best of His Knowledge and Belief She Was the Only Girl of Her Age in Pinehurst Who Wasn't as Lazily Happy as the Sunshine

His friends had long said of Sherburne that if ever a woman should make him forget, for the briefest instant, that he was Sherburne, he would certainly marry her; and a very good thing for him too. But now that he was twenty-eight they had begun to doubt the existence of any such woman. The sex was competent; but the partnership between Sherburne and his Ego seemed to have been created in perpetuity.

They said that he could never be sincere enough and sympathetic enough to lose his head. They said that he would never consent to make the daily compromises which matrimony demands—and that he knew that he wouldn't and didn't intend to. He would never be willing to enlarge the firm, and to reduce that Ego to a junior partnership.

The only possible conqueror of his self, they said, the only type of woman who could make a monkey of him first, a husband of him presently, and a wonderful man of him in time, would be an experienced young widow.

And in this premise his friends were one-third right.

The first time he ever saw her was at close range, and unexpectedly. He was sitting alone in the corridor, smoking a placid cigarette and reading yesterday's New York newspaper; and it meant nothing to him that his repulse of sociability had already spoiled two parties. He had covenanted to play bridge, and his reversal of decision had broken up the table; he had also pledged himself to dance, and his default had made a gooseberry out of a very pretty matron; but Sherburne had been seized by a sudden preference to read a newspaper, and there was no arguing with him. He read the newspaper.

At the end of a quarter hour he chanced to lift his head, quite without motive, and saw her, hardly a dozen feet away across the corridor, watching him. In the next instant, and almost before he had reacted to her personal appeal, he realized that "watching" wasn't the right word. To be sure, he sat directly in her line of vision, but he didn't interrupt it. She was looking out beyond the world; and Sherburne, himself the most worldly of mortals, involuntarily delayed his admiration for half a dozen seconds, until he had got past the most prominent fact about her, namely, that her eyes were in deep mourning. It was a fact so prominent and so inharmonious with the spirit of Pinehurst that Sherburne's attention declined to release it. If a curtain had dipped between them just then he could never have stated with any claim to accuracy whether she wore black or not; but as the seconds ticked on and he returned to his normal subjectiveness he knew that her evening frock had flames of color underneath transparency. It was the elderly woman beside her who wore black.

Sherburne sat up an inch—he would indignantly have denied it—and resumed his analysis of the bond market. When he again lifted his head he had a motive.

She had shifted her gaze, but he had her now in profile, and he was equally pleased. She was a unity of charm; there was no tiniest detail about her which Sherburne, if he had been omnipotent, would have altered. Her hair was dark, and her eyes were dark, and her skin was radiant; she was a girl to wear warm colors and to improve them. She had a broad, high forehead to denote intelligence; and a sturdy little chin to denote her strength of character; and a curving little mouth which looked a trifle lonely without a smile on it, and looked as though a smile would make it irresistible. He judged that she was eighteen at the minimum, and twenty at the most; and to the best of his knowledge and belief she was the only girl of her age in Pinehurst who wasn't as lazily happy as the sunshine.

As he continued to peer over the top of his newspaper Sherburne was attacked by a species of delicate unrest, something more than superficial curiosity, and something less than genuine interest. Her face was vaguely reminiscent, and still he knew that he had never seen her before. And her eyes baffled him. If she had been a few years younger they might have evidenced a mutiny, and the suppression of a mutiny; but even as he conceived this theory the two women shattered it with an interchange of smiles. They were on the best of terms and, besides, the expression in her eyes was no temporary affair. His theory was worthless now, but Sherburne had confirmed his earlier judgment about her mouth.

His friends might have said in all justice that a plainer girl could never have attracted him to the extent of his present absorption, but his friends had already rested their case on a flat opinion, and lost. The girl across the corridor was destined to make a monkey out of Sherburne, but the friends were defeated on two counts out of three. She was young, but she was neither experienced nor a widow. And it was her very sadness, in contrast with the careless gayety of her surroundings, which caught at Sherburne's imagination.

There was a tragedy lurking behind those eyes of hers, and Sherburne minding his manners and paying attention once more to the columns of bond sales asked of himself what manner of tragedy would permit the wearing of bright colors. And what was she saying to her mother? Sherburne held his paper rigidly, so not a rustle escaped. He was no eavesdropper, and the place was public.

"I don't believe we know a single person here; do you?" Her voice was an exquisite contralto, with a little rugged note of boyishness in it. It was the final factor in her unity of charm.

"I don't believe we do. Does it make you unhappy to see all those girls dancing?"

"No-o; just a tiny bit. I'm wondering if anyone here knows us."

"You mustn't let it prey on your mind, dear."

"How can I help it? Can you?"

Their voices were soft, but Sherburne's hearing was acute. Over the rim of the paper he observed that the two women were touching hands; and the twin gestures conveyed to him an impression which for the life of him he couldn't make to seem consistent. Outwardly the two women were well poised and calm; and yet in the meeting of their hands there was a hint of inward agitation.

All at once he was staring at them, and they were staring back. And suddenly, to his amazement, the elder woman flushed pink and the daughter flushed scarlet. Sherburne was mystified, for his scrutiny hadn't been prolonged. He hid himself among the bonds and tried to multiply his nonchalance. And then after precisely the right amount of delay the two women rose; Sherburne hadn't been rebuked, the two women hadn't been driven off; the incident was closed.

Sherburne drew a long breath and leaned back, introspective. He couldn't remotely imagine what he had done; he attempted to charge himself with rudeness, and voted for acquittal. But evidently they had thought him rude; and he was sorry, for he prided himself upon his great conservatism.

Her eyes possessed his memory, and he reflected upon the snatch of conversation he had overheard. Abruptly he was visited by compassion for so young a girl, so beautiful a girl, who could conceivably be lonely in this Elysium of Pinehurst. Not even to have a lobby friend, for small talk. Not even to have the privilege of a dance. The conception of it became irritating, because it reminded him of the gooseberry.

Sherburne's logic and his sense of humor combined to make him feel a trifle penitent. He glanced toward the lobby, and then he glanced toward the ballroom. It had struck him as rather ludicrous that he was more concerned about a perfect stranger—a very perfect stranger—than about his own associates. But the associates were chronic revelers, and they never let a man rest. He lighted another cigarette, inspected it, apostrophized it, hesitated, and threw it away. His watch informed him that there remained a full ninety minutes of orchestration.

Sherburne yawned mentally. "Oh, well," he said to himself, "I need the exercise anyway."

With this extenuation he sought his friends, and danced with abandon until the orchestra went home, but his brain didn't cease to puzzle over that girl, nor did her saddened eyes neglect to haunt him. And his various partners spoke of him, behind his back, as a sphinx to-night, and never suspected that he was silent for the same reason that he danced at all—out of sympathy for somebody else, somebody out of tune with the monotonous happiness of Sherburne's life.

There lived at the Carolina a large-hearted and rather sentimental woman who had lost a lovely daughter, and never had a son. Sherburne applied diplomacy to her in the lobby after breakfast, and because she loved him she innocently became cat's-paw. That is, she chatted with him until Sherburne, who had kept secret guard over the dining-room door for half an hour, touched her arm.

"I'm sorry for those two people," he said without too much emphasis. "The two just coming out."

"Why sorry, Brent?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"They don't know a soul here, and they've had some sort of gloom or other, and I'm sorry for them, that's all."

"She's a sweetie, isn't she? . . . Do you know them?"

"No. Their name's Warren. They're from New York." He had got this information shamelessly from the register. "I'm only interested because they look so—well, solitary. Sort of marooned. Don't you think so?"

His companion nodded.

"And they're nice people too. What gives you the idea they've had a gloom?"

"Mrs. Warren's dress, and the little girl's eyes. I suppose it might have been in the war. You should have seen her face last night when she watched the dancing."

Then he changed the topic, but he knew that he had handled the situation very well.

On that selfsame afternoon at tea time the large-hearted woman captured Sherburne and told him that he must come and be considerate.

"I've met those people you spoke about this morning, Brent, and I want you to do something generous for me. My own little girl would have been just about her age. They are lonely. I want you to be kind to them while they're here. I introduced myself this morning, and you've no idea how grateful they are. I know you don't care for serious girls, but she's really a darling. Won't you be nice and come and be presented? I'm sure you'll like them, Brent."

"Maybe I will," said Sherburne complacently. "Who knows?"

At the presentation he noted that both the Warrens were slightly confused, and more than slightly distant. He had been prepared for this, and he hastened to produce an alibi; unlike the majority of alibis it was utterly truthful.

"Last night," he said ingenuously, "I'm afraid I annoyed you. You reminded me so much of someone I know—I certainly shouldn't have forgotten either of you if we'd ever met, and I couldn't seem to remember who I've got in mind—but I'm afraid I appeared very boorish to you, Mrs. Warren."

Her reaction showed no confidence; on the contrary she looked startled, and so did her daughter.

"I—not in the least, Mr. Sherburne. Really. We were both going up to write letters."

"It may be someone else of your family, if there's a likeness? My own home is in New York."

She shook her head. "There's no one else, Mr. Sherburne."

"Then it was simply an ideal I remembered," he said. "And I can't apologize for wanting to see it in the flesh, now, can I?"

Mrs. Warren turned to her daughter, and relief was in her tone. There was also a minor quality of amusement. "Amoret," she said, "we've discovered a young man with a tongue. Don't you believe a word he ever says—unless it's about me." The gentle tension yielded to a laugh, and Sherburne was at liberty to make friends with the daughter.

He liked her better as soon as he knew that her name was Amoret. He didn't know what it meant, but it satisfied him as an appropriate name for her. It was distinctive, and it was colorful, and it was sweet, and a trifle reticent, like herself. It was photographic.

At first he had regretted that to-night was Wednesday, for Wednesday at the Carolina is movie night, and not dance night. Compensation, however, was speedily in his mind. There was no dancing, but there was plenty of evening, and Amoret was frank to say that she didn't care for movies. Moreover, she lost some of her initial aloofness, and when Sherburne inquired if he might see her after dinner she was acquiescent and even cordial about it.

Accordingly he monopolized her after dinner; but even his best effort at entertainment couldn't seem to remove the entire shadow from her eyes. His sympathy was quickening, but his pride was beginning to outstep his sympathy; and he took it as a reflection upon his own personality that he couldn't win her away from the very last residue of her troubles. Every other woman in Pinehurst was unaffectedly gay when Sherburne chose to set the keynote of a mutual mood; but Amoret kept something always in reserve. It piqued him, and doubled his resolution to be nice to her.

Sooner or later in Pinehurst the question of golf is inevitable, but when Sherburne asked it he took care not to make it sound like an invitation.

"I play too badly for words," she confessed.

"A lot of people do," said Sherburne, "and some of 'em use words too bad to play with. What do you like? Riding?"

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She Had Announced That Her Golf Was Atrocious, and Anyone But Sherburne Would Have Added a Fervent Confirmation

A LITTLE SERVICE, PLEASE

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

THE buyer for one of the biggest produce and packing houses in the West was talking. "I was early taught to believe that Alexander Bell was one of the benefactors of the human race," he said sourly. "But believe you me, this telephone business is beginning to make me doubt it! If you hear of me ordering the bridal suite of a crazy house some day soon you'll know that it was the telephone operator of a private exchange that sent me there. Lean in—I've got to get this off my chest.

"This morning I needed a hundred dozen seven-inch five-sixteenth bolts, and I needed them quick. I called the Pacific Heavy Hardware Company and asked for a salesman.

"'Which one?'" says the operator on their board.

"'I don't know,' says I. 'Bolts is what I need.'

"'Wait just a minute, please.'

"I did so. Pretty soon she comes back.

"'Was it saw blades you wanted?'

"'Bolts.'

"'Oh, you're the party that wanted bolts! What kind of bolts?'

"'Preferably steel or iron,' I said patiently.

"'Just a minute, please.'

"She took her full time, then came on the line again.

"'You wanted bolts, wasn't it?' she said.

"'If I'm not mistaken it was certainly bolts,' quoth I. 'But I don't want to take up your whole morning. Just give me a salesman—any salesman will do—and I will try to penetrate to his intelligence.'

"That seemed to mean something to her, because she snapped me up quick.

"Says she, 'I'm trying to help you get the right party. Just a minute, please!'"

The P. B. X. Girl in Self-Defense

"I MAKE no manner of doubt that she was trying the best she knew—the main thing is that she didn't get over. I quit wanting bolts more and more. After she had switched me to the fence-and-wire department, flirted with the traction-engine agents, given me two shipping clerks in succession and then had a brilliant idea and connected me with the heavy-construction engineer, I told her that I would let the bolts go and use baling wire or something. She seemed hurt. I still think that girl believes she did me a favor."

The buyer's hyperbole started an argument, but it was one-sided. No feeble voice was raised in defense of the poor telephone girl. Before long every man in the room had taken a few shreds of competence away from the private-exchange operator as a class, and in the end—as a class—she had very few left. Then someone horned in to inquire what would happen if Dempsey met Carpentier, and the conversation drifted. I was interested in the case against the telephone girl. I caught one unawares presently, and with an engaging smile and in my most tactful manner I said: "My dear, would you mind telling a total stranger why you private-exchange board operators are so generally and so—er—generously disliked, hated and despised?"

She appraised me with a keen eye, but not angrily.

"How do you get that way?" she inquired. "I know; you've been talking to some of these birds that think a p. b. x. operator ought to be able to guess what number they want by the way they hold their mouth that you can't see! There are millions of them. Listen to me!

"Probably you've made a living several different ways, to look at you," she began, "but you were never a girl in front of a switchboard in a business office. So don't talk carelessly and scandalously about something you don't understand. I'll admit that there are some private-exchange operators that ought to be manicuring in a barber shop or taking tickets at a movie, but I won't admit that there are so many of them as bad as they are made out to be. Give 'em a chance, can't you? The answer is, 'No!'

"I've been on a p. b. x. board—that's telephone slang for a private-branch exchange—for six years, and they call me pretty good. In that time I have been raised from sixty dollars a month to ninety, and when I demanded my last jump of five dollars per the boss yelled so that you could hear him a mile. I started with the big idea that I was going to make myself useful to the firm and get myself elevated along like the good girl in the storybooks. That reward-of-honest-toil stuff is the bunk—for the telephone girl, take it from me!

"On my board I handle something like a hundred and fifty outgoing and probably three hundred incoming calls a day, and at least a hundred intercommunicating office calls. Since the new rates went into effect I have to keep track of outgoing calls, because the firm is charged two cents per each—that means bookkeeping on about a quarter of my business. And I haven't counted long-distance calls at all. We run as high as thirty of them a day—and they are the dickens, if you'll excuse my army accent!

"Say, six hundred switches a day—sixty an hour—one a minute if they were spread evenly over my ten hours. But they are not. Our peak comes twice a day; between ten-thirty and eleven-thirty and for an hour round two o'clock—maybe a third of the day's business jammed in there. All right. How many times a day does the calling party on my board give me the number he wants? About once!

"My light cuts in for Station Twelve. I say, 'Yes, Mr. Grosse?'

"'Get me Sam Bekins.'

"Bingo, the receiver!

"Sometimes I happen to know who Sam Bekins is; if I do the chances are that I also remember his number. If I don't, though, it's me for a little one-handed still-hunt with my left, while I keep everybody in the house happy with my right until I find who Bekins is and where, get him on the phone and connect him with Station Twelve. If Mr. Grosse has forgotten all about the number in the meantime and gone out to lunch I've not only wasted my time but I have to waste some more calming down this Bekins thing.

"It's the new fashion with business men now—give your telephone operator your party's name and expect her to take a memory course by mail and learn to recollect everybody you ever had a conversation on the wire with. I don't object as a general thing, but in rush hours I'll say that I could get along without the extra load of looking up or remembering numbers, calling the central-exchange operator, who is probably just a little bit more rushed than I am, getting another p. b. x. girl as like as not, telling her what I want, locating my man, and then calling back to the party that gave me the number. Once or twice I have thought of roaring about it. But what's the use?"

Making Business for the House

"MOST of the men who give me calls have an office boy or a stenographer or an assistant right at their elbows—it wouldn't be the death of those people if they had to do a little number hunting and calling themselves to help out. But what's the use, as I say? A stenographer looks at a telephone operator about like a blue-ribbon Persian would look at a back-alley Tom as he comes down the fire escape of an ash can—and if you think I'm calling anybody a cat I don't see how I'm going to prevent you!

"Do I make you tired? I'm sorry, because I'm only getting started. But the door is open and they'll let you use the sidewalks in this block without a war tax.

"The things I'm telling you about are not things a telephone operator often kicks at. They're part of the job. Taken all round, most of us have fairly good positions. And if these troubles were all we had, operating a private board would be better than having the flu. Maybe I'll give you a new slant when I tell you our real complaint is that most employers think of telephone operators as a necessary evil, as the state senator said about the receipt he had to sign when he sold his vote. Ask the average business man about it and he will say that anyone can be a telephone operator. For the kind of service he is talking about anyone can—and usually does!

"This is all wrong. The telephone operator could be one of the most important people on the job. She could make business for her house. She could smooth things out, save time and energy for busy people, cultivate friends among customers or clients—she could be the sign that reads 'Welcome' over the front door instead of being the same word woven in the doormat! I know a girl ——

"There's a law firm of Milliken & Billiken round the corner. You know them? Millionaire class. The kind of

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A RICH WOMAN'S CHARITIES

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

I HAVE written of Housekeeping for the Richest Rich, but the charities of my employer were outside my scope till an accident in due time, and later a basic change of circumstances, gave me some acquaintance with a range of benevolence wonderfully extensive and well managed, and at the same time—to my mind—appallingly unsympathetic and cold. I don't believe that madam was born so cold that she needs must chill the very milk of human kindness in her own breast. I think her iciness was due to her idea of living up to her lofty position, and also thanks to the grasping self-seeking of the many little sisters and little brothers of the rich who gathered round her. She was suspicious and really unfeeling, but it was a principle with her to give.

She is worth taking a look at, both as a fine example and a horrid warning.

The first time I ever acted as her almoner was after she and all the family had suddenly and altogether departed the Fifth Avenue house. So many wheels stopped whirling that it was as if the world had stopped rolling. The servants began to scamper about exactly like the playful mice that make the most of the cat's absence. The chef was out of the house, looking a good imitation of a French nobleman, almost as soon as the last of the family. What sobered me was that the daily supplies from the farm had come as usual, and there was no family, no guests, no secretary or tutor or French maids, or valets to help devour them. Twenty quarts of milk and five of cream were left after I had arranged to use up all I could on the reduced household—it still comprised fifteen people.

The Episode of the Extra Milk

THIRTY quarts of milk and ten of cream was the allowance that had come to us. It was not only the day's supply that must be disposed of, but it would all keep coming along until I stopped it; and this I dare not do, for I was not in touch with madam and therefore was officially unaware of her whereabouts or when she or anyone else would return. Therefore the house must be kept up as usual and ample provision daily made against the return of all at any hour. A more experienced housekeeper than I would have invaded madam's presence, even—if necessary—at her carriage door, and asked for instructions, for madam had not forgotten; she had simply not cared, and she probably thought it a good lesson in initiative for me.

This whole establishment moved like that, with the red tape of governments, just as orderly and as wasteful. If the family had made an exodus to India for a five years' tour, and I were given no instructions to get the spigot turned, thirty quarts of milk and ten of cream might have flowed, it seemed, into the empty house for the whole five years—unless an earthquake sank Manhattan. As it was, all the trouble was of course my fault; I had not fingered the right red tape.

I sent all the milk and cream to a mission I knew of down on the East Side. I knew of the mission because the deaconess in charge was an old childhood playmate of mine. Incidentally and unimportantly, so far as I was concerned, she was the daughter of a count—a German count and an English lady. That was years before the war, so the German count counted nothing against her, and she was a lovely woman. When in the course of a few days I went down to see her, to my amaze I walked in on my milk cans adorning her own private sanctum. She explained that the milk I was sending was so superior that she kept it under her own eye to make sure that it was given only to the sick and the babies. Everyone in the mission made a special trip to the deaconess' room to thank me for that wonderful milk, and each and all had a special tale to tell of a sick child or ailing aged man or woman who had feasted on it. In vain I explained that my bad housekeeping was responsible, but I ceased to repent my sin of omission.

Shortly after madam's return I told her the story of the milk.

"How came you to think of sending it there?" she asked, and before I could reply she went on: "I know the head deaconess there, and she is a countess in her own right and her cousin is a lady in waiting at a European court."

I said I knew one of the deaconesses there, and said no more, and madam dismissed the subject with a curt comment on my bad management. Not a word as to continuing the largess to the mission, which was what I was hoping for. So I resumed my mask and tried to forget the procession with bottles and pitchers and cups and jugs coming after Guernsey milk that I had been trying to tell her about. I had been a fool to try to talk to her.

But when I next went to see my old friend I found out that madam had made a long call and had been charming and so interested in all the mission work, and now three gallons of rich yellow milk came every day fresh from the country, and some of the babies were growing fat and some of the invalids were getting better. She had been greatly entertained with the deaconess' tales of our early friendship, particularly with her story of being wheeled by a boy friend up the fashionable street of the town one afternoon in a nice new red wheelbarrow because he and I had dared her to it. We had scandalized all the old ladies who were taking their afternoon promenade. And what indignant wrath her father, the count, had displayed when the wheelbarrow stopped before his door! Madam never made a sign to me that she had heard of my intimacy with her countess.

Countess and deaconess, she has finished her work now and sleeps in a quiet Canadian churchyard. I like to think of her as I knew her; as the quaint little Alice-in-Wonderland figure with great luminous hazel eyes; as the gay girl in a muslin frock and flower-decked hat who wouldn't take a dare no matter what the consequences; and as the serene black-robed deaconess, loved and revered in every corner of a great city.

Madam's secretary it was who must keep tab on madam's charities; see that they didn't overlap or lapse, investigate every request and bring the result before her. And woe betide the secretary if her investigations proved incomplete or unsound. Sometimes these duties flopped over from the secretary's shoulders to mine, and so I came to know of many thoughtful well-balanced benefactions. But it was not until the entire family went to Europe one winter, taking the secretary with them and leaving me in charge and with a bank account seemingly inexhaustible, that I learned of the many good works that bank account helped to keep going. Five thousand dollars a month—for that was the amount the family man of business placed to my credit for charity on the first of each month in an uptown bank—seemed to my inexperienced eyes an incredibly large sum. But one month's responsibility proved that the sum at my disposal was the result of careful thought, and merely sufficient.

No Idle Hands for Satan's Work

I MAY mention meanwhile that the secretary was doing Europe with the young ladies—"Doing Europe," as she wrote me later, "with a footman six paces in the rear."

What a hard-driven lot of retainers we were, to be sure, for weeks before the departure. Every day saw a change of plans. Dawn almost surely would find the date of sailing hastened; sunset as surely found it postponed. My duties grew more varied than ever. They included witnessing the governor's and madam's latest wills, making myself personally known to the aforementioned man of business—Mr. Smith by name—and the bank officials. In fact, I never knew from one moment to another who next I would be called upon to meet or become responsible for or to. Madam was making sure that Satan would not have a chance at any idle hands of mine during her absence.

The farm added itself to the list of my charges, in that I was given command of all expenditure, though the farm manager was of course responsible for the care of the estate. This arrangement was more practical than it sounds. It placed all expenditure in one person's hands, thereby

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Had I Brought Her a Pair of Wings She and Her Mother Could Not Have Been More Delighted

YAS-SUH, 'AT'S ER DOG!

By Albert Payson Terhune and Bozeman Bulger

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Lee, Ol' Dog. Dat Young Gemmen is Qual'ty. Did Yo' Neah Dem Noble Wuhds 'Bout a Suhline Steak?"

YOUNG COLBRIDGE looked at Old Lee in polite disapproval. Old Lee gazed back on Young Colbridge in a disapproval that was not even polite. Each was a novelty to the other—an unwelcome novelty at that. Nature had prevented Old Lee from expressing his disapprobation in words. Courtesy now did the same for Young Colbridge. But courtesy served better than did Nature, for it kept Young Colbridge's face a mask and his bearing noncommittal. Nature on the other hand gave Old Lee full scope for an expression of opinion no less eloquent for its wordlessness.

The dog strolled once round the newcomer, sniffing superciliously at his putties, his twenty-dollar hunting shoes, his excessively custom-made leathern breeches. The stolidly weary gaze embraced the many-pocketed suède hunting coat and the English deerstalker cap and the three-hundred-dollar shotgun. Then Old Lee deliberately turned his back on Young Colbridge, sat down on the store's puncheon flooring, flattened his ears close to his skull and lifted his heavy head until the barrel muzzle pointed at the rows of tin pails on the newly whitewashed ceiling. After which he gave vent to a sound that might have been a snort or a gulp, but that could not possibly have been construed into anything complimentary.

Gregory Johnson frowned at one or two customers and idlers whose faces split into ear-wide grins at Old Lee's verdict of the Johnson guest. Gregory's glower kept the grins from exploding into guffaws. But Meshek Stone—most popular "white man's nigger" in Shelbyvale—got up with unwonted suddenness from a nail keg and scuttled to the door in reply to a mythical summons from outside.

Young Colbridge did not see any of these stifled demonstrations. He was too busy staring at Old Lee. The Northerner had heard this quail dog's praises chanted in a score of keys. He had heard them ever since his own arrival at Shelbyvale the preceding day for a shooting visit to his school-days chum, Greg Johnson, whose father was owner not only of Shelbyvale's one hardware store but of Shelbyvale's most renowned canine. The visitor had been keenly anxious to see this paragon of bird dogs. After early breakfast he and Greg had set off for the morning's quail shooting and had stopped at the store to pick up Old Lee. And the Northerner forthwith had suffered his first disillusion.

Young Colbridge's experience with bird dogs had been confined to the thin-skinned and attenuated pointers and the undersized and delicate setters wherewith local fashion has supplanted the honest all-rounder of other years—ultra-modern dogs that will flinch at briar or will wear down to bone and nerves after a bare three days of grueling field work. He had looked forward to seeing some such elegant and temperamental specimen in Old Lee. Instead he found himself staring dully at a dog which to casual view was a pointer, yet no such pointer as Young Colbridge had ever set eyes on at bench show or in the kennels of his friends.

He was inspecting an animal whose weight was perilously close to seventy pounds without an ounce of soft fat; a dog that stood full twenty-four inches or more at the shoulder; whose chest was as deep as a bulldog's and whose barrel and stern would not have disgraced a mastiff. The head was heavy—well nigh as heavy as a great Dane's. The tail had strong if repressed tendencies toward bushiness. Only in the deep grave eyes did Old Lee show why he required so much brain space between his nondescript ears.

"He's—he's a pointer, isn't he?" ventured Young Colbridge, tearing away his fascinated gaze from the contemptuous dog and glancing inquiringly at his host. "Or is he ——"

"Old Lee's a dropper," answered Greg Johnson. "He ——"

"A—a which?"

"A dropper. At least that's what the pointer-setter cross is always called hereabouts. His dam was a prize Gordon with a pedigree as long as between drinks. She belonged to Judge Reedy, and she cleaned up twice at big field trials. But his sire was a pointer—a pointer that was brought down here for a week or so once for the shooting. Dad bought Old Lee at two months from ——"

"But where does the dropper part of it come in?"

"Oh, that's just the name given to these cross-breds, because they're apt to have a way of dropping flat on their stomachs when they strike a scent, and then crawling, stomach to ground, up to the spot where they make the point. They don't strike picture-book attitudes in pointing like the dogs you're most likely used to. You'll see the way he does first scent he gets. Come on, if you're ready. We ought to have been out an hour ago for the best of the early shooting."

"A dropper's a novelty to me," said Young Colbridge as he began to transfer a double handful of shells from a counter box to a pocket of his elaborate hunting coat. "Is Old Lee a one-man dog? Will he go with us, or do we take along ——"

"He's a no-man dog," replied Greg. "He belongs to dad. But dad hardly ever hunts, so Old Lee hangs out here at the store or over yonder in the square. Mostly he sleeps here. Meshek looks after him, except when the dog happens to wander off and forget the way back or get tied by some farmer whose house he passes. Then 'Shek always sets out on a Sherlock Holmes quest for him, and always he manages to find him sooner or later. And ——"

"But why doesn't he stay at home?"

"Because—just like I told you—he's a no-man dog. There's more excitement and more folks here and in the square than up home. Besides, everyone knows where to look for Old Lee when they're going hunting. Dad lets him go along with anyone who stops here for him."

"You mean he'll hunt with anybody?" asked the scandalized guest. "With anybody at all who ——"

"No, suh," spoke up Meshek with undue wakefulness—for him. "No, suh, dat he won't. Ol' Lee ain't huntin' wid nobody he doan lak. An' it's hun an' not de folks what picks out when dey's gwine to hunt. Ol' Lee knows better'n folks does. An' more'n dat, Ol' Lee ain't a-huntin' jes' fo' ex'cise. No, sir-ree! Let a man miss three times hand-runnin' and 'at ol' dog is homeward bound. Ol' Lee jes' gives a bad shooter one look, an' blooey—he's settin' on dese store steps in less'n er hour. He's huntin', Ol' Lee is, not list'nin' to no s'loots bein' fired. Yas-suh, 'at's er dog!"

"I suppose Old Lee's brunette friend was stringing me just now, wasn't he?" queried Young Colbridge as he and Greg set forth for the end of town and the open country beyond. "I mean about the dog's getting disgusted when a man misses too often."

"No," laughed Greg. "That's the sad truth—and I know. He's deserted me twice for that very reason. At that," he added, "don't go believing everything 'Shek tells you about the dog. 'Shek is daft over Old Lee. He has a million yarns to tell about him, and all of them are secondhand—things hunters have told him. 'Shek's too lazy to go hunting himself. It calls for too much walking. And the only times 'Shek can ever coax himself into taking a long walk is when Old Lee gets stolen or lost. Then he strikes the trail and he never drops it till he comes home in triumph, leading the dog. Sometimes he finds him tied up behind a nigger cabin. Sometimes he finds him in a farmer's barn. 'Shek thinks more of that dog than he thinks of anything else on earth, except dollar-a-gallon gin. Dad pays him to feed Old Lee and he always stakes him to an extra dollar or so for bringing him home when he's lost. That's 'Shek's chief livelihood. He's a cotton handler by trade. But the warehouse is too far from Searight's gin foundry, so he doesn't work at his trade very often. Then ——"

"Which way are we going?" demanded the visitor, as Old Lee turned into a right unpromising bit of pasture land and Greg prepared to follow. "Looks better over there—over along that ridge where those hazels ——"

"We're going into this field," decreed Greg. "We're going into it because Lee says so. He's making for that bottom yonder. It was planted in cornfield peas and pop corn last summer and it—the fact is the old dog has us sized up for greenhorns. That's why he's leading us to the easiest shooting along toward the railroad. I hoped he'd head us for the rough country over by Pearson's. Lots of birds out there, but tough shooting; most of it in the heavy brush. That's where he'd have led one of the old-timers."

"He's—He's a Pointer, Isn't He?" Ventured Young Colbridge

Young Colbridge's eyebrows went up, but he held his peace and focused his attention on the dog.

Old Lee, going at fair speed, was working out carefully the heavy growth of gray-brown grass and weeds that upholstered the terraces of the hill's sloping side. Once and again he would turn his head to locate the two men. In gradually lessening circles he worked back to where they were moving slowly toward him. He had covered the field with lazy skill, and he had drawn blank. As soon as the dog was convinced of this he made for the ramshackle and badly slanted rail fence which separated the field from a patch of swamp beyond. The hunters followed.

Working forward with careful deliberation Old Lee came to the fence. Gathering himself he leaped to its slanting top rail. There, his forefeet on the swaying rail, he halted abruptly in his jump, swayed for an instant and dropped to the ground on the same side instead of completing the leap. Lying flat amid the weeds at the fence edge he looked round for the men. Evidently not seeing them he began to crawl back snakelike, his stomach close to earth, to find them. When he had made certain that Greg and his guest saw him the old dog turned and, still crawling, led them back to the fence, where he came to a dead point.

"What's the idea?" whispered the puzzled visitor.

"He's down on a covey," announced Johnson. "The birds must be just on the other side of the fence. It's going to be a sweet job to climb it without flushing them."

Young Colbridge swung over the rotting top rail. The rail collapsed noisily under him. From almost beneath his scrambling feet eight quail whirred up. Through the maze of swamp trees they spun. Both men fired. Both men missed.

"Will he quit us for a break like that?" asked Young Colbridge, staring doubtfully at the dog.

"Maybe not," said Greg. "He knows what a tough shot it was. No, he's moving on. Come along. Go get the singles, Lee!"

The dog led them to a clump of high meadow grass at the far edge of the swamp before he came to a dead stand. Johnson kicked at the grass. Three birds whizzed out from the clump. The men fired. Two of the birds went down.

"I got mine!" exulted Young Colbridge, starting at a run toward one of the fallen quail.

"Don't!" cried the horrified Johnson. "Don't do that, man! D'you want to ruin the dog? Stand still and watch him."

He signaled the pronely crouched dropper. Old Lee flashed forward, retrieved one of the birds and started toward them with it, carrying the fluff of rumpled feathers as tenderly as though he loved it. Young Colbridge went to meet him. The dog stiffened and veered sideways at sight of the eagerly outstretched hand.

"Give it to him, Lee!" ordered Johnson.

Reluctantly the dog obeyed, then trotted off in search of the other victim.

"Now watch," counseled Greg as Lee neared him with the bird and laid it at the hunter's feet. "In the pocket, old friend!" he commanded.

Lee picked up the bird and dropped it gingerly into the wide pocket Greg extended to him.

'Did you see how he came to a point on top of that fence back there," asked Greg, "and then backed off and moved over after us and came down on the birds a second time without flushing them? That was brain, if you like."

During the next hour Old Lee pointed five more quail—singles all—of which the hunters were lucky enough to get three. Then coming out of the field they reached the railroad right of way. And here in midspeed Old Lee dropped to a cast-iron point, his nose not five feet from the track. As he crouched there—before the men could come up—the through express roared round the curve a furlong beyond.

Straight down upon the statuelike dog thundered the train. It passed him with a rush of cinders and dust and suction that well-nigh swept him off his feet. Then it tore on, leaving him there. Not for an instant had Old Lee faltered in his point. Not for an instant now did he falter in it, though the hot cinders were blistering his tender skin. He held it until the men came up and sent him ahead to where a ten-quail covey cowered under a bramble mat a few yards on the far side of the track.

"If I owned that dog," announced Young Colbridge as they started for town, "I wouldn't waste him on the hunting field. I'd hire him to figure out my income tax. He's all you said—and a lot more. He's an education to any hunter."

When Greg Johnson repeated this praise to Meshek Stone, who was waiting for them in the store entrance, the negro's smile of approval at the Northerner was all but a benediction. And the smile merged into a simper of utter worship when Young Colbridge said to him: "Mr. Johnson tells me you feed Old Lee, Meshek. Well, when you buy his dinner to-day just tuck a sirloin steak into it with my compliments.

A Spear of Light Was Ripping Through the Darkness of the Shop and Was Playing With Merciless Gleam on the Shambling Body That Crouched in Front of the Ice-Box Door

I'm counting a lot on the next fortnight's shooting over that dog."

He handed Meshek a two-dollar bill for the steak. The negro was stroking the bill lovingly as the young men departed.

"Lee, ol' dog," crooned Meshek, "dat young gemmen is qual'ty. Qual'ty, dat's what he sho' is. Did yo' heah dem noble wuhds 'bout a suhline steak? An' does yo' see this heah two dollahs? Dat's qual'ty talk he talked, Lee. An' he gwine hunt mos' ev'y day he's heah. Dat means mo' two dollahses, Lee. Now les' yo' an' me be movin' fo' de meat mahket."

If Searight's gin emporium had not reared its one-story bulk midway between the hardware store of Edwin Johnson & Son and the town's one meat market there is a more than negligible chance that Old Lee that day might have dined on sirloin steak; also if common gratitude had not stirred Meshek to the desire to drink the health of the opulent young Northerner and if pride in Old Lee had not incited him to tell the story of the express-train point to other habitués of the nigger bar at the rear of Searight's.

The result of this joint combination was that Meshek and the two dollars had parted company before ever the meat market burst into view.

Wherefore Meshek perforce fed Old Lee that night on such scraps as the proprietor of the market saw fit to let him have on credit. Not on his own credit at that, but on Mr. Johnson's. Meshek lacked the nerve under the circumstances to demand a sirloin steak for the dog, knowing full well that Cottrell, the butcher, would not supply such luxuries for Old Lee without first asking Johnson if the transaction were approved.

Thus, very drunk indeed, and maudlinly ashamed of his failure to provide Old Lee with the promised feast, Meshek made his way back to the store and served the dog with the meal of uninspired scraps. He avoided Old Lee's eye as he dished out the dinner. He feared what he might perhaps read there of accusation. But the memory rankled in Meshek's soul. Long he sat on the store's dark steps, Old Lee stretched out contentedly at his feet. And as Meshek brooded his brain left one stage of two-dollar intoxication and entered upon another.

He had robbed Old Lee of a promised feast. He had used up every cent of his own available capital. Yes, this was true - and more than true. Yet all was not lost. There was hope. Meshek's booze-urged mind left vain repining behind it and soared to heights of ingenuity. In other words, he was thinking. And his thinking was all constructive. Indeed, most of Meshek Stone's best thinking was prone to be constructive. For example, six months earlier Old Lee had gone for a ramble down the Four-Mile Pike. An officious negro had seen and captured the dog, bringing him back to the store in the hope of a two-bit reward from Gregory's father. Meshek had been the bearer of the negro's message to his employer. Quite unconsciously he had enlarged upon the dog's perils on the pike and on the rescuer's forethought and courtesy in returning him so promptly. Mr. Johnson, moved by the tale, gave Meshek seventy-five cents to be turned over to the finder as reward. The country darky had departed quite happy with twenty-five cents of this largesse, leaving Meshek the possessor of four bits and an idea.

Two months later Old Lee had been missing again. This time Meshek went in search of him, returning with the dog and recounting a dolorous tale of finding him caught fast in a noose trap someone had set in a field. This netted the finder a whole dollar. So did each of three subsequent searchings.

Meshek had discovered at last a dividend-paying investment. Old Lee was worth something like a dollar a month to him in rescue fees. Meshek's only outlay was the labor of walking with Old Lee to an empty and dilapidated cabin far out in the brake, tying the dog in the one-room ruin with plenty of food and water and straw, and then of thinking up the best mode of finding him when the dog should be missed at the store.

It was very simple and it was satisfactory to all concerned. Meshek was well rewarded for his trouble. Mr. Johnson, ever easy-going, suspected nothing except that his pet had taken to wandering in his advanced age, and he was always willing enough to pay for the dog's return. To Old Lee himself the ordeal was easy, even pleasant. It merely involved lying at ease in an old cabin for a day or so, during which time he was well fed.

But to-night Meshek's constructive thinking soared beyond these safe-and-easy means of livelihood. The memories of that two-dollar bill and the reality of what it had gone for were still with him. They filled him with delusions of grandeur—nay, with the virus of Napoleonism. He laid a heavy and speculative hand on Old Lee's head and let his thought engines race. The dog in response to the touch wagged his half-feathered tail drowsily and returned to dreamland. But Meshek's own dreaming was done with wide open and speculative eyes. The negro's visions centered themselves on Young Colbridge's two-dollar bill and radiated therefrom in aureate beams.

The Northerner had been so intrigued with a single half-day's sport with Old Lee as to lavish a small fortune on the dog's dinner. He had declared loudly his intent of shooting over Old Lee as often as possible during the next fortnight. Wherefore, should the dog become lost just now the Yankee gold mine might readily be expected to exude wealth in huge quantities. For the return of this highly desirable comrade of the chase he would doubtless

(Continued on Page 186)

UNCLE SAM AS AN EMPLOYER

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

DO YOU know the story of the expendable and necessary cats, working for the War Department? It is part foolery and part sober earnest.

I found it, with the other official news, in the Army and Navy Journal. It shows what some official correspondence is like.

A material inspection and storage depot wrote in May, 1919, to its bureau of finance asking authority for payment, under incidental expenses, "for acquisition and sustenance of felines" required for the proper preservation of some eight million yards of fabric in storage, "jeopardized by an incursion of rodents and other small vermin." The local situation was such that the cats could be maintained without great expense. It was asked that incidental expenses be interpreted "to include those attendant to the acquisition and maintenance of not more than ten necessary cats." The question also was whether they should be held to be "expendable property" in order "to avoid the necessity of taking up any unforeseen increment by debit certificate."

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Young Postal Clerks Sorting Mail

Apparently the cats were authorized, for in October the disbursing officer wrote to the depot officer that the last voucher for cat food showed that nine cats and twelve kittens were being maintained. "It was not contemplated," the disbursing officer added "that more than ten necessary cats were to be maintained; and furthermore these cats were to be expendable. The maintenance of such a force of cats," it was added, "was of advantage to preserve government property, but such a radical increase in the number of cats to be maintained at government expense makes it fitting to inquire where this increase is going to stop, and as to whether or not the attention of these cats has been given entirely to the elimination of rodents; also as to whether this increase, if continued, will not place an undue burden on the Government in view of the probable exhaustion of the supply of rats, and the necessity of purchasing unlimited quantities of cat meat." Information was desired "as to whether any further increase in the number of cats maintained for eliminating rodents is contemplated."

Inequalities of Compensation

THE captain in charge of the depot replied, in October: "It was not expected that the number of cats at this depot would be increased beyond the number of ten. The natural increase beyond this number, however, has not been foreseen, and could not in any way be regulated. It is fully understood that cats are expendable, but it has not been thought advisable to visit upon these young animals any extreme acts of cruelty.

"The need of these cats is a positive necessity. The woods and fields surrounding the depot are filled with field mice and if one of these animals should nest in the cloth it might destroy hundreds of dollars' worth of material. The presence of the cats, however, is found to be an absolute guaranty against any destruction from such a source."

Later the disbursing officer of this particular service wrote to the disbursing office of the salvage division, noting that the disbursements of the depot in question were to be handled by the latter office after November first. "The matter of cat meat and other supplies necessary for sustenance of cats is referred to you for any further action," the letter added. "It is believed that the providing of cat meat for cats, whose regular ration is rats from outside sources, should be carefully restricted. The voucher for such supplies during the month of September amounted to $10.50 and was increased during the month of October to $15.10, which seems excessive," in view of the fact that but ten cats were originally contemplated.

That is merely by the way; but government service does breed paper work, and plenty of just that sort of thing on subjects more or less trivial.

As I went about asking questions, the more I found out about the Government as an employer and the condition of government employees, the more clearly was it disclosed what a haphazard muss the whole thing is. Some of the job holders are underpaid and others, especially among those taken on during the war, are overpaid by comparison with men and women who have been long in the service and who are doing virtually the same kind of work. I came in contact with the duplications of effort that Chairman Good, of the Appropriations Committee, had pointed out, and was shown specific instances where a reorganization and simplification of the government machine would release useless employees and enable more pay to be given to good men.

It all comes back to Congress. The men in the Capitol must do the job. The retirement problem must be faced and solved. It is no longer simply a question of firing the aged clerks and turning them out on the street to shift for themselves. In the present state of public morality that treatment can no longer be given to wage earners who have outlived their usefulness after long service. Congress has shown a belated realization of its duty by naming two joint commissions, made up of members of the Senate and the House, to make an investigation of the whole condition of government employment in the District of Columbia and in the Postal Service. These two commissions will have before them all of the facts I have set down in these articles, in addition to many others.

The significant growth of unions among clerical employees of the Government is one feature of the present condition of employees in the national service that deserves more attention than it has received. The government clerks' unions have come into existence to meet the needs of Federal employees for some articulate voice that could speak for all of them, and for a channel of communication with Congress.

The government clerks and the technical and professional men in the Federal service have not failed to note that, though their pay is low and shot through with inequalities, skilled labor when employed in groups, as in the navy yards, arsenals and other manufactories of the Government, receives the full union wage. If the skilled men with trades did not receive so much as workers outside receive they would promptly quit. A comparison of the salaries paid by the Government to its trained scientific employees and the wages fixed by government authority for skilled and unskilled labor is illuminating. These scientific and technical employees are divided into seven grades: Senior, full professional, associate, assistant, junior, aid and junior aid. The schedule of wages as fixed by the Labor Adjustment Board in its decision of October 24, 1918, to employees of the shipyards on the Atlantic Coast, Gulf and Great Lakes shows that the annual earnings of a common laborer are $901, only eleven dollars less than the present average base salary of the junior aid. Laborers receive $1152 a year, or the exact amount to which the average of the junior-aid rank has been raised by the $240 bonus. A group including twenty classes of semiskilled workers, such as bolters, chippers, grinders, oilers, and so on, receive $1452 a year, or 16.5 per cent more than the average base salary of the aid rank, and only thirty-six dollars less than the average of that rank as increased by the bonus. Machine men, painters, riggers and ship carpenters—second class—are paid $1853, or 13.5 per cent more than the average base salary of the junior rank and only nineteen dollars less than the average of that rank plus the bonus. Hammer and machine forgers—heavy—are paid at the rate of $3706 a year, or $431 more than the average salary now paid by the Government to its technical employees in the full professional rank, the next to the highest in the government service. Of the 4332 positions covering the highest grade and the highest paid scientific workers in the government service less than two per cent receive an annual compensation as great as that paid to this particular class of skilled labor.

Less Schooling and More Pay

THE above figures are the wages paid to the individual worker after an apprenticeship ranging from two weeks to six months during which about three-quarters pay is received. If the workman is made a gang boss, in charge of twelve or more men, he receives an additional $450 a year, and if a subforeman, in charge of thirty or more men, an additional $900. A riveter subforeman, for example, is paid $2900, $200 more than the average paid in the associate rank in the government service, and more than is paid to eighty per cent of the Government's scientific personnel. A subforeman is not required to have any educational qualification and not more than a few months' experience. The associate engineer or scientist, on the other hand, must have spent four years in high school, four years in college, and at least five years in the practice of his profession, or a total of thirteen years before he can, in the government service, approach the salary rating of a subforeman of riveters in a shipyard. This is one explanation of the increase in resignations of technical employees in the government service in the last two years.

The government clerks have a national union. It is called the National Federation of Federal Employees and has a present membership of about 60,000, with 148 local branches scattered over the country and with overseas branches in Alaska, Hawaii and the Panama Canal Zone. In Washington alone this union has about 25,000 members, and this does not include the employees of the Post-Office Department, who are organized into four unions of their own. The government clerks' union is affiliated with the

American Federation of Labor. It is indeed a true labor union in good and regular standing. It differs, however, in one essential and important particular from other labor unions. Its constitution provides: "That under no circumstances shall this union engage in or support a strike against the United States Government." It proposes to attain the objects of its organization "by petition to Congress, by creating favorable public sentiment, by coöperation with government officials and employees, and by other lawful means." This union of government employees is growing steadily day by day. I have talked with several of its officers. They appear to be level-headed men who are honestly seeking to coöperate with the Government, rather than antagonize it, and so far the clerks have presented no unreasonable demands. The president and guiding spirit of the national organization of the union is Luther C. Steward, who was in the government service twenty-three years before he quit to devote all his time to the union.

President Steward's Statement

IT IS of public concern at this time to know just what relations this union of government employees bears to the general labor movement. This statement, prepared by President Steward, sets forth the whole case clearly:

"We are a part of the organized labor movement, and have been from the very beginning of our organization; that is to say, we are a part of the A. F. of L.

"The first local of our existing federation, Federal Employees Union No. 1, of San Francisco, was chartered directly by the A. F. of L. when the local was organized in 1913, before we had a national organization. Federal Employees Union No. 2, of Washington, was likewise chartered directly by the A. F. of L. when that union was organized. Each and all of the sixty-four other locals formed up to the time our national organization was established were chartered by the A. F. of L. in the same manner. Consequently, the National Federation of Federal Employees when it was formed in September, 1917, was organized under the A. F. of L. as a matter of course, taking over under one national charter the affiliation previously established by each of the locals. Therefore all of the 148 locals now holding charters from the National Federation of Federal Employees are automatically affiliated to the A. F. of L. through our national charter from the parent body.

"Our locals are also affiliated to the A. F. of L. through the city central labor bodies and the state federations of labor to which they are severally affiliated.

"Thus our membership has a triple affiliation to the A. F. of L. Through the national charter of the N. F. F. E., through the city central labor bodies and through the state federations of labor.

"These relationships, as already stated, have existed from the very beginning of our organization and lie at its very foundations. They exist for reasons which may be reviewed as follows:

"Why is the National Federation of Federal Employees affiliated with the American Federation of Labor?

"Because Federal employees, as wage earners, have interests in common with all other wage earners, and the A. F. of L. is the big central American organization of wage earners. The purposes of the A. F. of L. are stated in the constitution (Art. II, Sec. 4), as follows:

"'An American federation of all national and international trade-unions to aid and assist each other; to aid and encourage the sale of the union-label goods, and to secure legislation in the interest of the working people and influence public opinion by peaceful and legal methods in favor of organized labor.'

"Because the federation of national organizations into one great movement gives strength to their common cause, just as the federation of our own local unions into a national organization gives strength to the cause of the locals, and just as the union of individuals gives strength to the cause of the individuals.

"In other words, we organize for collective effort to further the purposes of our organization. The larger the numbers on our side, the greater our accomplishment.

"Because we not only need the support of our fellow workers to win our cause but we owe them our support in return. The National Federation of Federal Employees is a trade-union and the obligations of the trade-unions are mutual. They stand for brotherhood.

"What has the National Federation of Federal Employees gained by its affiliation with the American Federation of Labor?

"It was the A. F. of L. that at the beginning of our organization's history defeated the Borland Amendment the first time it was introduced in Congress. Later the A. F. of L., under the leadership of President Gompers, was largely instrumental in bringing about the veto by President Wilson of the Legislative Bill because it contained the Borland Amendment.

"It was the membership of the A. F. of L. through its affiliated body, the Central Labor Union of Kansas City, that cast the votes which defeated Representative Borland in the primaries in his district in 1918 and prevented his return to Congress. This happened because we were affiliated to the A. F. of L.

"It was the membership of the A. F. of L. through its central labor unions in every state that asked Congress, at our request, to grant the war bonus, first of $120 a year, and then of $240 a year, which 200,000 Federal employees are now receiving. Those central labor unions, representing millions of votes throughout the country, helped us because we were affiliated to the A. F. of L."

Not Controlled by the A. F. of L.

"IS THE National Federation of Federal Employees in any way controlled by the American Federation of Labor?

"No. The N. F. F. E. is completely self-governing, as are all other organizations affiliated with the A. F. of L. As stated in the constitution of the A. F. of L. (Art. II, Sec. 2), national and international trade-unions chartered by the A. F. of L. are 'based upon a strict recognition of the autonomy of each trade.'

"Can members of the National Federation of Federal Employees be called out on strike?

"No. Not under any circumstances. The constitution of the N. F. F. E. contains the following clause (Art. II, Sec. 2):

"'*Provided*, That under no circumstances shall this federation engage in or support strikes against the United States Government.'

"The A. F. of L. has no power to call a strike of any organization whatsoever, and no striking organization has any power to call out the members of any other organization.

"Can dues paid by the National Federation of Federal Employees to the A. F. of L. be used in support of strikes?

"The N. F. F. E. pays to the A. F. of L. one per cent per member per month upon the full paid-up membership, as required by the constitution of the A. F. of L. (Art. X, Sec. 1). The sum so paid is used by the A. F. of L. for defraying its ordinary expenses for maintaining its central organization.

"Not one cent of the dues paid by the N. F. F. E. to the A. F. of L. is or can be used for the support of strikes.

"To summarize: It should be clear that we are a self-governing body, responding to no influence or authority except our own consent.

"It should be clear also that the last thing we want to lose is our affiliation with our fellow workers by means of our charter from the A. F. of L."

The Civil Service Commission points out: That "there has never been a uniform entrance salary for any given grade of work; inequalities of salaries and the failure to

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Tons of Mail Sacked Upon a Pier for Shipment Overseas

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XXXIII

PHIL FARMER and Jimmy Kane stayed on in New Haven that summer of 1914, Phil to be near his precious sources in the Yale library, Jimmy to be near his new job. As soon as his examinations were over he had gone to work in a factory in a very humble capacity; but he was not destined to remain there long in any capacity, nor was it written in the stars that he was to complete his education at Yale.

My own reasons for clinging to New Haven were less definite. Sheer physical inertia had something to do with it, no doubt; but chiefly I stayed because New Haven in midsummer is a social desert; and in those days my most urgent desire was to be alone. Apart from all else the breaking out of almost world-wide war had drastically, as if by an operation for spiritual cataract, opened my inner eye, no longer a bliss in solitude, to much that was trivial and self-satisfied and ridiculous in one Ambrose Hunt, Esq. That Susan should be in the smoke of that spreading horror brought it swiftly and vividly before me. I lived the war from the first.

Madame Guyot Opened an Inner Door and Light From the Room Beyond Tempered the Vagueness About Me

For years, with no felt discomfort to myself, I had been a pacifist. I was a contributing member of several peace societies, and in one of my slightly better-known essays I had expounded with enthusiasm Tolstoy's doctrine—which, in spite of much passionate argument to the contrary these troublous years, was assuredly Christ's—of nonresistance to evil. I was, in fact, though in a theoretical, parlor sense, a proclaimed Tolstoyan, a Christian anarchist—lacking, however, the essential groundwork for Tolstoy's doctrine, faith. Faith in God as a person, as a father, I could not confess to; but the higher anarchist vision of humanity freed from all control save that of its own sweet reasonableness, of men turned unfailingly gentle, mutually helpful, content to live simply if need be, but never with unuplifted hearts—well, I could and did confess publicly that no other vision had so strong an attraction for me!

I liked to dwell in the idea of such a world, to think of it as a possibility—less remote, perhaps, than mankind in general supposed. Having lived through the Spanish War, the Boer War and Russia's war with Japan; and in a world constantly strained to the breaking point by national rivalries, commercial expansion and competition for markets, by class struggles everywhere apparent, by the harsh discordant energies of its predatory desires—I, nevertheless, had been able to persuade myself that the darkest days of our dust-speck planet were done with and recorded; Earth and its graceless seed of Adam were at last, to quote Jimmy, "on their way"—well on their way, I assured myself, toward some inevitable region of abiding and beneficent light!

Pouf! . . . And then?

Stricken in solitude, I went down into dark places and fumbled like a starved beggar amid the detritus of my dreams. Dust and shadow. Was there anything real there, anything worth the pain of spiritual salvage? Had I been, all my life, merely one more romanticist, one more sentimental trifler in a universe whose ways were not those of pleasantness, nor its paths those of peace? Surely, yes; for my heart convicted me at once of having wasted all my days hitherto in a fool's paradise. The rough fabric of human life was not spun from moonshine. So much at least was certain. And nothing else was left me. Hurled from my private make-believe Eden, I must somehow begin anew.

"Brief beauty and much weariness."

Susan's line haunted me throughout the first desperate isolation of those hours. I saw no light. I was broken in spirit. I was afraid.

Morbidity, you will say. Why, yes; why not? To be brainsick and heartsick in a cruel and unfamiliar world is to be morbid. I quite agree. Below the too-thin crust of a dilettante's culture lies always that hungry morass. A world had been shaken; the too-thin crust beneath my feet had crumbled; I must slither now in slime and either sink there finally, be swallowed up in that sucking blackness, or by some miracle of effort win beyond, set my feet on stiff granite, and so survive.

It is most probable that I should never have reached solid ground unaided. It was Jimmy, of all people, who stretched forth a vigorous, impatient hand.

Shortly after the First Battle of the Marne had dammed—we knew not how precariously or how completely—the deluge pouring through Belgium and Luxemburg and Northern France, Jimmy burst in on me one evening. He had just received a brief letter from Susan. She was stationed then at Furnes; Mona Leslie was with her; but their former hostess, the young pleasure-loving Comtesse de Bligny, was dead. The cause of her death Susan did not even stop to explain.

"Mona," she hurried on, "is magnificent. Only a few months ago I pitied her, almost despised her; now I could kiss her feet. How life had wasted her! She doesn't know fear or fatigue, and she has just put her entire fortune unreservedly at the service of the Belgian Government—to found field hospitals, ambulances, and so on. The king has decorated her. Not that she cares—has time to think about it, I mean. In a sense it irritated her; she spoke of it all to me as an unnecessary gesture. Oh, Jimmy, come over—we need you here! Bring all America over with you—if you can! Setebos invented neutrality; I recognize his workmanship. Bring Ambo—bring Phil! Don't stop to think about it—come!"

"I'm going, said Jimmy. "So's Professor Farmer. How about you, sir?"

"Phil's going?"

"Sure. Just as soon as he can arrange it."

"His book's finished?"

"What the hell has that ——" began Jimmy; then stopped dead, blushing. "Excuse me, Mr. Hunt; but books, somehow—just now—they don't seem so important as—see?"

"Not quite, Jimmy. After all the real struggle's always between ideas, isn't it? We can't perfect the world with guns and ambulances, Jimmy."

"Maybe not," said Jimmy dryly. "It's quite possible," I insisted, "that Phil's book might accomplish more for humanity, in the long run, than anything he could do at his age in Flanders."

"Susan could come home and write plays," said Jimmy; "good ones too. But she won't. You can bet on that, sir."

"I've never believed in war, Jimmy; never believed it could possibly help us onward."

"Maybe it can't," interrupted Jimmy. "I've never believed in cancer, either; it's very painful and kills a lot of people.

"You'd better come with us, sir. You'll be sorry you didn't—if you don't."

"Why? You know my ideas on nonresistance, Jimmy."

"Oh, ideas!" grunted Jimmy. "I know you're a white man, Mr. Hunt. That's enough for me. I'm not worrying much about your ideas."

"But whatever we do, Jimmy, there's an idea behind it; there must be."

"Nachur'ly," said Jimmy. "Those are the only ones that count. I can't see you letting Susan risk her life day in an' out to help people who are being wronged, while you sit over here and worry about what's going to happen in a thousand years or so—after we're all good and dead! Not much I can't!

"The point is, there's the rotten mess—and Susan's in it, trying to make it better—and we're not. Professor Farmer got it all in a flash. He'll be round presently to make plans. Well—how about it, sir?"

Granite! Granite at last, unshakable, beneath my feet!

Then, too, Susan was over there, and Jimmy and Phil were going, without a moment's hesitation, at her behest! But I have always hoped and I do honestly believe that it was not entirely that!

No, romanticist or not, I will not submit to the assumption that of two possible motives for any decently human action it is always the lower motive that turns the trick! La Rochefoucauld to the contrary, self-interest is not the

inevitable mainspring of man; though, sadly I admit, it seems to be an indispensable cog wheel in his complicated works.

XXXIV

AND now, properly apprehensive reader—whom, in the interests of objectivity, which has never interested me, I should never openly address—are you not unhappy in the prospect of another little tour through trench and hospital, of one more harrowing account of how the great war made a great man of him at last?

Be comforted! One air raid I cannot spare you; but I can spare you much. To begin with, I can spare you, or all but spare you, a month or so over three whole years.

You may think it incredible, but it is true that I had been in Europe for more than three years and I had not as yet seen Susan. Phil had seen her, just once; Jimmy had seen her many times; and I had run into them—singly, never together—off and on, here and there, during those slow-swift days of unremitting labor. If to labor desperately in a heartfelt cause be really to pray, the ear of Heaven has been besieged! But in common humanity there was always more crying to be done than mortal brains or hands or accumulated wealth could compass. Once plunged into that glorious losing struggle against the appalling hosts of misery, one could only fight grimly on—on—on—to the last hoarded ounce of strength and determination.

But the odds were hopeless, fantastic! Those Titan forces of human suffering and degradation, so half-wittedly let loose throughout Europe, grew ever vaster, more terrible in maleficent power. They have ravaged the world; they have ravaged the soul. An armistice has been signed, a peace treaty is being drafted, a League of Nations is being formed—or deformed—but those Titan forces still mock our poor efforts with calamitous laughter. They are still in fiercely, stubbornly disputed but unquestionable possession of the field—insolent conquerors to this hour. The real war, the essential war, the war against the unconsciously self-willed annihilation of earth's tragic egoist, man, has barely begun. Its issue is ever uncertain; and it will not be ended in our days.

Phil and Jimmy had gone over in the same boat, via England, about the middle of October, 1914. At that time organized American relief work in Europe was really nonexistent, and in order to obtain some freedom of movement on the other side and a chance to study out possible opportunities for effective service Phil had persuaded Heywood Sampson to appoint him Continental correspondent for the new review, and Jimmy went with him ostensibly as his private secretary.

It was all the merest excuse for obtaining passports and permission to enter Belgium, if that should prove immediately advisable after reaching London. It did not. Once in London, Phil had very soon found himself up to the eyes in work. Through Mr. Page, the American Ambassador—so lately dead—he was introduced to Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, and after a scant twenty minutes of conversation was seized by Mr. Hoover and plunged, with barely a gasp for breath, into that boiling sea of troubles—the organization of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It does not take Mr. Hoover very long to size up the worth and stability of any man; but in Phil he had found—and he knew he had found—a peculiar treasure. Phil's unfailing patience, his thoroughness and courtesy quickly endeared him to all his colleagues and did much to make possible the successful launching of the vastest and most difficult project for relief ever undertaken by mortal men. Thus, almost overnight, Jimmy's private secretaryship became anything but a sinecure. For nearly three months their labors held them in London; then they were sent—not unadventurously—to Brussels, there to arrange certain details of distribution with Mr. Whitlock, the American Minister, and with the directors of the Belgian Comité National.

But from Brussels their paths presently diverged. Jimmy, craving activity, threw himself into the actual work of food distribution in the stricken eastern districts, while Phil passed gravely on to Herculean labors at the shipping station of the C. R. B. in Rotterdam. He remained in Rotterdam for upward of a year. Susan, meanwhile, had been driven with the Belgian Army from Furnes, and was now attached to the operating room of a small field or receiving hospital which squatted amphibiously in a water-logged fragment of village not far from the Yser and the flooded German lines. It was a post of danger, constantly under fire; and she was the one woman who clung to it—who insisted upon being permitted to cling to it, and carried her point, and under conditions fit neither for man nor beast unflinchingly carried on. Mona Leslie was no longer beside her. She had retired to Dunkirk to aid in the organization of relief for ever-increasing hordes of civilian refugees. And where, meanwhile, was one Ambrose Hunt, sometime dilettante at large?

It had proved impossible for me to sail with Phil and Jimmy. Just as the preliminary arrangements were being made Aunt Belle was stricken down by apoplexy, while walking among the roses of her famous Spanish gardens in Santa Barbara, and so died, characteristically intestate; and to my astonishment I found that I had become the sole inheritor of her estate; all of Hyena Parker's tainted millions had suddenly poured their burdensome tide of responsibilities—needlessly and unwelcomely—upon me. There was nothing for it. Out to California, willy-nilly, I must go, and waste precious weeks there with lawyers and house agents and other tiresome human necessities.

The one cheering thought in all this annoying pother was—and it was a thought that grew rapidly in significance to me as I journeyed westward—that fate had now made it possible for me to purify Hyena Parker's millions by putting them to work for mankind. Well, they have since done their part, to the last dollar; they have spent themselves in the losing battle against misery and are no more. Nothing became their lives like the ending of them. But for all that, the world, you see, is as it is, and the battle goes on.

Phil kept in touch with me from the other side, in spite of his difficulties—as did Jimmy and Susan—and he had prepared the way for me when at length I could free myself and sail. I was instructed to go to Paris, direct, and fulfill certain duties there in connection with the ever-increasing burdens and exasperations of the C. R. B. I did so. Six months later my activities were transferred to Bern; and—not to trace in detail the evolution of my career, such as it was; for though useful, I hope, it was never, like Phil's, exceptionally brilliant—I had become about the period of America's entry into the war a modest captain in the Red Cross, stationed at Evian, in connection with the endless heart-breaking task of repatriating refugees from the invaded districts. And there my job rooted me until January of that dark winter of our unspeakable depression, 1918.

With the beginning of America's entry into the war Phil had gone to Petrograd for the American Red Cross, his commission being to save the lives of as many Russian

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"Where Are You Taking Me?" Susan Demanded, Half Breathless, Dragging Against My Arm

THE FATE MAKERS

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

X

WHO among us but has come in maturity to a well-remembered, perhaps well-beloved, spot which has remained unvisited since childhood, filled with the picture of its stately proportions and large spaciousness, only to be shocked at the shrunken aspect which the reality bears? Grandmother's garden, remembered as a vast, only partially explored wilderness, is a mere patch of old boxwood which now scarcely reaches to one's knees. The swimming hole has shrunken from an ocean to a puddle, the illimitable meadows behind the schoolhouse are scarcely bigger than one's front lawn at home. And the poignant sensation which accompanies these discoveries is difficult to classify as pleasure or as pain, but lies between the two, mingling the happiness of lost childhood with the sure sense of impending age.

It was to this experience that John Israel Benson the third came upon his return to Walltown. His youth seemed to have been swallowed up by the existing generation; the pleasure of discovering old landmarks bore a curious pain in its wake, as the ugly commercialism of the present town flared at him. This was not his town after all; this was a prosperous, bustling young city that jostled him and ignored him. Here and there he managed to glimpse some remembered building that came to view and vanished again like the recollection of something in a dream. He had actually to inquire his way before lodging could be found, Billy Schwartz complaining at the fact of his ignorance, the dog alert to new smells and sounds. Incredibly the town had shrunk; also, it had grown incredibly. It was rather dreadful to have to ask one's way about. But in the end he found a cheap lodging in a slum district which had once been wild meadows and which was situated several miles south of the square where the old mansion stood. And it was from this poor place that the two set out next morning to find the Aigne yards.

There were trolleys with massed wires overhead, department stores with showy windows, and here and there a new office building had sprung up to ten or twelve stories or even greater height. They looked like seedlings of the New York commercial district transplanted and thriving. One expected that in a few years they would be even higher, that they would grow. A magnificent post-office building confronted Benson at the corner of Main and Temple Streets, a baby Parthenon in white granite. A traffic cop paused long enough on his dangerous post amid trolleys and automobiles to tell the two men which car line to take. "The green car marked Ball Park!" It was fearfully confusing. Could it really be Walltown? Could it?

Riding an incredible distance in the aforementioned green car John Israel Benson was scarcely able either to credit or to tolerate the change. He remembered the first time an automobile went down Broad Street. He and several of the other boys had rushed out of the square at the news and there beheld the incredible spectacle of a horseless vehicle making all of fifteen miles an hour of its own volition! He was still a young man—just beginning his life, as men count success—and yet he had seen all this change! Somehow out in Muxton he had not realized the stupendous difference that had come over the world in the last few years. Small wonder that when the exterior things of life had altered so, the minds of men should change as well. It was a new world, a world without standards as he knew them; one which gauged success only by size and swiftness. What would be the finish of the race against machinery; what was it? Man had made machines and now he was trying to keep pace with them. If he was not careful the machines would destroy him, like Frankenstein. Machines, machines, everywhere machines, that ruthlessly set the pace, themselves tireless; machines to make one's food, one's clothing, to entertain one, to ride upon, to speak upon—machines speeding up human activity to the breaking point. Why did we not learn to use them instead of being used by them?

The particular machine which was carrying the two men came to its last stop. "All out," said the conductor. Alighting they found themselves outside a long fence. It was almost a quarter of a mile to the right gate. None of it was familiar, none of it friendly, no glimpse was yet to be had of the water. It was a strange and hostile district, completely unlike the remembered spot which had drawn him from the West as a lodestar. A winter sun without warmth shed a pale radiance on the dreary expanse of steel and wood that housed the vast enterprise. At the gate a bearded foreigner in a neat uniform directed them to the proper office. He was cold of eye, suspicious, hostile even.

And so it was that John Israel Benson the third applied as a common laborer for work in the yards which had been his father's and his grandfather's.

Under the circumstances it was not strange that any familiar person was a welcome sight, and when Benson found himself face to face with Dort, his old boss at the rolling mill, he almost shouted his pleasure.

"How do you come here?" he wondered. "It's good to see a friend. Does my record keep me out or help me in?"

"We are short-handed," replied the Russian. "Glad enough to get you. And Schwartz, he'll go in as well. This is a different place again from Felde's. Altruistic young nut for a boss, that's what we've got. Good man when he learns something. But a nut! Wants the men to join some co-operative scheme he's got; we are going to profit share an' everything in a year!" Dort grinned at the absurdity of it all. But the main thing was that Benson and Billy both were put back on a giant traveling crane, alternating as before.

"Shoot your face all you want to here!" said Dort before they left, agreeing to begin the next day. "The more talk the better! No one gives a damn! Ever do anything with that invention of yours?"

"Not yet!" said Benson. "It takes time and money. But I've got the thing perfected—I'm dead sure of that."

"Well—I wish you luck!" said Dort. "But the chances are you'll keep it for your own amusement!"

A friendly chap, thought Benson; and kept on thinking it through the weeks that followed. He saw a good deal of the man, who went about with him whenever the opportunity offered, and thus Benson came under the sensitive keyboard of the invisible machine which had its center in the filing cabinets of Sullinksi's office some fifteen hundred or so miles away. In point of fact, Benson had not been working at Walltown a week before Felde, walking into Petrov's office in Muxton, received a pleasing bit of news.

"By the way, I've located that landing device that you wanted," remarked the dapper representative of the soviet. "Benson is working at the Aigne yards. He's got the plans with him, and the model as well, I expect. What do you want done?"

"That particular enterprise, the Aigne yards, is as yet unaware of the right of the worker to own the whole damn works!" chuckled Felde. "We will kill two birds with one stone. Send Carlo Tresslau there to tell them about the International Workers of the World, and how nice it is to cut off your nose to spite your face! And let him persuade Benson to turn over his invention to the organization so that the brotherhood may benefit by it instead of the capitalist. Or buy it from him if he will sell. Haig is asking for a big appropriation for aëroplane development. That simply means, of course, that his nephew will get the contracts. These Americans have no sense of honor about such things. And I do not fancy young Benson taking his contraption to Aigne under the circumstances. Have me kept informed of everything that takes place there."

"Aigne has no end of money," said Petrov, "and he is already planning freight-carrying dirigibles, as you know."

"But a government appropriation would not hurt them," Felde commented. "England has got one for the express purpose of financing just such an enterprise. Of course

At Worst Carlo's Talk Was of Interest. He Was Already Infecting the Men About Him With His Doctrines

our own Zurich Zepps were under construction long before the British air program was even thought of. Still there remains to all of us this tremendously important problem of landing. The country which first produces it—well, you are no fool, I don't need to speak further on that! It is obvious that we cannot afford to take any chances. Benson may have the thing. Get it from him. If not one way—why, then, another."

"And prevent Aigne's seeing it!" added Petrov.

"Complete! Colossal!" beamed Felde. "We will make the Aigne yards the most perfectly Bolshevist in the country! The worker shall indeed come into his own in that place or Carlo has lost his silver tongue. It will be the easier because young Aigne already has some sapheaded notion about the rights of labor! Rights! Bah! The swine, as though they had any rights! Let someone start such an idea in Germany and they would see!"

"Perhaps someone will," said Petrov thoughtfully. "Do you know, Felde, I sometimes wonder if the thing can be stopped now that we have started it. A boomerang, it may be. Some of us may be hit by it yet."

"Well, it won't be me!" said the German exultantly. "To know is to be prepared."

Meanwhile the unconscious object of all this discussion went about his daily routine with a fierce determination to find in the execution of it some measure of solace, something indeed to compensate for the lack that the transformed place of his birth still left in him.

The yards were too much like the mill. They were bigger, that was all, and though the ships were a more visible evidence of what the unit of the foundries, assembling rooms, shops and their connecting arteries was striving toward, all the intimate, romantic quality which had existed in his father's day seemed to have vanished with the antiquated equipment.

The place was merely a huge machine of which he was an infinitesimal part. It seemed to have no soul. It was Molech. The men were not working for a master nor yet for themselves. They were mere atoms caught up in the whirl of the dynamos, and they worked for their wage and no more—unless perhaps one counted flivvers, talking machines and installments on life insurance. But there was little joy even in those things. Rather a haste to catch up with something, with somebody—haste had become an end in itself, while leisure remained the only thing they desired, though they did not know this and such was their habit of mind that they believed leisure was to be feared.

The disappointment of the town was so deep-reaching that for a long time Benson forbore visiting the mansion. He did not even know whether or not it was still standing and he could not endure to go and see. The usual lot of the man in his place seemed closing in upon him with its typical inevitability. The apathy which is born of routine work and dullness of outlook was in a fair way to lay its deadening clutches upon him when he stumbled upon knowledge of the enterprise which was developing in the heart of the works. They were actually at the construction of the first dirigible! Dort told him casually during one noon hour, and at once drew fire.

"They are only experimenting yet," he said. "But I suppose you'll want to be transferred over there."

"I do!" said Benson simply. "Of course. Make it soon, Dort!"

"Leave it to me," said Dort. "I'm in strong with the boss. But we need you on the crane just now. I'll do my best, though."

"My waist is not pinched in!" retorted Carlo savagely

And he spoke the truth. He was far too well fed for such a coat as Aigne wore. Indeed the man's whole appearance was of a grossness and softness difficult to reconcile with a hard worker. Not that Carlo made any real profession of being one; indeed his creed was opposed to any such program. But despite this fact Benson for the moment agreed with him about Aigne. The fellow did look altogether too dapper. He was overdressed, and the small mustache was unfortunate—or worse. And Benson was too far removed from his grandfather's generation to discount these symbols of the idle rich without substantial proof of their externality, a delusion which was shared by the majority of the men who failed of personal contact with Aigne. Needless to say, that little mistake was a barrier of which the latter was completely unconscious.

"Pooh!" said Dort. "You are a Fool to Talk Such Nonsense About Death! What for Do You Want to Make Such Nonsensical Talk as That?"

At first Benson felt a very friendly interest in Carlo. Despite the man's extreme attitude regarding what he termed the divine right of labor, his fiery enthusiasm was sometimes inspiring and occasionally amusing. He seemed utterly engrossed in his ideal of an international brotherhood of workers, and presented his arguments with vigor and conviction. Benson even sought out the man's company after a while, for he was bitterly lonely. The boy, Billy Schwartz, had gradually become estranged from him. For as soon as Billy returned to work he returned also to his habit of long standing. How he obtained the stuff was a mystery to Benson, whose renewed protestations only widened the gap between them. And at worst Carlo's talk was of interest. He was already infecting the men about him with his doctrines, and to Benson he poured out overwhelming statistics about the size of his organization as it already existed. And Benson, embittered and made impatient by his own experience, drank it all in. His fertile mind got an opportunity for exercise, for Carlo was no fool. It developed in the course of time that the Russian knew a good bit about engineering though he was a foreman in the forge, and one night, inflamed by the creator's urge to share, Benson showed Carlo his model.

"Do that," said Benson.

"I suppose you'll try to get Aigne to take up your invention?"

"When I see him," said Benson. "I'd like to talk to him, Dort. Do you think you could arrange that?"

"Leave it to me," said Dort. "I'll try. But he's hard to get to. Society nut, you know."

There was a flurry of communication with an address in New York, which address in turn notified P. Sullinski. And Benson was told that there was no immediate chance of seeing Aigne.

He watched Aigne go through the yards one day in company with Senator Haig, who was on a visit of inspection. Someone told Benson who the men were. This was a fellow named Carlo Tresslau, a fanatic, fiery and idealistic chap, who had made a bid for Benson's acquaintance. They were eating their luncheon as the inspection party went by.

"See him with his dinky little mustache and his pinched-in waist!" sneered Carlo. "That is what we sweat for—to buy him coats cut in at the waist! And he doesn't even look at us as he passes. We are dirt under his feet, yet we make him!"

"I understood that he was a rich man who had gone to work of his own accord," put in Benson mildly. "In which case he is rather making us, don't you think?"

The next day Petrov Sullinski received a telegram:

"I have seen it and it is good."

So it read. And that night Billy accidentally set the room on fire and the model was destroyed. Fortunately the diagrams from which it had been built were not. Benson carried these with him always, and thanked God for his foresightedness. They moved into new quarters and went on as before.

High up in the air on his crane John Israel traveled the length of the sheds day by day. And on each journey he passed over the plan house, which was the heart of the works. The building was suspended in midair—like a bird's nest in the branches of some enormous steel tree. It was small and low and could be seen from above and

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GUILE OF WOMAN

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

THE old steamer Almaden of the White Bear fleet had come nosing into port with eight hundred and forty thousand feet of lumber in her hold and on her decks. "Ay yust bane try to make good," defended the third mate good-naturedly to the reproaches of his friend, Skole Knudson, ship's steward, who had laid off the trip, but had come over the side the minute the Almaden got her lines fast.

"Make good, hal!" Skole ejaculated, and spat contemptuously. "What'n hal we want to make good for? Workin' our finger bones off for de capitalistic system. Little while and we tak dese ships and run dem ourself."

The mate turned his eye from where it watched critically the movements of men who were breaking off ties from lumber piles and adjusting gear about the decks and contemplated Skole, with the scales of judgment balancing carefully on his young but weathered countenance.

"You bane funny in de nut, Skole," he suggested.

"Wal, if my nut any funnier dan yours, Yal," bridled the ship's steward, "den Charlie Chaplin gon gat jalous. I tal you labor gon take dese ships and run dem—belong to dem."

Hjalmar Maartens smiled incredulously. His friend Skole had been in this country longer than he, had imbibed more freely of the American slang and was naturally glibber of tongue. When he babbled the talk he heard so much of at the local his accent became less pronounced and his grammatical forms improved.

"What de use of saving money?" Skole demanded. "When de revolution come, if you don't got any you gon get some. If you got too much dey gon take it away from you."

Yal shook his head stubbornly.

"Ay tank dat revolution bane one hal of a damn ways off. Ay gass ay save my money some more yat." And he shook his head cannily. "Out in de mission ay got a store, my gal and me. While I run de ship she run de shop."

Hjalmar straightened his shoulders proudly, but Skole scorned.

"Partners wit a Jane, Yal? What dat gon gat you? Notting. How you know what she do? A sailor can't watch dem. When de ship's away de wives will play. Yal, I'm sorry to see you go bust, but if you bank your money on a voman you gon find yoursalf broke, you betchou life! I got a voman. Ha! ha! ha! Yust dis lay off, I got her—someting soft, vat? You betchou!" Skole winked grotesquely. "But I don' kid me—no! You tink I'm got her when I'm sail nex' time? No! You betchou life not! By time I'm outside dose heads one hour I'm know damn wal she be makin' dose goo-goo eyes at some bohunk or odder. Janes is all right for company, but dey ain't no snubbin' post, because dey ain't stay where you lef' 'em, I tal you."

Yal was grieved much more at hearing Skole reflect upon the faith of womankind than by his attack upon the capitalistic system—grieved and angered. The system, he felt, could take care of itself, but woman—gentle-voiced, soft-hearted, simple-minded woman!

"Get to hal!" he snapped angrily.

But Skole only edged off prudently, and drawing upon his memory of soap-box spoutings of the radical's philosophy of discontent dug up certain phrases that further traduced the fair fame of the gentler sex and tossed them jeeringly at Yal.

"Voman!" he began, and contrived an oratorical pause.

"Voman! De only danger to de revolution is voman. She is de natural aristocrat. She is de hopeless individualist. Nature make her de weaker sex! By lies she make herself strong and by lies she make man weak. De revolution got to look out for voman, Yal, dat she don' betray it—and you got to look out for dis gal what you got. She beat you, by damn, she will—if you don' beat her wit a club."

Skole laughed satirically. This was blasphemy, and Hjalmar might have punished it as blasphemy should be punished if the blasphemer had not got himself expeditiously below, where with the pernicious industry of his kind he immediately became busy sowing the seeds of discontent and distrust wherever he could find a receptive mind in which to drop them. But on deck, at least, the atmosphere was purged of his presence.

While winches sang and slings rose and fell, with lumber clattering and rattling down upon the dock with sounds like exploding artillery, the mate's mind was busy with the thoughts of a great ambition and a great love. The ambition was to own the decks he trod on, not by the rude red hand of revolution, but by dint of toil and saving.

The love was for Annie—shrill-voiced but wide-smiling Annie. His heart mellowed and yearned. His blue eyes peered wistfully out into the cañoned streets of the lower city. He longed to rush out to Annie always, but to-day he doubly longed, for Skole's mean words had poisoned his placid faith. Yet there were a captain and two mates who took precedence of him in short privileges and it would be eight bells that night before he could put a leg over side.

That Night He Mustered Face to Tell Hulda of His Love—and It Was Much Harder Than When He Told Her as a Boy

While Hjalmar chafed and while Skole's sneers rankled, thoughts of another woman obtruded upon his mind—thoughts of Hulda. For one moment that delicious saddening memory threw the mate into ecstasies; the next it plunged his spirits beneath a somber cloud.

"Hulda!" he sighed. "Hulda!"

Theirs was the boy-and-girl love of seventeen and fourteen that in their native Helsingborg had plighted troth till Hjalmar should come home from the sea a man to claim her. But when he did come she was not waiting. True, no letter from her had ever found him during the whole four years, for how could a world-roving sailor have an address? But what need had his man love of letters? He had pledged himself to her forever. Hulda was reported to have gone to America—that was all the village gossips could tell him—to San Francisco somebody had been told by somebody who had seen her after she reached American shores.

To San Francisco? Hjalmar could remember now the great leap his heart gave when he heard that word, for it was from San Francisco that he had mailed a picture post card two years ago. Impatient, she had tried to go to him. Bless her true and loyal heart! He turned about and made his own way once more to San Francisco, but indirectly, as thrifty working sailors must, Stockholm to Hamburg with ore and Hamburg to Valparaiso with machinery. Jumping ship at Valparaiso, he reached San Diego in an old tub carrying guano, whence San Francisco was but just round the next headland. There he inquired at hotels, he infested lodging houses, he haunted employment offices, he advertised in papers, he peered anxiously into every female face. But there was no Hulda in San Francisco.

When his money failed him he took to the sea again and went out to fight the polar blasts and listen for months to the grind and knock of ice, or he went far south on the breath of lazy trades and under the fiery heat of equatorial suns that opened the seams in decks as it opened the pores of men. But from these journeys he came back always to the city by the Golden Gate to resume his quest for Hulda. And always in vain. There was no Hulda in the world at all.

It was as this conviction ripened in his bereaved breast that Annie came in to console his mourning heart. He told Annie about Hulda of course. He must. That was Yal's nature. But Annie was not jealous. Indeed she allowed Yal to understand that while she was yet very young her own heart had had its bruise. They warmed to each other wonderfully. Annie was different from Hulda of course. Instead of the delicate bloom of peach upon her cheeks there was a kind of weathered rose. She was older than his girl love, but still young, quite too young to be married yet, as she naïvely impressed upon the ardent Yal. Yet for the immaturity of youth Annie possessed a strange sophistication. Besides being cordial and wholesome, she

When His Money Failed Him He Took to the Sea Again and Went Out to Fight the Polar Blasts

was practical and thrifty—virtues that commended themselves warmly to the heart of the frugal Swede. She was competent and had an eye to the main chance.

At first they were friends, then lovers, and now they were business partners. All Yal's savings were in Annie's hands. It was this which had made Skole's cynicisms rankle, yet it was a situation that had come about naturally enough and one that—when one knew Annie as Yal knew her—argued no indiscretion whatever. When the mate met her first the girl was the chef in a delicatessen shop. She had skill to cook most appetizingly, and because of the reputation her viands attained the little shop was profitable. But Annie got only wages. She lamented this to Yal and grudged the generous increment of her Swiss employer. If only she had capital now, she speculated. But Yal had capital—a small amount. Heart swelling with approving love and his thrifty nature enthused at the prospect of a gainful investment, he negotiated the lease of a suitable empty store building round the corner and dotingly set Annie up in business—her business.

They planned the new store artfully, placing the kitchen right in the window, as it were. Against the wide glass pane was a stout table with large mixing bowls in which mouth-watering doughs and batters in colors from creamy white to frothy yellows and browns were forever being stirred or kneaded by the cheery-faced, bare-armed and always highly decorative Annie. Behind her slim body along one side stretched the range. Over it glittered a line of surplus utensils of polished brass and gleaming aluminum. Upon it huge pots and caldrons steamed and from time to time its generous ovens gave up to scanning eyes a sight of huge bake pans in which a semi-liquid content simmered suggestively or crusts of many inviting shades stretched their uneven surfaces from rim to rim, with the riot of juicy goodness beneath cracking the flaky surfaces and lifting delectable mountain ranges that would have created pangs of hunger in an Egyptian mummy.

But the art of the shopkeeper went farther. These pots and caldrons and bake pans each gave off a savory fragrance and this was cunningly allowed to filter out the cracks in the door and do advertising to the passing world. Housewives homebound from the movies and conscious all at once that the dinner hour approached, and hungry husbands with it, were painfully reminded that concern with the woes of the weeping heroine had kept them from a proper concern for problems of their own. They read this savory advertising as if hung in banners on the air, and turning followed till the converging, solicitous black muzzles of sniffing dogs and the absorbed expressions upon the faces of wistful children assured them they had tracked these nerve-tickling odors to their lair. They hailed the little shop as some rare form of life-saver and entered quickly in. Custom filled it. Profits were rung up. Enlargements were undertaken. Additions to the stock were made. Every time Hjalmar's ship brought him back to port the store was a little busier, there were more goods on the shelves and it seemed that Annie knew of something else she could put in that would attract more custom and increase their gain. It was sixty dollars here, it was ninety-two dollars there and a hundred and forty-nine dollars yonder. The store grew, the stock grew, but Yal's savings were eternally depleted, unfailingly drawn upon.

He Was a Skillful Handler of Men, a Shrewd Driver of Bargains

This was another reason why those reckless words of Skole's had power to plague. Yet time had never crept, crawled and evaded passing under the wire as it crept, crawled and played hide and seek with itself this day, with Yal waiting for darkness and eight bells to come. In the middle of the afternoon, however, a grateful diversion was created.

"Mr. Maartens!" called the first mate, and with a backward nod of his head jerked Yal toward him, as it were. "Captain Stahl wants to see you in the cabin."

Yal turned toward the deck house wondering, for he knew that Port Captain Wallace of the White Bear fleet was also in the cabin.

"Captain Wallace," said the skipper to the arch-chested man with the tight-fitting countenance who was sitting where the captain himself usually sat in his little cabin, "this is my third mate, Hjalmar Maartens. He works hard himself, he works his men hard and he's a good steady boy all round, I take it, with likely a very nice little wad hid away in the old sock—eh, Yal?"

"How're you?" said the port captain abruptly, and without rising stuck out a short thick hand that forced Yal, rugged as a redwood tree himself, to recognize as he gripped it that he took hold on something tough and enduring.

"Set down!" said Port Captain Wallace, "and look here!"

The first command was mere politeness, for there was no room to sit down, but Yal could follow the motion of the short thick hand toward the table, and saw upon it the drawings of a ship together with some figures set down in two columns beside them.

"We're putting the Hulda in commission in a few weeks," began Captain Wallace.

The name hit Hjalmar between the eyes, for his was a sensitive soul, but Captain Wallace was going on with, "And it was Captain Larsen's idea"—Captain Larsen was president of the White Bear Company—"to let the men that are going to sail her own a few planks in the new ship right from the shove-off."

This speech told Yal two things—one comparatively unimportant, that he was going to be transferred, the other of paramount importance, that suddenly, very suddenly and in a manner most unexpected, the dream of his life had been brought near to him.

"Purely voluntary on your part, of course," said the port captain as the mate seemed to hesitate. "It is merely that Captain Larsen wishes to give his men freely an opportunity that he had to fight for a long time himself."

Yal flushed that he should have appeared slow or ungrateful when his mind was merely overwhelmed.

"Ay bane much obliged to Captain Larsen," he stammered. "Ay bane all swelled up"—and he tried to laugh off his embarrassment.

"We split the piece of her we're selling to the men into thousand-dollar ribs, you might call 'em," explained the port captain. "For a man like you we could saw a rib in two, I guess, if ——"

"Ay take bout tree ribs," Yal broke in, as demonstrating to the port captain that while he might be a slow thinker he was no piker.

In one fell moment he had weighed Annie's delicatessen store in the balance and sold it out. Cooking, peddling, bartering ten cents' worth of stew in a pasteboard box or two bits' worth of sauerkraut in a wooden dish—what was that to owning a piece of the decks one trod on? Nothing!

"Three!" exclaimed Captain Wallace, and rubbed his hands delightedly. "There, Stahl, what do you think of that now?"

"Ay skal gat to sell my store to get dat tree t'ousand dollars, Captain Wallace," Hjalmar confided, "and maybe dat tak me some little time to sell him right."

"All the time you want," declared Captain Wallace. "Captain Larsen is going to be immensely pleased that one of his third mates wants three ribs of the Hulda. In fact, Maartens, I may tell you that you're not going to be third mate for longer than another trip. Your skipper here has recommended you for promotion and you're likely to go out as second on the first voyage of the Hulda."

Promotion too! The prospect struck him almost speechless and he wanted to get outside and shake hands with himself.

"Ay tank dat Hulda bane one lucky ship for me," he managed to grin before they let him go.

As he resumed his duties with a gale of joy blowing music from every string of his heart not a misgiving came to him over what he had covenanted to do. No reflection that Annie was not strong for the sea, that no viking blood was in her veins, that she had no sympathy whatever with his aspirations to own the spars that swung above him and pointed ambitionward to the stars. Neither did any suspicion come to him that he might have been guilty of disloyalty in so quickly selling out Annie the chef, for Hulda the ship. And he had plenty of time to have thought of this, too, for he did not get away at eight bells. Extra work had come up and it was quite ten o'clock when he reached the neighborhood of the delicatessen shop.

It would have been closed but that thrifty Annie had a habit of keeping open to catch the raft of hungry who began about half past ten to drift by from the movies and were in the habit of dropping in to fortify themselves with the makings of a bedtime snack. Accordingly from about

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Is Success Personal?

THERE is a newer philosophy abroad which holds that success is no longer a personal achievement but is part of the struggle of classes. The older tradition of improvement in the position of the individual through self-improvement is laughed at. We are told that in the early pioneer days of this country an ambitious young man might have forged ahead, but to-day the social system holds him down. His only hope, according to this newer view, lies in collective action, in group organization and class conflict.

Emphasis is laid upon the hopeless monotony and deadening effect of factory work. The whole modern industrial system is inveighed against because it is supposed to leave the masses of people without hope or opportunity. Almost automatically the abler members of the working class are selected for advancement to positions as foremen. The ranks of the workers thus being depleted of their brainiest members, who are won over by and to wicked capitalism, the people as a whole remain an inert, helpless and neglected mass. Capitalism is described as having no use for those whom it cannot use. They remain mere sodden hands, without the qualities to burst the bonds of circumstance. The only cure, so the newer philosophy holds, is a class struggle or a collectivist form of industry, the idea evidently being that lack of ability in each and every unit makes no difference if you have enough units.

No successful system can be built upon collective incompetence and mediocrity, any more than a successful state can in the long run be founded solely upon aristocracy or autocracy. It may be admitted that a large part of modern industrial work is dreary enough without denying the possibility of personal advancement for every individual. There is a tiresome amount of exaggeration of the drudgery of modern industry in the preachments of many of our newest thinkers. To read much of this ultra-modern literature one would suppose that the entire population with the exception of a few fortunate millionaires is engaged in factory work. There are still some ten million farmers by whom success can always be won at a price. There are millions of clerical workers, salesmen, and even among the strictly manual laborers vast numbers who move about from place to place and are not tied down to the monotony of a machine. Carpenters, painters, bricklayers, and indeed the whole group of building-trades workers are in a position to see the results of their labor and are free from most of the evils of factory work. To hear the complaints of railroad men one would think their occupation the most forlorn on earth, and yet from the beginning of transportation in this country boys have entered railroading because of its intensely interesting character; indeed, because of the romance of the calling.

Even among those factory workers with whom the element of monotony is serious every effort is being made to relieve the strain. But it is often said that no matter what improvements are effected the bulk of mankind must remain subordinate, doomed figuratively if not literally to be always hewers of wood and drawers of water.

No system can ever be devised, collectivist or otherwise, in which leaders will not come to the front. To promise people anything else is holding out the falsest of hopes. And in the loose talk which glibly substitutes the class struggle for individual initiative there is danger of repressing one of the most valuable qualities in human nature—the desire of every man to be the architect of his own fortunes.

It is difficult to see how any millennium can erect a system under which personal deficiencies will bring as large rewards as personal capacities. Vice President Marshall tells of an unemployed man with starving wife and children who refused to accept a job at $1.50 a day which Mr. Marshall secured for him in the panic of 1873, until after he had seen "what Congress would do about the money question." We all know unsuccessful people who will not take work that is offered them, because it is too hard. On the other hand we know successful men who have trained themselves never to give in or to give up, who are afraid of no task however exacting.

In this country, at least, there is still room at the top, or pretty near the top, for literally millions of men and women who possess the requisite industry, good judgment, frugality, knowledge of human nature, persistence, intelligence and integrity. After all, does it not make for stronger character and more true happiness to proclaim that success is won by these qualities than to tell the thriftless and careless that their scanty means are due to a faulty social system?

Whatever the newest thinkers may say about raising the masses through class struggle or collectivism the fact is patent that never before were so many young men and women preparing themselves as now, through education and training, for higher positions. Never were so many courses and systems of correspondence and home education, character building, memory training, concentration, and the like, within the reach of the masses. Never was the literature of individual success more popular than at this very moment, though we are being told that personal success is out of date and is about to be replaced by group attainment.

Even the labor unions are organizing colleges of their own, a movement which bids fair to spread far. Just how the unions will be able to prevent those among their members who make the best use of this education and training from benefiting by it is difficult to see. How will the unions make sure that every student profits to exactly the same extent from the excellent courses that will be given? Any school or college, no matter whether it obtains its spiritual and material nourishment from mere capitalists or from the most advanced of radical thinkers, is sure to awaken and develop some of its students far more than others. How will this fit into the idea that success must be that of the class or group rather than the objective of the individual?

It has long been a commonplace of American experience that the man who has determined to prosper, who has improved himself, saved money and played the game according to the rules has usually found success, no matter how humble his beginning. But does this mean that those who are lacking in these sterner qualities which we know are essential for advancement are wholly to be overlooked and cast aside? Not at all. Probably society would go from bad to worse if it actually supported and subsidized every weak, inefficient member. Society may not owe every man a living, but it does owe him an opportunity greater even than it now affords. A movement to develop latent ability among the humbler workers must be stimulated and broadened. New avenues of promotion and opportunity are constantly being opened up to the poorest and most ignorant, but they must be developed to even a greater extent than now.

The Cost-Plus Era

IN THE midst of much still unresolved darkness it is worth while chronicling the first faint rosy fingers of the dawn of a new and better time. For there are now obvious signs that we are passing out of the cost-plus or heads-I-win-tails-you-lose era into the sweeter light of a better day. For three years we have known this cost-plus system not only as an economic fact but as a general state of mind—and a very general one. We have all seen it in its operations—you in your little corner and I in mine—in particular specific flagrant cases told by local gossip. So we all know it now.

There were the shipyard scandals—millions and tens of millions of dollars; the military barracks and hospitals; the work that nobody thought to stop when the war was done. You know these things—everybody knows them. They were not criminal necessarily—or even vicious in all cases. They were first of all the natural native products of the cost-plus, heads-I-win-tails-the-government—that is, everybody else—loses frame of mind.

There were those—and are still—who dreamed that this thing was going on forever. There was a terrible temptation in it to frail human nature, and it is greatly creditable to the American people that there are signs that we understand the thing and are turning against it.

Take, for example, the recent railroad bill returning the roads to private ownership. Here for two years had been in operation the cost-plus system on its grandest scale. Here to both elements immediately concerned there was every urge of the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose impulse of human nature to throw the whole thing into government ownership; to do a thing in fact much easier than that—merely to arrange to let it stay where it was.

For one party at interest this meant assured and doubtless larger wages; for the other guaranty of investment in a much-troubled financial time. Theoretically it might have seemed certain that these two special interests would unite, and, in the usual default of general opposition, load their burden on the Government and slip happily away. That this did not happen, that the whole campaign in that direction was overwhelmingly defeated in Congress is a striking monument to the traditions and horse sense and courage of the American people.

But also it is, before this, a monument to another thing—the widespread almost universal observation in this country of the actual operation of human nature in the individual working for the Government; of what might be called the soul of man under socialism.

It was not under actual socialism—no. But it lacked, in its work for the general mass of men, for its Government, no altruistic impulse which socialism in practice would afford. It had in fact the unusual and much-stressed stimulus of the call to service of history's most heroic age. We know, we saw, just how the soul of man functioned under that impulse in practice in our own industries.

This spectacle has cost us billions of dollars. It was no doubt worth that. For we have seen now, as closely as we ever need to, the soul of man under socialism; not as Oscar Wilde saw it in his beautiful and wonderfully presented vision of some dream-made soul, but the common, or garden, soul of man as it actually goes to its work day after day under the vague general impulse of altruism.

It was worth it—yes—all that it cost us! Hereafter no one can swing along the fancy of this generation, in the United States at least, with the old recurrent rhapsodic prophecy of Utopia—the fair Elysian fields, the flashing new Jerusalem, where society functions smoothly and triumphantly through the urge of altruism on the happy formula: "From each according to his abilities; to each according to his need." It is the vision beautiful, the song of songs, man's favorite dream. It would be wonderful indeed if the soul of man worked that way—under altruism. But it does not. Not yet—by some thousand years! We know. We have seen it in operation.

SWEAT OR DIE—By Hugh Wiley

THE United States is just now long on trouble and short on sweat. Most of the trouble will end when the people of the United States realize that the cure is useful work. National suffering is the sum of the ills which affect the individual units of the nation. The high cost of living is only a phrase until it affects you and me.

In the complex organization which we call society we have lost sight of the simple business of life. We say that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are three inherent rights of the individual. Life is a good thing, but the fact of our being born into this world does not give us the right to life. The world is beautiful. The scheme of life is good, but we enjoy title to life only in so far as we pay the unit installments; only as we meet our obligations from day to day and from year to year until life is done. The one appropriate currency with which to pay for life is sweat. Man is capable of transforming the fuel of food into energy and work. We can buy the right to live with a proper daily expenditure of useful work. The individual who does not pay the price of life has no right to it.

The Bars of Morality

WE LOOK no farther than the gray edge of this world, and we assume in our isolation that a wrong would obtain if life should be taken from us. As a matter of fact, we have no reason for believing that we are not a secondary factor incidental to some terrific scheme whose functioning assigns a minor value to the protoplasm that is us.

Because life exists as a part of the great scheme we can accept as a fact that our having life is right. It follows that a normal effort to sustain life is right. We are immediately confronted by a question of limitations which governs our efforts to sustain life. In jumping from in front of the approaching wheels of a six-cylinder hell-raiser driven by a gentleman who does not walk we are actuated by instinct. In selecting a large-calibered, high-powered rifle and blowing the intestines of my fellow men over a limited area of terrain which the map makers call the United States I may be called a soldier and a patriot if the victims of my marksmanship are enemies of the political unit which I call my country. If the same results are accomplished for reasons more personal I may or may not be a murderer, depending upon the definition imposed by the laws of the state.

The sorry melancholy path of doubt is followed but a little way before we encounter the bars of morality. We find something which gives us faith in men; something that has developed from a sense of the benevolent organization of this universe. Following fast upon this we discover in mankind a sense of moral obligation. Unfortunately the data which contribute incidental argument and testimony in proof of the existence of man's sense of moral obligation derives largely from abstract reasoning and only in a small degree from the conduct of our fellow beings in this vale of tears.

The moral obligation—that is, the sense of moral responsibility—is directly coördinate with intellect and education. The Bolshevik is a product of adenoids and darkness. His normal energy is cultivated in the soil of misdirected effort. It flourishes in a light whose rays lie beyond the limits of the wholesome spectrum in which normal men develop.

Any man who does not with his brain or his muscles perform useful work is a barnacle on the ship of state. The United States is composed of parasites and producers. The people of a nation are all consumers. They must eat. In a community where all men are consumers and one-half of them are producers it follows that each producer is sustaining his own life and the life of one parasite.

The One and Only Cure

SOCIETY is made up of men, women and children. Men and women must work. In the United States only a small percentage of men and women do work. When every man and every woman works the high cost of living, political disorder, strikes and all the phenomena of social unrest will be at an end. Work is the cure. It is the only cure.

The President sets his official foot on a projected strike and postpones it. He fails to explain to the strikers that a realization of their duty to their employers is secondary to a realization of the fact that they must buy life with work. Congress investigates the high cost of living. Governors of states combine to reduce the high cost of living. Few of these several superior intellects to date have expressed the simple fact that work is the cure.

Brains have respect for muscle and muscle has

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Help!

Beeves From the Arggentyne

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

THE backbone of winter had broken with a snap, the early spring thaw had set in and the yard at the steel mills was a Sargasso Sea of mud in which all the hulks and derelicts of the past six months of trials and tribulations were piled helter-skelter—car trucks and car boxes, switch points and discarded frogs and rails, broken castings, wrecked machinery, steel ingots, mold buggies, molds and stools, oil barrels, piles of coke and stretches of coal, little levees of sand and dolomite and lime rock, with a sprinkling of this and a scattering of that in every nook and corner about the plant.

The heaps of dirty ice and the hummocks of black and grimy snow were rapidly disappearing beneath the warming rays of a mounting sun and the time for the big clean-up was at hand. Shopmen and mill workers going up and down the yard began to pick up the hammers and chisels they had been missing for months. Plumbers and steam fitters were finding lost wrenches and chains and fittings. Picks and shovels and sledges and bars were coming to light, and the mill superintendents, wandering about with watchful eyes, saw things that made them nod their heads and mutter, "Oh, ho! So that's how they pulled that trick on us that cold day in January! So that's what became of that missing gear! That's where they lost those brass journals, eh?"

"The Train Starts From the South Depot at Eight. Be There at Ten Minutes Of. If Ye Fail I Wash Me Hands of Ye. Skiddoo, Ye Lump of Misfortune!"

Shamus O'Ney, labor boss, leaned against the sunny side of the ladle house back of the Bessemers and gazed with dreamy eyes at his heterogeneous gang of laborers who were scraping and shoveling and slopping about in the mud flood that overflowed the mill yard. Shamus was warm. He scraped a crooked index finger over a red forehead, then looked at the finger for signs of sweat. He loosened his scarlet sweater about his neck, unbuttoned his vest and dropped his thumbs inside the waistband of his trousers. He exhaled noisily, puffing his cheeks in the operation. The long tail of his battered and tattered overcoat dangled dolefully about the mushy heels of his red gum boots.

"It's naught but a bloomin' loblolly from pig machine to skull cracker!" he muttered as his eyes traveled over the dirty reaches of the yard. "Naught but a bloomin' loblolly! I've said it afore and I'll say it again—to anybody!"

He turned toward the two score of men that were busy with hoes and shovels, gazed at them for a moment, then spat in disgust.

"Scrape it up, b'ys, scrape it up!" he yelled. "Ye'll find terry firmer sommers down there under your feet! Scrape it up and toss it to one side, out of the way, so a man won't need stilts to get about on! Dear, dear! The excoitement of this loife of mine'll be the dith of me yit! Good mornin', Jerry. And where may ye be goin' this foine day with yer little pick and shovel? Down to the seashore to play a bit in the sand?"

Old Jerry Tout, the track cleaner, had appeared round the corner of the ladle house, a pick on his shoulder, a shovel hanging from the pick handle, a stubby broom in one hand. He stopped, looked at Shamus and smiled a toothless smile.

"And how is yerself and yer min standin' the spring weather, Shamus?" he inquired affably.

"Don't talk to me of spring, Jerry! Not a word about spring! Have a look at the movements of that flock of furriners and ye'll know without me tellin' ye how thim fellies are feelin'. But what does it matter to a bohunk, Jerry, what the season is? Spring, summer or winter is all the same to thim—they niver do nothin' no time nohow. Three wakes ago they was losin' nine minutes out of ivery tin pullin' icicles out of their mustaches. Now they're earnin' two dollars of their two ninety-five in kapin' the mud cleaned off their boots and shoes, and another month from now they'll be rubbin' two pounds of dirt and dust out of their eyes for ivery pound they shovel up. Bossin' cattle loike thim, Jerry, tries yer soul. I should've gone to the Arggentyne with me stipbrother and gone in for the handlin' of rale cattle—rale cattle with horns and hair and tails."

"Where'd you say, Shamus?"

"To the Arggentyne, Jerry—down in South Americy. Raisin' fat cattle—beeves, ye know. By now I bet I'd 'a' been a rich man—I bet a dime I would!"

"Is yer stipbrother there now?"

"He is! He is! Ye see, Jerry, I niver seen me stipbrother. He entered the O'Ney family after I come over. Me mother married his father, ye know, so whin me stipbrother decided to come to Americy me mother give the lad a bit of a letter to fetch to me. But me stipbrother got no furder'n New York. In New York he happened to get a chancet to go to the Arggentyne and take up cattle, so he wint. He wrote to me and asked me to go 'long. I was thin labor-bossin' in South Chicago and whin the Old Man told me he simply couldn't run the mills without me I swallied it loike the bloomin' sucker I was. It was a grand mishtake I made, not goin' to the Arggentyne, Jerry—very grand."

"Mebbe so yes, mebbe so no," returned Jerry. "Ye can't tell—ye can't niver tell about such things. Who's the limpy lad ye've got in yer gang?"

"Him? Oh, I picked him up at the gate this mornin'. Ain't he a daisy, Jerry? Ain't he just? He told me his name was Robert Emmet, but I'll bet he'd been just as near right if he'd said it was Tiddy Rosenvelt. It wasn't quite light yit whin I got to the gate this mornin', and what with me nearsoighted eyes and the darkness I thought the lad was holdin' his hand over his mouth all the while. And I wondered why.

"'Take down yer hand, me b'y,' I said, 'and let's have a squint at yer unmasked mug.' But whin I looked closter, by cripes, he didn't have up his hand at all—it was his lip I'd been seein'! Did ye iver see a purtier one on a man that wasn't a monkey, Jerry? Min is scarce these wartoimes, Jerry. I have to take anything that comes along walkin' on two legs."

"He works loike he was already tired out," mused Jerry, watching the new hand through the clouds of blue smoke that were curling up from his black and battered pipe.

"He was dead tired whin I brought him in. I was ashamed to put such a tired felly to work, I was, I was. I've heared he's been layin' up in the Dew Drop drinkery for two or three wakes and better, pickled in the Dew Drop vinegar they sell up there. Look at the baboon now, nuzzlin' up to Tony the Dago with the earrings, goin' to touch him fer a chew. Whisht, Jerry! Whisht! Here comes the Scotchman!"

Old Jerry quickly disappeared behind the ladle house. Shamus straightened up and was critically inspecting a pile of mud when McDonald, the yard superintendent, crossed the tracks toward him.

"Well, Shamus, I see you're getting a little of it cleaned up," said McDonald.

"You said it correct, Mr. McDonald—a little of it is the right way to express it. That drove of sheep won't do as much work in a day as wan ambitious b'y would do in a minute. Bossin' a mob of mutts loike that is dishheartenin', Mr. McDonald—it's very dishheartenin'."

McDonald laughed.

"Do the best you can; that's all we ask."

"And thank you kindly, sor, fer takin' that view of the thing. But it's tryin', it's tryin'. I made the grand mishtake of me loife whin I didn't go to the Arggentyne with me stipbrother and inter the cattle-raisin' business—the mishtake of me loife!"

"Where, Shamus?"

"In the Arggentyne—South Americy, ye know."

"Oh, have you a brother down there?"

"A stipbrother, Mr. McDonald. And doin' well, too—doin' well. A millionaire and more, I s'pose, by this toime. Sinds out four shiploads of fat beeves ivery year, of his own raisin'."

"Why didn't you go when you had the chance?"

"There ye are, sor—why? It's the question we all come to ask sooner or later in our lives—why? I can't answer it, Mr. McDonald."

"Well, since you didn't go to South America but chose to stay in the United States and labor-boss, suppose you forget your mistake and punch this gang along and get the yard cleaned up. Make them keep the coal and coke separate and don't let them throw any into the dirt cars—it's precious stuff these days. Send those ingots and blooms down to the bloomer; haul all the scrap iron to the Open Hearth stock yards; and keep your eyes open for tools that were lost last winter. Found anything yet?"

"We picked up a dolly bar and a couple of sledges."

"You'll find a lot of stuff like that. And, Shamus, don't forget that Dave Jordan's pay sack with nearly five hundred dollars in gold in it may be lying about here somewhere. Watch for that. Fifty dollars reward, you know."

"It's a slim chance there is of pickin' that up, Mr. McDonald. Some bohunk has got that spint long, long ago. Too bad, too, wasn't it, about Davy losin' that wad? Let's see—whin was it he lost it?"

"First week in December, I think."

"It was sommers round that toime. And a very toidy little sum it was to lose."

McDonald moved on down the yard. Shamus gazed after him until he had passed from sight among the mill buildings, then took up a new position against the ladle house, propping himself comfortably against it.

"A man can't broaden himself out in a job of this koind," he muttered. "It's crampin'. It's work that stunts his abilities. Now if I'd gone down to the Arggentyne with me stipbrother I'd be by this toime ——"

He broke off in his soliloquy and looked up. A train of fourteen ladles of hot metal from the blast furnaces in the valley had pulled into the yard and the locomotive was

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"On a rising scale like this
I scale the heights of bliss
And Campbell's fare which brings me there
I could not bear to miss."

Every spoonful nourishes

The food value of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is remarkable in a two-fold way.

It is not only free from waste in the ordinary sense—that is, there is no waste about it at the table nor in the kitchen, but it also is digested and assimilated very completely—transformed into a high percentage of solid flesh, muscle and energy.

It is such a well-balanced combination of needed "building up" materials that the system appropriates and uses every particle.

This makes it also one of the best foods for young people, invalids or any who are not quite up to the mark in physical condition.

Now is just the season to get the benefit of this delicious and strength-giving soup. Why not enjoy it today?

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 32)

heading in on a track that ran past the spot where his gang of laborers was at work.

"Out of the way there, lads!" he yelled. "Out of the way!"

The workers left their work and stepped to one side of the tracks and stood watching the approaching train. Suddenly the engine gave a sharp blast from its whistle, there was a grinding of brakes and a rattling and banging of couplers and truck chains. The wheels of a cart that was crossing the track a little farther down the way had become wedged between the rails and the crossing planks. The heavy train came to a sudden stop.

Over the rim of the first of the fourteen ladles in the long string rolled a little wave of red metal and over the rims of each of the thirteen ladles behind it, one after another, rolled little waves of red. The fiery stuff fell to the ground, struck into the pools of slush and water that lay all along the tracks and there followed a series of sharp explosions that sounded not unlike the rattle of rifle fire and the popping of hand grenades.

The new man, the one to whom the old track cleaner had referred as the limpy lad, dropped his shovel, cried out in fright and fled to Shamus, to cower behind that astonished gentleman's bulky body and to hide among the draggled folds of his long-tailed overcoat.

"What—what was th-that?" chattered the frightened worker. "Wha-what was it?"

"What was it?" repeated Shamus, eying the man with scorn and contempt. "What was it indade but the German airyplanes. Didn't ye know the Germans was tryin' hard to blow up these here mills because they was makin' war stuff here? Didn't ye know we've been bombarded nine toimes afore this and tin min killed? Didn't ye know it were more dangerous to work in these here mills than it is to foight in the trinches in France, hey?"

A yell of derisive laughter, loud hoots and jeers rang out as the other workers, who had witnessed the flight of the new hand, came crowding about Shamus.

"Back on the job, me brave b'y!" yelled the big boss. "Be bold! Show thim lumps that ye're livin' up to yer name, Robert Emmet! Back on the job, all of ye, afore I fire ye all in wan bunch!"

The men returned to work, laughing and mocking and chaffing the limpy lad.

"A duck-hearted little coward, that's what that laddybuck is!" muttered Shamus. "Ye could scare that lad out of the state with a fither duster and a popgun."

The thaw continued. The sun poured down its warm and penetrating rays from its new position in the sky; the heaps and hummocks of ice and snow melted and ran away; the mill yard became muddier and muddier, and the cleaning up of the mess under the direction of Shamus O'Ney went on without interruption. The scattered coal was collected and carted to the bunkers, the coke to the blast furnaces, the broken cars to the repair tracks, the wrecked machinery to the machine shops, the scrap iron to the stock piles, and the excess mud was shoveled away from the paths and roadways and crossings. The yard began to lose much of its semblance of a cyclone's path.

"It's takin' on quite a toidy-loike look," murmured Shamus the afternoon of his third day at the work. "Another wake or so and they'll be shovin' me back on the stone and pig. Ho-hum! It's warmish!"

He was loafing on the sunny side of a warehouse to which point in the yard his gang had swept everything clear, and near which his men were now leisurely working. He spied a broad board leaning against a column, set at an alluring angle. He stepped across to it, tested it for safety, and then reclined easily against it. He was out of sight of his gang and out of sight, too, of anyone passing through the yard. He sighed comfortably, pulled his cap over his eyes and in a moment was breathing deeply and heavily. Shamus was proud of his ability to "grab a nap," as he put it, "without it hurtin' nobody and without nobody gettin' wise to it."

He woke with a start. Somebody was near him.

"Whisht!" said a pair of lips close to his ear. "Whisht! Lave me a word wid ye!"

He sat up, turned his head and looked into the limpid eyes of the limpy lad, Robert Emmet.

"What d'ye mean by comin' whishtin' me, ye tadpole?" he growled angrily. "What is it ye're wantin' of me?"

"Is yer name Shamus O'Ney or is it?"

"It is, and I'll can ye if ye're not back on the job by the toime I get me cap on me head! Will ye beat it out of here—quick?"

"Thin if ye're Shamus O'Ney," announced the limpy lad, making no move to leave the presence of his boss, "thin I'm yer stipbrother!"

"What!" Shamus grasped the edges of the plank on which he reclined, seized them with both hands and held on as though he was fearful lest he fall somewhere. He stared into the face that was so close to his own. "What!" he roared again.

"Just that!" chuckled the man before him. "Robert Emmet isn't me proper name. Me own name is Jemmy O'Sheel. D'ye moind the letter I sint ye from New York, the wan from yer mother? Yer was workin' in South Chicagy thin. D'ye moind? I asked ye to jine me on a trip to South Americy. D'ye moind now?"

Shamus rose slowly to his feet as one dazed.

"D'ye mean to till me, ye nubbiny runt, that ye are me stipbrother, the wan that wint to the Arggentyne to raise fat cattle?" he demanded.

"But I didn't go," disclaimed Jemmy O'Sheel, alias Robert Emmet. "I intinded to go as I wrote ye, but at the last minute I got a noice job on a garbage scow and I didn't go. Four years ago I lift New York and I've got this far Wist."

"And what have ye changed yer name fer, if I may make bold to ask, me bucko?"

"That was this way: Whin I hit this town I met a frind who introduced me to the owner of the Dew Drop Café, and I took me board and room there at the Dew Drop for some days. Whin he begun prissin' me fer money I thought it moight be cute if I didn't let him know I was workin' here for a bit of a while as thim lads sometoimes garnishees a felly's pay, ye know. So I took the name of Robert Emmet and a very good wan it is for any purpose. Me intintions is to pay him up me first pay day."

"Did ye not know I was labor-bossin' here?" demanded Shamus.

"Divil a word about ye at all did I know till to-day noon whin Tony the Dago told me yer name was Shamus O'Ney.

"'Shamus O'Ney!' I says to meself. 'If that felly's name is Shamus O'Ney thin he's me stipbrother and I know he'll be glad to see a rilative.' Could you lind me two, Shamus, till next pay day, on the stringth of our rilativeness?"

"Get back to work with ye and let me think this matter over!" ordered Shamus. "Say naught to no wan about it, d'ye hear, ye whelp? If ye whishper a word of it to any wan I'll brain ye if they hang me for it! Get back to work!"

His newly found relative winked knowingly and limped back to work.

"Me stipbrother!" groaned the big boss tragically. "That—that wiggle-tail is me stipbrother! Jemmy O'Sheel! It's a dishgrace, a burnin' dishgrace to the fambly of O'Ney to have such a lookin' mimber as that tadpole in it. No wonder, no wonder at all that me poor old mother shipped him off to the land of the brave and the home of the free!"

He moved to a new position just outside the entrance to the warehouse where he could better observe the man. Jemmy O'Sheel was deep in conversation with Tony the Dago, with whom he had struck up a warm friendship in the past few days. The two were shoveling a pile of refuse into a car that stood on a switch.

"A millionaire from the Arggentyne!" snorted Shamus in disgust. "Look at the froight! He could hide hisself behint his lip intirely. It's a bloomin' dishgrace and I'll not stand fer it—niver! Fat beeves from the Arggentyne! Bah!"

His anger overcame him and he bore down upon his gang of laborers and began yelling at them, finding fault, complaining, threatening. Two of them whom he found leaning on their shovels, smoking cigarettes, he sent to the time office with pink discharge slips. Another, who was sitting on the handles of a wheelbarrow, he precipitated into the mud by kicking the wheelbarrow from beneath him. Two others who were loafing behind the warehouse he deluged with a fire hose.

"Get to work, ivery man of ye, or I'll can ye in a second!" he roared. "And that's said to yerself, too, me laddybuck!" he cried, shaking an angry fist at Jemmy O'Sheel. Jemmy grinned an expressive grin, as one knowing the ground on which he stands and moves.

Up and down in front of the now hurrying workers the labor boss strode, storming and growling, muttering, beating the air with his fists, plucking his hair, rubbing a worried brow, scratching an itchless chin, gritting his teeth, casting baleful glances all the while at the cause of this turmoil in his soul—Jemmy O'Sheel. Old Jerry Tout came upon him there.

"Well, Shamus, I see ye're lickin' things into foine shape," said Jerry, stuffing his battered pipe and preparing to light it.

Shamus grunted.

"I notice ye've still got the limpy lad with ye."

Again Shamus grunted.

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"Have a Look at the Movements of That Flock of Furriners and Ye'll Know Without Me Tellin' Ye How Thim Fellies are Feelin'"

REPUBLIC GRANDE CORD TIRES

In and of itself, the plain truth that Republic Tires *do* last longer is reason enough for giving them preference above all others.

You do not need to know that they are made of Prodium rubber—the strongest, toughest, slowest-wearing rubber our laboratories can devise.

You do not need to know that the scientific Staggard Tread grips the road as firmly, yet with as little friction, as a well-dressed belt grips its pulley.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Methods of Big Hotels

THE little island of Manhattan, on which New York City proper is situated, was purchased from the Indians by a shrewd Dutch governor for twenty-four dollars in 1626. Fourteen years later an innkeeper by the name of Gereardy let the contract for the first hotel that was erected in this community. There was much delay in finally closing the arrangements for the construction of the building, because the carpenter who was asked to do the work demanded the seemingly exorbitant sum of forty dollars for his season's services. However, good carpenters were scarce and Gereardy insisted on having the very best, so the agreement was signed and the work started, notwithstanding the plaint of the innkeeper that he was a victim of the autocracy of labor.

A Coöperative Store Conducted for the Benefit of the Employees of a Large Hotel Company

The tavern was at last completed on what is now the site of the New York Produce Exchange. Gereardy was an admirable host and his service was unexcelled. He was an originator of ideas in how to please his patrons, and of no little importance was his successful plan of furnishing an escort for any of his customers who tarried too long over their cups of ale. This high degree of helpful service was much appreciated by the tipsy ones, and the innkeeper's business grew apace.

To-day in New York City the big taverns built to care for a finicky public cost $15,000,000 instead of forty. They accommodate three or four thousand people instead of a scant dozen. Our biggest metropolitan hostelries now lack only a mayor and a town council to make them independent municipalities, practically self-sufficient within the four walls of the building. About all that is needed is a pasture and some cows and then the milkman who still makes his morning call to deliver his goods at the back door will go the way of the iceman, the coal man and the garbage man, who have been banished to that land where have gone the stagecoach, the gas lamp and the old-fashioned ironing board.

The largest hotel in New York, and at the same time the largest in the world, has 2200 guest rooms. Other hotels but recently erected come near equaling this greatest giant in size. To operate individual plants of this kind requires the services of 2000 or more employees. The modern hostelry is a twenty-four-hour-a-day business. It is an institution with its own carpenter shop, machine shop, printing plant, upholstery shop, wholesale grocery establishment, locksmith's shop, garbage-incineration plant, air-washing room, hospital and conservatory, besides dozens of other units too numerous to mention.

The big tavern of to-day is an industry composed of industries. It will consume as much as 225,000,000 pounds of steam and 5,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity in a single year. One big metropolitan hotel recently accommodated 3292 guests overnight. In this establishment are twelve miles of vertical and return pipes and fifteen miles of connections to the radiators used to heat the building. There are approximately 111 miles of plumbing pipes installed throughout the entire structure.

The principal product that a hotel is built to sell is service. This commences with the air the guest breathes, which must be sweet and clean. During the cold months great batteries of steam coils are used to heat the incoming air, which is afterward forced through a water spray that not only washes the air but supplies it with the needed moisture. The clean air is then pulled through the various rooms and corridors by big exhaust fans generally located on top of the building, twenty or thirty stories above the level of the street. I came across one plant where the air intakes measured twelve by twenty feet in section, and 10,000 square feet of steam-heating surface was used to warm the air.

The refrigerating-plant equipment in one of our biggest and newest hotels if set to producing ice twenty-four hours a day would be quite capable of supplying an entire city of 50,000 people with sufficient ice for family use. As a matter of fact, these hotel ice plants are used to produce refrigeration rather than ice. One of the larger ones manufactures only fifteen tons of ice daily, whereas it has a capacity of 100 tons. However, this same installation takes care of 101 refrigerating boxes totaling 35,000 cubic feet of contents, and supplies drinking water at forty-three degrees Fahrenheit for 2300 taps or faucets. This water is filtered three times before it is admitted to the tanks, where it is cooled by means of immense brine coils. Some idea of the large amount of water that is necessary to supply a great hotel may be gathered from the fact that in this particular house the water bill during the summer months averages more than $100 a day, and next to air water is the cheapest of life's necessities.

One of the most interesting as well as important parts of our present up-to-date hotels having two thousand or more rooms is the laundry, where from 50,000 to 70,000 pieces of bed and table linen are handled each and every twenty-four hours. The daily laundry bill for shirts, collars and other articles belonging to the guests and employees of such an establishment averages about $3000 daily. The bill for tablecloths, napkins and bed linen belonging to the house amounts to about $7000 daily; that is, the total charge would amount to such a sum if the things were sent out. A single machine in one of these big plants will dry and iron sixteen sheets per minute. In one hotel the sheets that are laundered in five months by all of the machines would cover a roadway seven feet wide extending from New York to Chicago. If all of the laundry work this plant handles daily were to be done by hand in the way that is employed in most homes approximately 1008 people would be necessary to get out the work instead of the 190 persons now employed.

Experienced hotel laundrymen appear to be great believers in the efficacy of cold water and soap as stain removers. Generally the soap they use is entirely free of acid, and few of these experts but condemn the common use of bleaches. Where a bleach is necessary many of the larger plants prefer to use chlorine gas made by treating a quantity of salt water with about thirty amperes of electric current. The efficiency of the modern hotel laundry is best indicated by the fact that the sheets, though subjected to rough hotel service, have an average life of nine months.

One hotel laundry that appeared to operate the smoothest was directed by a man who had made a study of the relationship between colors and fatigue. He had painted certain hoods green that face the operators who run the ironing machines. This employer also had established a task-and-bonus system in his department with much success. His experience had shown that as a result of this method of offering a financial incentive the workers themselves would eliminate or drive out such persons as lag or fall behind. It was this kind of coöperation that enabled the laundry to return the collars, shirts and other apparel of guests within six hours after the article had been received.

In my talks with the different laundrymen I learned that strong soap hardens and shrinks woolens, removes color in colored materials and yellows white silks. White cotton and linen pieces should be dried in the sun—this whitens them—but colored materials and woolens are best dried in the shade. In ironing by hand the work should be done with the thread of the goods, preferably with the lengthwise threads. Too much rubbing hardens woolens, roughens silk and injures colored fabrics. Sudden changes in the temperature of the water used for washing shrink woolens. Anything hotter than lukewarm water is harmful to silk and will frequently fade a colored fabric. If it is necessary to soften water this can be accomplished by adding one-half tablespoonful of washing soda or one teaspoonful of lye to each gallon of water that is to be used for washing ordinary white cotton and linen materials. If other fabrics are to be washed use one tablespoonful of borax instead of the washing soda.

In the matter of removing common stains where soap and cold water won't do the trick oxalic acid is a favorite preparation. Other removers are Javelle water, potassium permanganate, hydrogen peroxide and lemon juice. Oxalic acid solution is made by dissolving one ounce of crystals in three-fourths of a cup of hot water. Javelle water is made as follows: Take one-half pound of chloride of lime and dissolve it in two quarts of cold water; then take one pound of washing soda and dissolve this in one quart of boiling water; next pour the clear liquid from the chloride of lime into the soda solution, and finally let the mixture settle, later straining the liquid through a cloth into bottles, which must be corked and kept in a dark place. Potassium permanganate solution is made by dissolving one teaspoonful of crystals in a pint of water. Hydrogen peroxide will work more quickly if a few drops of ammonia are added to the peroxide just before using. Javelle water should be used only on white cotton and linen goods. If potassium permanganate leaves a stain this can be removed with oxalic acid.

One authority gives me the following recipes for removing obstinate stains that will not yield to hot or cold

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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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Which is it with you

Is it highest price or Styleplus?

Are you going to pay an extravagant price to insure getting good clothes—or buy Styleplus, which guarantee you style and all-wool quality at moderate price?

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 36)

water with soap: For an iron stain use oxalic acid or lemon juice and salt; for iodine use alcohol or ammonia; for grease and oils use blotting paper with gasoline or benzine; for lampblack and soot use benzine, gasoline or kerosene; for paint and varnish use turpentine; for perspiration use Javelle water or potassium permanganate, and bleach in the sun. If the stain is from ink, fruit juices, coffee or tea use one of the four bleaches mentioned in the last paragraph. These removers will also work successfully in dozens of other cases.

The heart of every big hotel, of course, is the main kitchen and its branches. This important department among other things contains a butcher shop, fish shop, bread bakery, vegetable room, soup kitchen, pastry kitchen and ice-cream factory. One of the larger hotels will employ as many as 200 persons in its kitchen force. Such an establishment is capable of feeding 14,000 people in twenty-four hours. Auxiliary kitchens located at convenient points, with ranges, electric grills, refrigerators, steam tables, ovens, and so on, greatly simplify the service and reduce the wear and tear on waiters, who otherwise would generally have to climb up and down stairs for every order from the main kitchen.

The average householder can't duplicate the wonderful methods that are now employed by big hotels for cleaning dishes. The traveling conveyors that carry the soiled dishes to the washing machines would not be practical for home use; neither would the sterilizing and drying apparatus which forms a part of our modern hotel equipment. It would also be impracticable for the average individual in his home to install one of the big silver-polishing machines that brighten every piece of silver at least once a week. One of these machines alone will require from 400 to 1400 pounds of BB shot, and eight or ten such machines are often needed in a single hotel. In this polishing process the silver is first cleaned of stains in a solution of cyanide of potassium, and then the shot simply rubs the surface of the silver with the soap and water solution that is also present in the revolving drums. Every steel knife that has been used once is ground and resharpened before it is again supplied as service to another guest. This work is done by small electric machines that are sure to find their way in time into the kitchens of our homes.

An examination of the big hotel kitchens, however, uncovers many ideas that are of interest to the ambitious housewife. System is the first lesson taught; every utensil must have its proper place. In selecting cooking dishes it is best to choose those that will serve several purposes and that have an opening large enough so that the inside can easily be cleaned. Scraping and scouring scratch dishes. When food is burned or stuck on, soak or boil the utensil in a solution of washing soda unless the dish is made of aluminum. In this latter case clean with weak acids such as dilute vinegar, sour milk or a fruit acid. Later scour with whiting or fine steel wool. Soot should not be washed away, but wiped off with soft paper. Bottles, pitchers and jars should be cleaned with brushes, or mops with metal strands.

New kitchen utensils made of agateware and enamel may be toughened by filling with cold water, bringing slowly to the boiling point and then letting the water cool in the dish. In order to toughen new glassware cover the utensils with cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point and then let the article cool in the same water. To prevent the rusting of new iron and steel utensils one of my informers recommends covering the articles with fat and baking it in. If the utensils are to be stored for a long time they should be covered with paraffin or an unsalted fat or wrapped in paper. One suggestion for saving fuel is to see that the bottom of the cooking dish always extends beyond the flame.

One of the interesting personages in our modern hotel is the housekeeper. This important factor has her offices on what is known as the service floor. Here are kept such things as hot-water bottles, ice bags and the like, which may be called for by guests in an emergency. The supply rooms on this same floor also contain comfort kits for guests who register without baggage. In this way the transient or unexpected guest can procure night apparel and a comb and brush on demand. But the principal job of the housekeeper is to battle with dirt and see that accumulated dust is removed, not just scattered.

Though the cleaning apparatus in our up-to-date hostelries is the last word in modern labor-saving machinery, the head of the housekeeping brigade in such establishments must possess the knowledge of an embryo scientist. From one such I learned a lot of tricks that might be worth remembering. Brooms and dustpans, though not much used, should have long handles to save the backs of workers.

Drying, Spinning and Polishing Musical Strings Made From One of the By-Products Obtained in the Slaughter of Sheep

String mops should be washed occasionally in hot water with washing soda, and should be dried rapidly. All mops and brooms should be hung up off the floor. A duster will take up the dirt better if a few drops of water or oil have been sprinkled on it. A cleaning cloth should be soft and loosely woven so that it will take up dirt handily and itself be easy to clean. Soap free of alkali is one of the best of cleaning agents.

If stronger cleaners are desired use a teaspoonful of washing soda, or a teaspoonful of lye, or a tablespoonful of borax, or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to each gallon of water. Any one of these solutions will soften water and cut grease. Kerosene, of course, is also excellent for removing grease.

Windows and mirrors may be dry-cleaned by rubbing frequently with soft paper. In washing glass, however, a little kerosene, alcohol or washing soda added to the water will prove beneficial. Only hot water should be used on enameled woodwork; soap dulls the enamel. On waxed floors use dry mops and avoid oil, as the latter softens the wax and permits dirt to settle in it. An oiled duster or mop may be used on an oiled, varnished or shellacked floor. If a broom is used to wipe down walls it should be covered with a Canton-flannel bag. In cleaning glazed wall paper use a cloth wrung tightly out of warm, soapy water. If any moisture is left on the wall it will likely seep in at the seams and loosen the paper. In cleaning rugs do not hang them on a line to beat, or shake by holding one end or corner. This weakens the threads. The proper way to clean rugs is to lay them on the ground right side down and beat them with a wide, flat beater. Matting may be wiped with a slightly dampened cloth. If too much water is used on oilcloth or linoleum it will likely get underneath the floor covering and slowly but surely rot the material.

Our larger hotels have from 250 to 260 trunk telephone lines. In one big establishment there are 3340 phone extensions and 200 telautographs. These latter instruments are an invention that largely makes possible the operation of our modern-day hotels. For instance, if a guest leaves his room carrying his own baggage the floor clerk sees him when he reaches a position in front of the elevators. She asks him, "Are you checking out?" If he replies "Yes," she writes his name and the number of his room on the telautograph, at the same time signaling to the bill clerk. The latter understands, and before Mr. Blank reaches the cashier's window all late charges have been entered and his bill is waiting for him. In this day of bustling crowds, even though the rooms in one of our larger hotels will change hands on the average of about one a minute during the working hours of each day, it is not so easy as it was in the olden times to slip out of the house with your bag and leave the hotel manager to whistle for his money.

Our great metropolitan hostelries employ from sixty to eighty people in their so-called police force. Practically every hour of the day in one of these houses brings forth its experience with the would-be deadbeat. The other day as I sat in the office talking to the manager of one of these great establishments word came to him that a major in the United States Army wanted a check cashed for $900. The clerk told the manager on the phone that the officer had the usual identification tag and also had a number of cards and letters to prove his identity. One of the letters was an order from his colonel to proceed from one camp to another. The check that he wanted cashed was a regular United States Treasury check. The clerk asked the major several questions concerning the camp he was in last and the branch of service in which he was enrolled. One answer that was given by the officer roused the clerk's suspicion. As a consequence he told the major that since it was a considerable sum of money he wanted the hotel would be greatly obliged if he would return a little later, when the money would be waiting for him. This the major consented to do.

In the meantime the manager, who is the court of last resort in such matters, was given all details of the incident. A speedy investigation was undertaken, and this quickly developed the fact that the man was a fraud and was in no way connected with the Army of the United States. When the major returned he was asked to step to the manager's office, there to show his credentials. On confronting the bogus officer the manager accused him of being a fraud. At first the crook resented the charge and tried to appear quite indignant over what he termed an insult. When he started to leave the room, however, and met a uniformed policeman at the door the man wilted, and on confessing his guilt was turned over to the proper authorities.

On this same afternoon a man living in the hotel was exposed and arrested for having procured a quantity of goods under false pretenses. This particular individual was far from being a piker. He talked one of the largest jewelry firms on Fifth Avenue into selling him $10,000 worth of jewelry, and on the strength of this credit that had been extended him he had made other purchases in leading New York stores, amounting in all to something like $40,000. However, his success was short-lived, and to-day he is taking a long vacation in a near-by prison.

There is also another kind of criminal that the hotel people have to deal with. Recently a stranger registered at a prominent hotel, and having an immediate appointment ordered that his bag be taken to his room, while he went to meet his business acquaintance in another part

(Continued on Page 40)

The Cadillac Spirit

There is known in the world of industry, what has come to be called "The Cadillac Spirit."

It pervades the administrative offices; it permeates the shops. It diffuses among the production heads; it extends to the workmen at the bench.

It is not a studied, artificial atmosphere. It is rather an influence which comes from the intermingling of kindred spirits, engendered by a sincerity and unity of purpose.

It causes the Cadillac organization to stand out—as one apart.

It implants the principle that the nearly good is not good enough.

It provokes intolerance of the unworthy and the unfit.

It induces the craftsman to appreciate his personal responsibility.

It brings home to him that, like the chain which is no stronger than its weakest link, a product is no better than its weakest element. He knows that one imperfect part impairs the whole.

He is inspired by an eagerness to excel. He glows with pride as he tells of the part *he* plays.

For seventeen years the Cadillac Spirit has been manifesting itself in the goodness of the Cadillac Car.

And the goodness of the car, in turn, nourishes that spirit in the organization which produces it.

The Cadillac Spirit could come only with the zealous co-operation of those inspired by the same ideal—the production of the highest type of motor car—the car worthy to be known as Standard of the World.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT MICH

C A D I L L A C

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of the city. On returning to the hotel and going to his room the guest discovered that his bag was missing. An investigation disclosed that a man had followed him into the hotel and had probably heard the mention of the stranger's name when he registered. The thief had noted the movements of the newly registered guest and the handling of the bag. After the out-of-town visitor had left to keep his appointment the crook had given the new guest's name and the number of his room to a bell boy with a request that his bag be brought to him. This was done, and the thief succeeded in getting out of the hotel with the guest's luggage. As a result of this happening the hotel was obliged to reimburse their guest to the tune of ninety-four dollars.

This story brought out the fact that many hotels try to guard with secrecy the names of the people who register with them. At the same time it is important that mistakes arising from guests not registering their names legibly shall be avoided. In one great system of hotels after the guest has registered the room clerk in conversational tone repeats his name and initials, and if the name is at all unusual he spells it as if reading from the register to assure the correctness of the entry. Next he states the name of the town or city from which the guest registers, also the room number and the rate per day. While the clerk is doing this there is a typist at his elbow operating a billing machine.

This operator writes on his machine in manifold, thus making six entries of all the clerk has said. One entry starts the guest's ledger account; another goes to the room rack; while still others go to the information rack, the floor-clerk's rack and the controller. The sixth entry is delivered to the guest himself before he leaves the desk so that he can see that his registry on the hotel books is correct.

Those managements that disapprove of this plan because of the possible consequences that may arise from affording bystanders an opportunity to learn the name of the new arrival adopt a slower process, and about twenty minutes after the guest has registered a printed slip is pushed under the door of his room giving his name, room rate, and so on. This affords the new arrival the same chance to check the correctness of his entry on the hotel lists.

It used to be that when you came to town with a dog in your outfit madame had to leave it with the porter, who generally kept the animal in the trunk room in the basement. To-day you may have your pet cared for in an elaborately constructed kennel situated on the roof of your hotel. If you own an automobile and happen to register at one string of hotels in the nation's metropolis you can take your car to a near-by garage owned by this hotel company, register your auto just as you would yourself, drive it up a ramp to one of the upper floors, where a space is allocated to you, then walk down and step into one of the hotel's service cars, which operate at all hours between your hotel and this garage. When you want to go riding the next morning the service car is waiting to bring you again to the garage. This is a great convenience for auto owners who drive their own machines.

For folks who like to wade in figures it may be interesting to know that in one of our larger hotels the daily mail that is received is equal to that passing through the general post office in a town of 10,000 people. The lost-and-found department in such an establishment receives and must try to return an average of fifty articles each day. In a hotel of 2000 or more rooms the garbage-incineration plant is obliged to handle twenty tons of garbage daily, and this is accomplished in such a way that a visitor walking through this department would never be able to discover through any odor that such a process was taking place. A hotel of this size will have a big chilled room where no less than 5000 portions of different kinds of ice cream and frozen desserts are waiting and ready to be served. The manager of one such hostelry, talking of the service the public demands, stated that his establishment during the last year cashed $3,150,000 worth of checks for guests and patrons. As an indication of the care employed it need only be mentioned that the total loss from bad checks amounted to less than $125.

Though the great hotels of the present day dwarf into insignificance the popular inns of a generation ago, they have managed to maintain a wide-open hospitality that includes everything but meeting you at the tavern gate. One manager told me that in his house no guest room can be checked as O. K. for occupancy before it is equipped with twenty-seven separate and distinct articles, including pins and safety pins, needles, black and white thread, miscellaneous buttons, and a memorandum pad on the telephone. At night when the guest reaches his room ready to retire he finds the covers turned back just as mother used to do. When he rises, the morning paper has been pushed under his door and on it is a slip that reads, "Good morning." If the guest wishes to get a shave, manicure or haircut, he will find one elevator operating from his floor that for the time being carries only male guests and has but one destination—the barber shop.

The two things most important in this business of housing and feeding the multitudes are the practice of economy and the strict observance of a code of thoughtful ethics. Saving must commence in the kitchen. A good chef gets $10,000 a year, because he knows a lot of things besides just how to cook. He must understand that apple cores make good jelly; that two ounces of ground potatoes mixed with each quart of dough will produce a bread that will keep a week; and a lot of other truths that are vital, though elementary.

The big boss who is generally president of the operating company is usually responsible for the character of the ethics that prevail. He is paid from $12,000 to $50,000 a year.

The big hotel of the present day is a tremendous business undertaking involving millions of expense in its building and operation. In no other type of enterprise is the machinery so varied and complicated, and so hidden to view. As an industry hotel management has more than kept pace with the times; and still as a marvel of mechanical ingenuity the modern hostelry has yet to impress its real virtues on a public who have become quite accustomed to such service as would have dazed the monarchs of old.

Saving of Animal Waste

MOST everyone is familiar with the edible products that now come from our food animals. At the present time we consume a lot of parts that were not considered suitable to eat a generation ago. At that time the only items of value derived from the slaughter of cattle, sheep and hogs were pickled meats, hides, lard and tallow. All else was discarded. Then came mechanical refrigeration, chilled railway cars and iced storehouses in the large consuming centers, and such products as hearts, sweetbreads, kidneys, livers, brains and oxtails, all of which heretofore were considered too perishable to bother with, immediately came to possess a value as proper human food.

But science was not yet satisfied, and experiments were undertaken to find some use for the tons of animal waste the handling and disposal of which was no small problem of expense. Some of the offal was buried, but most of it was scattered on the surface of the land in isolated regions to be devoured by animals and birds. At the very best, it was an insanitary procedure and a nuisance to both the public and the slaughterhouse owners.

The initial discovery of value in the by-product field was that the fleshings or trimmings of the hides of calves, sheep and beef cattle, also the ears and tough sinews from the legs and other parts of these animals, would make a first-class glue. This substance is obtained by boiling and cooking the fleshings in huge tanks holding as much as ten thousand pounds until all of the glue liquor has been obtained. Then it is pumped to the vacuum pans, where most of the water is evaporated, leaving the glue in a state similar to that of thick jelly. A part of what remains of the fleshings after the glue has been boiled out is used by plasterers and stucco workers to give strength to walls and foundations, while the rest of the material is used in making fertilizer. Glue is also boiled out of bones, and the latter are then dried and ground into a fertilizer known as bone meal.

The glue jelly that is first derived is subjected to a rather complicated treatment lasting several days before it finally comes forth in glistening sheets of an amber color. Though all glues are made by practically the same process, their finished quality depends largely on the character of the raw material from which they are drawn. For some purposes in manufacturing the glue required must contain a little fat. On the other hand, in a number of uses the least trace of oil in the glue ruins it for the purpose intended.

One of the important applications of glue is for finishing papers that are to be tinted in delicate colors. The artistic boxes in which candy is sold, and much of the paper that goes on our walls, could not have their beautiful tints unless the material had first been treated with glue. Even paper is sized with glue, while the ink rollers in the printing press are made largely from this same substance. With the present scarcity of wood our furniture makers would be in a sad way were it not for the glue that permits veneering, and during the war the nation's aircraft program would have faced a problem if there had not been plenty of the highest-grade glue available for the manufacture of the propellers, which were made of special woods in layers seven-eighths of an inch thick.

Then there's the question of that everyday necessity called sandpaper. Of course it is not made of sand at all, for the abrasive on the surface of the paper is usually crushed garnet, which looks like a fine red sand. However, the stout paper that is used in making the finished article is covered with a very real film of dissolved glue, which falls on the front side of the paper as it automatically unwinds from a great roll. As this sticky paper passes along an even shower of crushed garnet is scattered from edge to edge by a device that sifts on just the right amount, while another roller presses the abrasive gently into the glue. It may appear to be a long jump from the great herds of cattle on our prairies to the busy worker in a big locomotive shop who is polishing the heavy metal parts of an engine. However, the chain of relationship is quite unbroken when we take into account the kinship between sandpaper and cattle.

Soon after the discovery was made that glue could be profitably extracted from the slaughterhouse waste other investigations developed the fact that dried blood has a large fertilizing value. Five years later meats were successfully canned on a commercial scale, and the research continued, until to-day practically no part of any food animal is wasted. Not only has science taught us how to save, but how to protect our health by the careful elimination from the food supply of all infected animals. No part of any carcass is allowed to travel far beyond the killing stage until the butchered animal has been inspected and passed as fit for human consumption.

After a steer is killed the first product is the blood, a part of which is conveyed to the sausage kitchens, where it is needed to supply the demand for German blutwurst, or blood sausage. Next the animal is skinned and the hoofs and horns are cut off. Following this the skull is split open and the brain carefully taken out and sent on its way to the chill

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Curled Hair, Used for Upholstery, is a Major Product of the Meat-Packing Companies

8 Great Records

54040—Rigoletto (La Donna e Mobile)
Tito Schipa

60080—Thaïs (Scene du Miroir)
Faust (Le Roi de Thule)
Yvonne Gall

54024—Angel's Serenade
Claudia Muzio

54008—Romeo and Juliet (Cavatine)
Lucien Muratore

50064—Liebestraum, Piano Solo
I Love Thee, Piano Solo
Rudolph Ganz

60053—Faust (The Calf of Gold)
Le Nozze di Figaro (The Air of Figaro)
Adamo Didur

27516—Roses of Picardy
Smilin' Through
Jacques Thibaud

27022—Christ in Flanders
Waiting
Paul Althouse

The great artists now make Pathé records

Get a Pathé Record of your favorite song sung by a world-famous artist. You'll recognize the artist as well as the song. Pathé Records are personal records. They bring you the singer as well as the song.

Tone and durability

The famous Pathé Sapphire Reproducer ensures both. Its finely polished ball, gliding over the record, brings out every detail of tone, and at the same time reduces wear to an imperceptible minimum.

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
EUGENE A. WIDMANN, *Pres.* BROOKLYN, N. Y.
London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Kissing

THE kiss is a form of salutation employed to express affection and transmit germs. In France men kiss one another, and fat generals who pin decorations on the bosoms of heroic privates add a kiss for good measure or as a final test of fortitude. The all-buck kiss does not flourish in America, however, and our army regulations forbid cruel and unusual punishment.

Women kiss one another, but the demonstration is usually devoid of enthusiasm and impresses one as an inexcusable waste of raw material.

Some women kiss dogs. I once sat in a street car across the aisle from an overdressed matron who held a little dog in her lap. Occasionally she kissed it on the nose. At the next stop her husband got on the car and after a casual glance at his face I understood and approved her choice. But I still felt sorry for the dog.

Mothers and childless women possessed of the mother instinct enjoy kissing babies on the back of the neck. Women who lack the mother instinct, and men who lack the instinct that prompts regular fellows to pity the helpless, enjoy kissing babies on the mouth. When a young mother brings her darling downtown and is waylaid by an ancient bachelor who removes a strong cigar from his mouth and pushes his unfumigated mustache into baby's face, and again by a sharp-faced and unmarried female who coughs gently into her handkerchief and then presses her hard lips against baby's outraged countenance, she may smile and accept their compliments, but in her mother heart is a wild and very commendable impulse to indulge in homicide. Babies are kissed for the same reason that Belgium was invaded. They lack the strength to repel advances.

Kissing is an art, not an instinct. Like golf and profanity, it has a technic that may be acquired only through practice. Those young enough to appreciate a kiss usually make a mess of it. I yet remember the thrill that shook me when first I kissed my first sweetheart. She was red-headed and I had just put on long pants. I aimed at her mouth and kissed her under the left ear. In later years my batting eye improved, but repetition seldom has the zest of a first performance.

In the kiss of courtship there is the flavor of forbidden fruit. It is a flavor that does not long survive benefit of clergy, and one may say that the honeymoon is at an end when a kiss has lost its kick.

The connubial kiss may mean much or little. Wives kiss husbands as the first step in negotiations for the price of a new hat, or because they have been thinking of old sweethearts and feel conscience-stricken, or have seen a perfectly good husband die in the movies, or because they suspect him of having taken a little drink of something that is technically obsolete. Some of them, it may be, are actuated by a pure and holy love, but the more I learn of men the more I doubt this. At any rate, the husband of long standing who receives a voluntary kiss wonders what it is all about, but, being a husband of long standing, knows the futility of asking questions.

In sad story books the husband's love grows cold, but in real life he kisses his wife about as often as she will stand for it—and he enjoys it more than she does, for she gets the relayed flavor of a French brier.

The endurance-test movie kiss, popularly known as a clinch, is not properly a kiss but a form of adhesion closely resembling vulcanizing.

Conscience

CONSCIENCE is the inner voice that warns us not to do it and later nags at us because we did. Before the event it is frequently difficult to distinguish between conscience and cowardice; after the event it is equally difficult to distinguish between conscience and the fear of being found out.

The dog has a conscience. When he has done wrong he carries his tail at half-mast and has the sneaking appearance of one who is experimenting in home fermenting. His exaggerated humility is not due entirely to repentance, however. He is thinking of the punishment he has earned. This teaches us that dogs are closely related to men.

Remorse makes a sorry bedfellow. It should be endured for a season and then kicked out into the cold.

When one is approaching a spread rail conscience does well to stand on the track and yell until it is red in the face. Laws are not made to punish criminals, but to prevent crime. A conscience that will serve as a general alarm before the catastrophe should be encouraged and given every opportunity to acquire an interest in the business. But it should not be too chatty after the beans are spilled. The conscience that pokes its finger into a sore spot and begins one of these I-told-you-so post-mortem discussions should be pulled out by the roots and choked into respect for good manners. When a man has exhausted his vocabulary in an effort to tell himself how many kinds of an ass he has been none but an ill-bred conscience would call for an encore.

Remorse saps vitality. If one has done an evil thing he should repent bitterly for as long a time as his system can stand the strain, and then he should tear the record out of the book and forget it, else he will expend in grief over one wrong thing sufficient energy to accomplish a number of good things.

One should forgive himself. Never yet were matters mended by the bearing of a grudge. How can one respect himself until he has forgiven himself? And how shall he keep his future unspotted if he be without self-respect?

In a free country each man is the keeper of his own conscience. There are many dear folk who accept the teaching that one is his brother's keeper, and then assume that one is also the keeper of his brother's conscience. A conscience is personal property, however, and each man is free to train his own, to use it as a storm signal or to use it as an alibi.

The Car

THERE are two reasons why every family needs an automobile: First, because the neighbors have one; second, because universal use of automobiles encourages the invention of a substitute for gasoline.

The first automobile one owns may be a proud monster with twelve lungs, or a modest thing of tin and squeaks. In either case it is christened The Car and becomes the shrine of family worship. To mother it remains The Car through succeeding years, but within three months the boys are calling it the old boat, and dad refers to it casually as the jit.

Maintaining a car is expensive. There is first of all the fixed overhead charge to pay the interest on the mortgage put on the house when the car was bought. The next important item is gasoline, but this is not a fixed charge. When the members of the family have an attack of economy and walk the three blocks to the grocery instead of riding, the charge is less. When an oil magnate comes to figure up his income tax the charge is more. The charge for tires is the sport of circumstance. Any good tire will run five thousand miles in an advertisement. Its performance on the road depends on the prevalence of rusty nails and broken glass and the distance the wheels slide when the brakes are applied.

A puncture may be mended in a few minutes, but since the use of a car promotes laziness the driver is frequently tempted to come in on a flat rather than get out in the sun to make repairs. When a flat tire has been pounded over several miles of country road the flatness becomes contagious, and affects dad's pocketbook in the same manner.

Temperamental tires may indulge in a practice known as the blow-out. A blow-out is easily recognized. It begins with a sharp report, which is quickly followed by a hissing sound and profanity. The profanity comes from a point just back of the steering wheel.

After a few months of docile service a car will develop symptoms.

It continues to perform, but it is clear that its mind is not on the job. One suspects it of dreaming about universal brotherhood and queer economic theories. At any rate its conduct is suspiciously like sabotage, and the guilty capitalist who owns it is driven to a public garage for expert advice. At the garage a mechanic covered with grease and an air of infallibility makes indefinite remarks about wear in the differential and excess of carbon, and puts the car in dry dock. The bill for his services is not indefinite, and after paying it one understands why America has one-half of the world's diamonds.

When one buys his first car he resolves not to drive faster than twenty miles an hour. The resolve holds good until one learns to steer. After that his conversation is enlivened with tales of what she did at certain times and places when he stepped on 'er. Speeding is a nuisance, and there are few cities in which one is permitted to drive at a speed more than double the limit fixed by ordinance. The pace of a car may be increased by feeding more gasoline, but the maximum of speed is seldom attained without the use of rye or a similar accelerator.

One cannot judge the extent of a man's wealth by the kind of car he buys, but if the wealth came easy and quick one can judge how long it will last by the number of cars he buys.

Americanism

IT ISN'T necessary to know a man's record if you have acquaintance with his standards. If he asserts that all men are rascals and that each is entitled to what he can get you know him as well as though you had felt his hand in your pocket. If he has faith in the decency of humanity and despises men who do not keep their word you need not hesitate to trust him with your goods. When you know a man's ideals you can forecast his actions.

America is having a season of hysteria. Men say much more than they think, fear much more than they believe and talk much more than they should. A dispassionate statement is so rare as to seem an oracle. Groups hurl epithets and imprecations without measuring their weight, and condemn without hearing the evidence. We are a choppy sea in a squall and all our lashing serves only to kick up a froth. We have known and trusted one another for a long time. Why become suspicious now? The war changed many things, but it did not change American ideals. When we buckled on our guns we hated a rogue and a sneak and a liar. Our guns are rusting now, but our standards of conduct are not. We may have an attack of this thing psychic sharps call a reaction, but the disorder has not made us love one who prowls in the night.

Years ago I was one of a number of men who piled bales of hay in a warehouse near the water front in San Francisco. The bales were arranged in steps leading to the height of the walls. It was enjoyable work, very like a game, and lent itself easily to contests of speed or dexterity.

In the gang of men were several aliens, and two of these, a lean blond Swede and a squat Greek with the torso of a giant, collided near the door of the warehouse. Hot words passed between them, and then that vile phrase which means only the superlative of insult to invite battle.

Men were leaping down or up the steps of hay, laughing, whistling, panting. The challenge was a blight to arrest motion and stifle sound. So still! Men stood poised, breathless, waiting.

The Swede stood lightly on the balls of his feet, crouched in that elastic poise perfected inside of roped squares, arms loose at his side.

If the Greek had rushed, with or without skill, the men about would have kept their distance, glad to accept a casual treat of an exhibition in fisticuffs. None were partisans. The Greek did not rush. Very coolly he reached into his pocket and brought out a knife. Instantly every American in the building was a partisan. Silence became a roar of consternation and wrath. The Greek ventured a frightened glance to either side, and more quickly than he had drawn the knife thrust it again into his pocket. The incident was closed.

This chatter of fear concerning the terrible things that are preparing for America does not shake my faith in Americans. I think I know the breed—in saddle, in the timber, in factory, at the desk—and I know them, lovers of daylight and a fair fight. They do not prowl in shadows or fashion strange devices to destroy when they are safely gone.

It may be that changes will come in the form of our industrial and political life, but none will be wrought under cover of darkness. The alien whose poor mind dreams of conquest by destruction may start something, but inevitably he will end where all men end who dream of an easy way to acquire that which they are unwilling to earn.

Once their knives are drawn, the voice of every decent American is raised against them. The ballot box is not a spectacular weapon, but it is the accepted standard of good sportsmanship in America, and it pleases Americans.

The Wife

THIS is advice to young men about to be married. Every woman has the instincts of a mother. She yearns to coddle something. If she is denied children she will pet a man. If her man is absorbed in the game of getting and frequently unconscious of her existence she will adopt a charity or a little woolly dog. She will in any case find something on which to lavish the mother love that is a part of her nature.

The henpecked husband is a creature of cheap comedy. Like the officious mother-in-law, he exists only in the imagination of the fun makers.

At times your bride will think you a hero. At other times she will think you a small boy. At all times she will make an effort to mother you. If you accept one personal service she will render another. You will learn to expect coddling and will feel abused if you are not waited upon. In the end you will become as helpless as a puling infant, and she who was your wife and partner will fall from that high state and become a sublimated valet.

And the advice is, don't be a child—or even a little woolly dog.

Even in these days of unusual demand, it must be evident, even to the casual observer, that singular and unusual recognition is being accorded the Liberty everywhere—not alone because of the difference in the way it rides and drives, but because of the abiding quality which that difference designates.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

"Shoes that wear longer cost less"

Reinforcement, the secret of added strength

AS the walls of the modern sky-scraper are re-inforced by the steel frame-work, so are the "walls" of a shoe re-inforced by the *right* kind of a shoe lining.

The *right* kind of a shoe lining resists the strain on leather and seams, *re-inforces the whole shoe structure*, increases the wear of the shoe and makes for greater foot comfort.

The shoe you are now wearing may have a broken lining. See if it isn't "gone" at the heel. Put your hand into the shoe, and you'll probably find that the lining is also broken at the toe. Ordinary lining quickly gives out, leaving the leather and seams without the re-inforcement that makes the shoe hold its shape and give longer wear. A broken lining causes great discomfort. It ruins stockings.

Shoes that last longest and give the greatest satisfaction are those that are re-inforced by a durable lining. "Red-line-in" is the strongest lining known and is used by manufacturers who know that it adds *dollars' worth* to the wearing qualities of the shoes.

When you buy shoes, look for the RED THREAD running through the lining. Only "Red-line-in" is marked with this RED THREAD. It is a guarantee that your dealer is selling you shoes that mean greater comfort and longer wear. Shoes that wear longer cost less.

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY

Established 1856

Lincoln and Essex Sts., Boston, Mass.

The Service Stripe

Send for this booklet. It tells the very interesting story of

'Red-line-in' REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. SHOE LINING

It will give you information on matters of shoe comfort and economy you probably never thought of before. A postal card will bring it to you.

'Red-line-in' REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. SHOE LINING

Makes shoes wear longer

SWEAT OR DIE

(Concluded from Page 31)

respect for brains. A man who spends his strength in useful work gets from his work something besides the silver of his daily wage. Work is enjoyable and beautiful, and men who have worked know this. Fatigue that follows effort is the reward that answers the question of the day: "What have I done to earn life?"

Work is the greatest thing in the world—greater than love, greater than death—but the beauty of the scheme is all gummed up with artificial selfish grief. Work is a product of time and energy, and time is the brother of death. Death is the last reward for having lived.

The final rewards for work performed are delayed by a hundred foolish afflictions which society suffers to-day. Most of these would disappear if men would work. Most of the ills which now affect the workers of a population would disappear if men who work would learn the real reward of effort. Not many laborers or mechanics or professional men carry with them the realization that their work is something more than a means of obtaining cash with which to buy the things essential to their lives. The man who works is bound by an obligation greater than his contract with his employer. He is bound by his debt for life received.

Not many men realize this obligation. Until men discover that they must buy the right to live with the coin of sweat they will continue to side-step the obligation of delivering a day's work in return for their wages.

Out for the Coin

The solution of labor's troubles rests with labor. It is not expressed by strikes or by sabotage or by shiftlessness or by any evasion of work. When labor realizes that contentment and happiness and a full life can derive only from work performed, then there will be no more strikes, no more periods of idleness and no more petty bickerings whose sole result is discontent and tragedy. Labor has sought to apply the force of numbers and the strength that comes from union to overcoming the real and fancied wrongs which it suffers. The first characteristic of too many business agents is an aversion for work; the second a mouthful of sounding words with which they qualify as leaders of groups of men who have honest energy to invest. The union idea is honest and it is a good idea in the face of the fact that many employers have not played the game.

It is a fact that many employers have not played the game. They too have been out for the coin, and for many years the war between labor and capital has been a sorry factor in our national life. The courts of the United States, which nominally offer redress, are often turgid pools of inertia presided over by paid officials of the state who have neither ambition nor ability to sense the ethical solution of the problems which are brought before them. To these courts cases are submitted by many lawyers whose first interest is their fee. Justice too often rides on a slow train which is detoured via Ignorance and Laziness.

No matter what the immigrant may be, when he arrives in the United States his mind is a field of fuel for the torch of rhetoric. Selfishness is a characteristic common to mankind. The immigrant reacts instantly to any idea which can be presented to him. If he is cold and if he is hungry quite often he does not look for the solution to his troubles beyond the philosophy which is fed to him by one of the verbal torches of his labor union. No matter what error may exist, he readily adopts whatever course of action is suggested to him.

Attempts to curb the activities of labor's advisers are met with the cry from labor that liberty is being done to death. Liberty has become license. As a matter of fact there is no such thing as liberty absolute. An individual's ambition must be governed first by consideration for his fellow men and ever by Nature's laws.

Just as oxygen and hydrogen must unite to create water, so must the farm laborers, the workers in the flour mills and the agents of transportation unite to bring flour to our table. Interruption anywhere along the line delays delivery of the final product. Relief from the results of our blindness and our errors has been sought in government and in law. We have invested authority in national officials, in employees of the several states and in municipal hirelings. We have a complex machine of government whose output is negligible compared with what it might be if the agents of government realized their obligation and acted for the best interests of the people in whose service they are employed. The code books are a jumble of complex laws. Directness and simplicity are lost.

In our National Government we have a President, his Cabinet, a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Capitol is cluttered up with departments and bureaus and commissions, and whatever may be the potential total of talent available, the application of that talent to the people's interest is marked by a striking lack of results.

There are a dozen men at the head of as many corporations in the United States who could organize a government for the country whose functioning would make our existing products of government look like a disastrous year in Mexico. The professional politician is a parasite. He gives nothing for what he gets. His first thought is the vote of to-morrow which shall sustain the questionable industry from which he derives three squares a day. He is a cheap grafter full of promises before he is elected. He cannot realize his obligation to the people who have elected him. He does not realize that he is a servant. His mouth is full of words, but in his heart the pulse of ambition surges with selfishness. He is a product of our system of government and our national carelessness. There are individuals in politics who have ambition to work, but their efforts are drowned in a sea of government.

The Price of Life and Happiness

The first need in the government of the United States is a first-class business man for President and a group of assistants such as any first-class business man would surround himself with.

If the United States had let a contract for the European war we could have saved ten billion dollars, and in all probability we could have enjoyed more tangible results instead of having to flinch under the whip of memory. The principal results of the war seem to have been a painful education in extravagance which we call the high cost of living. A man whose life and property are subject to the commands of his military superior is careless of minor details of his day. We have seen a lull in the European emergency, but we have not returned to economic conditions which existed prior to the war. The reason is that nearly every man who has work or property to sell joins in a general scheme which upholds the price index of the thing he has for sale.

Food is the first essential of life, and food is the product of land and sweat. The capital of the United States consists approximately of twenty million potential man-days' energy per day, plus a field of effort. Without the other each would have a zero value. The farmer's life is legitimate. We cannot each morning go to Brazil for our coffee, to Vermont for our maple syrup, to Minnesota for our flour, and to the ham zone for our ham and eggs. Some agency of transportation can thereby function in a legitimate manner. Wheat cannot be eaten with convenience in its raw state. The flour mill is a legitimate enterprise. Food is perishable. Industries engaged in the preservation of food products are legitimate industries. The corner grocery cannot handle trainloads of foodstuffs. Some intermediate agents equipped to overcome this problem of quantity distribution are legitimate. But the man who operates in a one-room office on a hundred-dollar investment, tying up a grain field with an option which can be sustained in our courts, is a grafter. Conscientious government by business men would kill him off. Business men in government would examine the activities of every industry connected with the production, the transportation and the distribution of the necessities of life, and business men who could prove that they were performing legitimate service would be licensed. The others would be eliminated.

A ballot is a memorandum of political advice. Before a citizen of the United States could vote under a business government he would have to prove that he was capable of comprehending the issues before him. Then he would be compelled to express his opinion by voting. There is little difference between the harm done by selling your vote and that accomplished by neglecting to vote. Intelligent government would be on the job three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

The United States is a good place to live in, but a business administration could improve it a million per cent. The people of the United States have a lot to learn. Experience is a great teacher, but unfortunately experience dies with the individual. We persist in neglecting to take advantage of the knowledge which can be gained from other men's experiments and other men's mistakes. With our own hands we must pick up a live wire before we can appreciate the kick that can exist in unseen forces.

There is salvation in the fact that the moral instinct exists in every man. With it is an ambition for the good things of life. Work is the one agency through which these things may be enjoyed. Work will buy life and happiness.

On the day that all men sense the moral obligation which demands that they shall pay in honest useful work the price of life they will know contentment. An appropriate expenditure of brain or muscle is the price of life. There is no honest alternative. Sweat or die.

SOME NOTES ON AGRICULTURAL READJUSTMENT AND THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

(Continued from Page 4)

margins between the wholesaler and the farmer are unduly large, or increase, it is mostly to the farmer's detriment. For instance, as the price of his wheat in normal times is made in Liverpool any increase in handling comes out of the farmer's price. Likewise, as the wholesale butter price is made by the import of Danish butter into New York, any increase in the numbers or charges between our farmer and the wholesale buyer comes to a considerable degree out of the farmer.

As the datum point of determining prices is at the wholesaler, the accretion by the charges for distribution from that point forward to the consumer's door will not affect the farmer, but does affect the consumer. When competition decreases through shortage the consumer pays the added profits of these trades.

Studies of the cost of our distribution system, made by the Food Administration during the war, established two prime conditions. The first is that the margins between our farmers and the wholesaler in commodities—other than grain in some instances—are, even in normal times, the highest in any civilized state—fully twenty-five per cent higher than in most European countries. The expensiveness of our chain of distribution in most commodities in normal times, as compared with Continental countries, is due partly to the wide distances of the producing areas from the dominating consuming areas, but there are other contributing causes that can be remedied.

In Europe the great public markets in the cities bring farmer and consumer closely together in many commodities, but in the United States the bulk of products are too far afield for this. The farmer must market through a long chain of manufacturers, brokers, jobbers and wholesalers with or without their own distribution system, who must establish a clientèle of direct retailers; and thus public markets, except in special locations and in comparatively few commodities, have not been successful. Another major factor in our costs of distribution is the increasing demand for expensive service by our consumers. There are many other factors that bear on the problem and the economic results of our system which are discussed, together with some suggestion of remedy, later on.

The second result of these studies was to show the great widening of this margin during the war. During the year of the Food Administration in active restraint on this margin there was an advance of six points in the wholesale index while the farmer's index moved up twenty-five points. Both before and after that period the two indexes moved up together. The same can be said of the margins between the wholesaler and the consumer. Taking the period of the war as a whole, the margin between the farmer and consumer has widened out to an extravagant degree.

A good instance of a movement in margins is shown in flour in 1917. The farmer's average return for wheat of the 1916 harvest, as shown by the Department of Agriculture, was about $1.42. As about four and one-half bushels of wheat are required to make a barrel of flour, the farmer's share of the receipts from this harvest was about $6.40 per barrel. In 1917, before the Food Administration came into being, flour rose to $17.50 per barrel to the consumer, or, at that time, a margin of eleven dollars per barrel. During the administration the farmer received an average of about two dollars for wheat at the farm, or about nine dollars out of a barrel of flour. The consumer paid $12.50, the margin being about $3.50 per barrel. This increase in margins shows vividly in the higher-priced foods; for instance, pork products. If we take hogs at the railway station over the great hog states contiguous to Chicago as a basis, we find:

	SIX MONTHS		
	1914	1919	1920
Price of hogs in principal states per 100 pounds	$ 7.45	$16.27	$15.37
Price of cured products to consumer from 100 pounds hogs . . .	18.97	37.33	37.71
Margin between farmer and consumer. . . .	11.52	21.06	22.34

Thus, while the farmer has gained about $7.92 in his price, the margin has increased by $10.82 to the consumer, and incidentally, during the last year since food-control restraints were removed, the consumer has paid thirty cents more while the farmer got ninety cents less. These instances could be greatly multiplied.

It is unfortunate that our national statistics do not permit a complete analysis of the distribution of margin between all the various groups in the chain between the farmer and consumer in different commodities. It would be helpful if we could take the farmers, railways, manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, and determine what proportion each receives.

These margins between farmer and consumer are made up of a necessary chain of charges for transport, storage, manufacture and distribution. The great majority of citizens who are engaged in the processes that go to make up this portion of food costs are employed in an obviously essential economic function and they do not approach it in a spirit of criminality, but as a very necessary, proper and honorable function. They have since the European war began rather overenjoyed the result of economic forces that were not of their own creation. That a considerable margin is necessary to cover the legitimate costs of and profits on distribution is obvious. The only direction of inquiry is how they can be legitimately minimized.

These margins, starting from the unduly high expense of a faulty system, have increased not only legitimately, due to increased transportation, labor, rent, taxes, and increased interest upon the large capital required, but they have except during the period of control increased unduly beyond

these necessities. There are two general characteristics of this margin that are of some interest. In the first instance, all of the transport, storage, manufacture and handling is conducted upon a basis of cost plus either fixed returns or, as is more usually the case, a percentage of profit upon the whole cost of operation. Any distributing agency ceases to operate when it does not secure costs and a profit. Consequently, all these links put up a resistance to a curtailment of the margin which the farmer is unable, except by absolute exhaustion, to do against reduction of his price levels. If rapid falls in food prices occur, the farmer, at least in the first instance, has to stand most of the fall because he cannot quit. The farmer's costs of production relate to a period long prior to the fall. Thus, if wages are due to fall as a result of a fall in food prices the farmer is always selling on the old basis of his costs. The farmer has but one turnover in the year. The middleman has several, and can thus adjust himself quickly.

Second, the custom of many of these businesses is to operate upon a percentage of profit on the value of the commodities handled, even after deducting all their increased costs, interest or other charges. When we have rising prices, therefore, a doubling of prices, for instance, tends to double profits on the same volume of commodities handled. In a rising market competitive pressures are much diminished and the dealer can assess his own profits to greater degree than usual. While the packers make a profit of, say, two cents on the dollar value of commodities, it represents double the profit per pound over prewar, even after allowing such items as interest on the larger capital involved.

Reduction of the Margins

Aside from the necessary rise in the margin that has grown out of the rise in cost of labor, rent, and so on, from inflation and world shortage, there are some causes which have accumulated to increase the margins between the farmer and the wholesaler and the wholesaler and consumer that could be greatly mitigated.

Better Tax Distribution. During the year, in order to restrain wild greed and profiteering in the then existing unlimited demand, margins between purchase and sale in the different manufacturing and handling trades were fixed in all the great commodities—iron, steel, cement, lumber, coal and foodstuffs. The first task of the war was to secure production, and the margins were therefore fixed at such breadth as would allow the smaller high-cost manufacturer and the smaller dealer to live. Otherwise the smaller competitors would have been extinguished, production would have been lost, and, worse yet, the larger low-cost operator would have been left with much inflated monopoly. The excess-profits tax was levied as a sequent corrective to this necessary first step, so as to take the undue profits of the large producer back to the public. It was a wise war measure, but the moment restraints on profits were taken off and there was a free and rising market ahead, the tax was added to prices by all the participants and passed on to the consumer, or deducted from the farmer when world levels crowded his prices down. It should have been repealed at the time the controls were abandoned, but our legislatures have been busy with other things, and in the meanwhile in food it not only increases the margin between the farmer and the consumer but tends, as stated above, to come out of the farmer to a large degree. It has other vicious results in that it stimulates dealers and manufacturers to speculate their profits away in unsound business, rather than to pay them to the Government. It does sound well to tax the great manufacturers, but to make them the agency to collect taxes from the population is not altogether sound government.

It is a very important tax to the Government, bringing as it does over a billion a year, and a place to put this load is not to be found easily.

The income tax does not have so malign an effect, for it comes to a great extent from the individual and not from business. The present method of income tax, however, has some weaknesses. The same levy is made upon earned incomes as upon those that are unearned. The tax on earned incomes tends in certain cases to be passed on to the consumer or deducted from the farmer, and, besides, it is not just that a family living by giving productive service to the community should pay the same as a family that contributes nothing by way of effort. A stiff tax on these latter might send them to work, and certainly induces economy. Moreover, the earner of income must provide for old age and dependents while the unearned-income taxpayer has this already. Altogether, it would seem the part of wisdom at least to increase the income tax on the larger unearned income and decrease it on the earners. It is argued that this drives great incomes to evasion by investment in tax-free securities, which is probably true. We need more comparative figures than the Treasury statistics yet show to answer this point. In any event, relief to the earner would free his savings to invest in taxable securities, and we need of all things to stimulate the initiative of the saver. Income taxes, except when too high on earned incomes, do not destroy initiative, and every other government has, in taxing, recognized the essential difference between earned and unearned incomes. This distinction would generally relieve the range of smaller incomes, for they are mostly earned.

The inheritance-tax field has not been fully exploited as yet. It cannot be deducted from either farmer or consumer, it does not affect the cost of living, it does not destroy initiative in the individual if it leaves large and proper residues for dependents. It does redistribute overswollen fortunes. It does make for equality of opportunity by freeing from the dead hand control of our tools of production. It reduces extravagance in the next generation and sends them to constructive service. It has a theoretic economic objection of being a dispersal of capital into income at the hands of the Government, but so long as the Government spends an equal amount on redemption of the debt or productive works even this argument no longer stands.

We may need to come to some sort of increased consumption taxes in order to lift that part of excess profits and tax on earned income that cannot be very properly placed elsewhere. When it comes it should lie on other commodities than food, except perhaps sugar, one-half of which is a luxury consumption. The ideal would be for it to be levied wholly on nonessentials in order that it should be a burden on luxury and not on necessity. This is no doubt difficult to classify. Jewelry and furs are easy to class, but where necessity leaves off and luxury begins in trousers is more difficult to determine.

It requires no lengthy economic or moral argument as a platform for denunciation of all waste and useless expenditure. Some sane medium is needed between comfort and luxury. Failing definition, and objection to blue laws, the theme must be taken into the area of moral virtues and become a proper subject for the spiritual stimulations of the church. There is a psychology in luxury wherein we all buy high-priced things because they are high-priced, not because they add comfort—and this has contributed also to our high cost of living—for those who do it drive up prices on those who try to avoid it. From an economic point of view the only recipe is taxation as a device to make it expensive.

More constructive than increasing taxes is to take a holiday on governmental expenditures and relieve the taxpayer generally. If we could stave off a lot of expensive suggestions for a few years and secure more efficiency in what we must spend, our people could get ahead with the process of earning something to tax. It would at least be comforting to this great farming and business community.

Better Transportation Facilities. There is a great weakness in our present railway situation bearing upon the farmer and consumer. Everyone knows of the annual shortage of cars during the crop-moving season. Few people, however, appreciate that this shortage of cars often amounts to a stricture in the free flow of commodities from the farmer to the consumer. The result is that the farmer, in order to sell his produce, often unknown to himself makes a sacrifice in price in local glut. The consumer is compelled at the other end to pay an increased price for foodstuffs due to the shortage in movement. The constant fluctuations in our grain exchanges locally or generally from this cause are matters of public record almost monthly. On one occasion a study was made under my administration into the effect of car shortage in the transportation of potatoes, and we could demonstrate by chart and figure that the margin between the farmer and the consumer broadened 100 per cent in periods of car shortage. Nor did the middleman make this whole margin of profit, because he was subjected to unusual losses and destruction, and took unusual risks in awaiting a market. The same phenomenon was proved in a large way at time of acute shortage of movement in corn and other grain.

The usual remedy for this situation is insistence that the railways shall provide ample rolling stock, trackage and terminals to take care of the annual peak load. We have fallen far behind in the provision of even normal railway equipment during the war, and an additional 500,000 cars and locomotives are no doubt needed. Above a certain point, however, this imposes upon the railways a great investment in equipment for use during a comparatively short period of the year when many commodities synchronize to make the peak movement. The railways naturally wish to spread the movement over a longer period. The burden of equipment for short-time use will probably prevent their ever being able to take entire care of the annual delays in transport and stricture in market, although these can be greatly minimized.

There is possible help in handling the peak load by improving the waterways from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic seaboard by way of the St. Lawrence River, so as to pass full seagoing cargoes. It has already been determined that the project is entirely feasible, and at comparatively moderate cost. The result would be to place every port on the Great Lakes on the seas. Fifteen states contiguous to the Lakes could find an outlet for a portion of their annual surplus quickly and more cheaply to the overseas markets than through the congested Eastern trunk rail lines. It would contribute materially to reduce this effectual stricture in the free flow of the farmer's commodities to the consumers.

Of far greater importance, however, is the fact that the costs of transportation from the Lake ports to Europe would be greatly diminished, and this diminished cost would go directly into the farmer's pockets. It is my belief that there is a saving here of five or six cents a bushel in the transportation of grain. Although a comparatively small proportion of our total grain production flows to Europe, I believe that the economic lift on this minor portion would raise the price of the whole grain production by the amount saved in transportation of this portion of it. The price of export wheat, rye and barley—sometimes corn—usually hogs—in Chicago at normal times is the Liverpool price, less transportation and other charges, and if we decrease the transport in a free market the farmer should get the difference.

Not only should there be great benefits to the agricultural population but it should be a real benefit to our railways in getting them a better average load without the cost of maintaining the surplus equipment and personnel necessary to manage the peak load during the fall months. It has been computed that the capital saving in rolling stock alone would pay for the entire cost of this waterway improvement over a comparatively few years. The matter also becomes of national importance in finding employment for the great national mercantile fleet that we have created.

Another factor in transportation bearing upon the problem of marketing is the control by food manufacturing and marketing concerns of refrigeration and other special types of cars. This special control has grown up largely because, owing to seasonal changes in regional occupation for these cars over different parts of the country, no one railway wished to provide sufficient special cars and service for use that may come its way only part of the year. The result has been to force the building up of a domination by certain concerns which control many of the cars and stifle free competition. Much the same results have been attained by special groups in control of stockyards and, in some cases, of elevators. Where such formal or informal monopolies grow up, they are public utilities and if the farmer is to have a free market they must be replaced by constructive public service.

A Free Market. Every impediment to free marketing of produce either gives special privileges or increases the risks which the farmer must pay for in diminished returns. We have some commodities where manufacture has grown into such units that these units exert such an influence that they consciously or unconsciously affect the price levels of the farmer's produce. When a few concerns have the duty of manufacturing and storing the seasonal reserves of a single commodity they naturally reduce prices during the heavy-production season and increase them in the short season as a method of diminishing their risk and increasing profits. Moreover, their tendency is often to sell the minor portion of their product that goes for export at lower than the domestic price in order to dispose of it without depressing local prices. They do

(Continued on Page 49)

$100,000,000 APR 25 – MAY 2 — QUICKEN — QUICKEN — QUICKEN — $100,000,000 APR 25 – MAY 2

Out of a world torn with war—
Something is going to rise

There is no guesswork, no loose prophecy, in the statement that humanity faces a situation unsurpassed for impending salvation or disaster.

Business associations, governments and the leaders of the great Christian bodies have surveyed world conditions and the verdicts all agree.

Into the minds of Northern Baptists a shaft of light has struck—the irrefutable facts and inescapable conclusions of our own Survey.

The realization of humanity's impelling need for Christ at this time has followed with sudden, blinding brilliance, not unlike that which came to Saul of Tarsus.

The Need— $100,000,000 APRIL 25 – MAY 2 —The Remedy

Christian Americanization at Home

"Five per cent of the foreign language press advocates the bullet rather than the ballot for bringing about changes that its following desire," admits the American Association of Foreign Language newspapers.

There are 9,000,000 adult aliens in the United States whose reading is chiefly other than English.

John Reed, radical writer and organizer, left this cynical advice with his followers when he slipped away to Europe:

"Never mind the old men or the middle-aged men. And don't pay attention to the American citizen. Get the immigrants. And get them at the impressionable ages of 16 to 25. Organize them, and teach them as you organize."

In the lumber camps of the great Northwest, in the mines of the Alleghanies, in the slums of myriad cities, among the restless negroes of the South, apostles of Unrest are spreading THEIR gospel.

Your money will more than double the Christian Centers and Christian Workers among the Rumanians of Detroit, the Poles of Buffalo, the vast polyglot masses of New York's lower East Side, the Asiatics of San Francisco and Seattle; and their kith and kin in a score of other cities.

Your money will send out many men like "Fighting Dan" Schultz, the MAN'S evangelist, who holds membership in 14 labor unions and whom all the vitriolic hatred of the I. W. W. failed to run out of Oregon when he carried the message of Christian Americanism to misled men.

Your money will enable disappointed immigrant wives and mothers to know the kind voice and helping hand of Christian women, to influence their men folk toward the Light, not down to black brooding and despair. Let the foreign-born laborer's family know the truth about America.

Continuing Old Trusts—Existing Duties

There are remote sections in the United States where American boys and girls grow up with no more opportunity to learn Christian Americanism than any urchin of the slums. A *Frontier* still exists, so far as evangelism is concerned. That frontier will increase, for we have 372,000,000 acres of agricultural land yet unsettled. Thousands of American soldiers will be given grants of that land.

Those living obligations, American Indians, have a call upon our hearts, and 60 per cent of them are entirely unevangelized. Conditions in Alaska, where the missionaries of the Greek Church of Russia withdrew when Bolshevism cut off their support, are morally terrible.

There has never been even approximately adequate provision for the care of ministers and missionaries who have grown old in the service of the Kingdom. There was not, until this Movement began, any nation-wide agitation to increase the low salaries of Baptist ministers.

When we have done our duty a new host of colporters, with Bibles and bedding and food for pack, will travel the little-trod ways of the land. They will not go on horseback always. The Western desert stretches already know the mark of the Bible man's "Flivver." On horseback through the mountains and by launch on Puget Sound the Gospel is being spread.

When we have done our duty the students of Bacone College and a score of other Baptist schools for Indians can write their tribal friends that lack of teachers and dormitories no longer chokes off enrollment. In Alaska more hundreds will learn that the nation which bought them has not forgot them.

When we have done our duty the men who have given their lives and their earning power to spreading the Gospel can see Age approach without fear of want or humiliation. And those who are still at work will get a fair living wage.

Educating Others to "Carry On"

It were folly to think that money alone could carry Christianity forward.

The main problem has always been one of leaders.

Our Baptist schools and colleges must keep pace with the advance of secular institutions in method and equipment.

We must continue to send out, and in increasing numbers, men and women who will carry the Christ-life into their business, their recreation and their homes.

In the field of religious education, leaders must be developed who can make the enlarged missionary personnel one of high ability and vision.

In America we must have Sunday-school experts, Bible teachers, skilled fishers of men.

The least pretentious of business concerns now train their sales forces. Can the churches do less?

Unless you falter 40 Baptist schools and colleges will receive $30,000,000 and face the future with unimpaired power for good.

Unless you falter the whole scheme of Baptist religious education will take on new life.

Unless you falter 24 new Sunday-school surveyors and organizers will go forth to help our young folk toward Christian manhood and womanhood.

Unless you falter 50 new Bible workers in the United States and 24 new Bible workers in Central America will spread the Word, which we know to be humanity's one salvation.

Unless you falter a total of 173 specialists in Bible work and organization will be added to the ranks of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Unless you falter a generation of trained Christian leaders will make your children's children bless your name.

Here is *Your* Task

For the first time in Baptist history our churches have surveyed their task as a whole.

For the first time in Baptist history the societies and boards through which our churches work present a united front and a coordinated program.

For the first time in Baptist history, we have the details of a great plan thoroughly in our minds and hearts.

If you are a Baptist or worship with the Baptists, be ready to give with a new vigor when you are solicited between April 25 and May 2.

It is Christ's money and *you* are the Steward.

He must be *the cornerstone* of humanity's new structure.

THE NEW WORLD MOVEMENT OF NORTHERN BAPTISTS

276 Fifth Avenue New York City

For the complete program at home and abroad write for a copy of the "Survey."

$100,000,000 APR. 25 – MAY 2 — QUICKEN — QUICKEN — QUICKEN — $100,000,000 APR. 25 – MAY 2

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The Printzess label in your Spring coat or suit is the signed pledge of the makers to you that it unites charm and distinctiveness of design with the unchanging principles of good taste and sustained style. Free from fads and short-lived fancies, it will be correct and becoming for months and months. The Printzess name and reputation guarantee it.

The beauty of Printzess all-wool fabrics is accentuated by the unusual excellence of the tailoring. The skill in creating and cutting the master patterns saves you expensive alterations and annoying "try-ons." And the artistic touches in trimming and finishing are the visible showing of the quality that exists in every detail.

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IN THE MAY 8th ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION WE WILL TELL YOU ABOUT PRINTZESS SUMMER APPAREL

(Continued from Page 46)

not need to conspire, for there can be perfectly coincident action to meet the same economic currents. Such coincidence has much greater possibilities of general influence with a few concerns in the field than if there were many.

The experience gained in the Food Administration on these problems during the war led to the feeling, expressed at that time, that such business should be confined to one line of activity, just as we have had to confine our railways, banks and insurance companies. This is useful to prevent reliance being placed upon the profits of alternative products when engaged in stifling of competition, through selling below cost on some other item. Even this restriction may not prove to be sufficient protection to free market by free competition.

I am not a believer in nationalization as the solution to this form of domination, but I am a believer in regulation, if it should prove necessary. If experience proves we have to go to regulation, it is my belief that it should be confined to overswollen units and that the point of departure should not be the amount of capital employed but the proportion of a given commodity that is controlled. The point of departure must depend upon the special commodity and its ratio to the whole. When such a concern obtains such dimensions that it can influence prices or dominate public affairs, either with deliberation or innocence, then it must be placed under regulation and restraint. Our people have long since realized the advantage of large business operation in improving and cheapening the costs of manufacture and distribution, but when these operations have become so enlarged that they are able to dominate the community it becomes a social necessity that they shall be made responsible to the community. The test that should apply, therefore, is not the size of the institution or the volume of capital that it employs, but the proportion of the commodity that it controls in its operations.

It is my belief that if this were made the datum point for regulation, and if regulation were made of a rigorous order, this pressure would result in such business keeping below the limit of regulation. Thus the automatic result would be the building up of a proper competition, because men in manufacturing would rather conduct a smaller business free of governmental regulation than enjoy large operations subject to governmental control. There are probably only a very few concerns in the United States that would fall into this category and they should be glad of regulation in order to secure freedom from criticism.

SPECULATION AND PROFITEERING. There are three kinds of speculation and profiteering in the food trades. The first is of the inherent or speculative character of foodstuffs due to their seasonal nature. The farmer, more by habit than necessity, usually markets the bulk of his grain in the fall. By necessity he must market his animals at certain seasons, for they must be bred at certain seasonable periods, they must be fed at certain seasons, and thus come to market in waves of production larger than the immediate demand. In perishables he must market fairly promptly, as he cannot himself maintain necessary special types of storage. Thus the dealer must speculate on carrying the commodities for distribution during the period of short production, while the farmer markets in time of surplus production.

While full competitive conditions might reduce the charges for this hazard there is a possibility of reducing the hazard by better organization and consequently the charge for the hazard that is now debited to the farmer. It is worth an exhaustive national investigation to determine whether an extension of a system of central markets would not afford great help. I do not mean the extension of our so-called exchange dealing in local produce but the creation of great central exchange markets with responsibilities for service to the entire people. This help arises in two ways. The first is the hourly determination of price at great centers that all may know, and thus the farmer protect himself against local variations and manipulation. The second is a system of forward contracts through such a market between farmer and consumer on standardized commodities. Such contracts in effect remove the necessity of a speculative middleman. This system exists in grain and cotton and in its processes eliminates a large part of the hazard and carries the commodity at the lower rate of interest. The present trouble with the system of future contracts is that it lends itself to manipulation, but I believe this could be eliminated.

If we take the case of potatoes, here is an unstandardized seasonal commodity, with no national market and therefore no established daily price as a datum point. A grower in Florida, Maine or Wisconsin, through a local agent or through local sale, consigns potatoes to Pittsburgh because a larger price is reported there than in Chicago. The grower can usually make no actual sale to an actual retailer or wholesaler at destination because the buyer has no assurance of quality. Coincident shipment from many points to a hopeful market almost daily produces a local glut at receiving points somewhere in the country. Often enough the shipper gets no return but a bill for freight, and the perishables sometimes rot in the yards.

If potatoes were standardized and sold on contract in national market, protected from manipulation, three things would result. First, there would be a daily national price known to growers. Second, by the sale of a contract for delivery the grower would be assured of this price. Third, the contract and directions for shipment would flow naturally to the distributor where the potatoes were needed, and thus the present fearfully wasteful system would be mitigated.

Potatoes would be a most difficult case to handle; dried beans, peas, even butter and cheese would be easier. I am not advocating widespread dealing in futures, but short contracts giving time for delivery would probably greatly decrease the margin between farmer and local distributor by saving great wastes in transport, spoilage and manipulation.

The second class of speculation is one largely of the war as a period of rising prices growing out of inflation, and so forth. It lies in the marking up of goods on the shelf to the level of the rising daily market. This marking up has been one of the large factors in increasing the margin during the war. No better example exists than the rise of flour during the 1916–17 harvest year, referred to elsewhere. We shall have a remedy for this the moment the tide of inflation turns. The farmer and consumer cannot, however, expect that they will get even, during such a reverse period, for their losses on the rise, because the trades have too great an individual power of resistance against selling goods at a loss. Anyway, the marking up of goods will cease when prices cease to rise—and there is a limit.

The third class of speculation is wholly vicious. That is the purchase of foodstuffs in times of rising economic levels, sheerly for the rise in price or the deliberate manipulation of markets during normal times. These operations are against the common welfare; they can find no moral or economic justification. They are not to be reached by prosecution; they must be reached by prevention. Our great boards of trade in fine patriotic spirit proved their ability during the war to control deliberate manipulation of grain and other futures. Both of the two latter types of speculation are an impediment to free markets and they become an unnecessary charge on the margin.

COÖPERATIVE MARKETING BY FARMERS. There can be no question of the improvement in position of both farmer and consumer in cases where cooperative marketing can be organized. The high development of coöperative citrus-fruit marketing has resulted in lower average prices to consumer, better quality and better return to the grower. Here is a case of scientific distribution lamentably absent in many other commodities. There are other specialized products to which it could be well extended. To reach its best development it should have parallel cooperative development among consumers as discussed elsewhere.

SUNDRY ITEMS. There are many ways of assisting the agricultural industry not pertinent to this discussion on the cost of distribution. They do demand inquiry and public illumination; most of them do not demand legislation so much as public education and consideration when legislating on other subjects. Our agricultural interests also need a foreign policy. For instance, during the last month there has been a consolidation of control of buying in world markets by the European governments. How far it may be extended in its policies is not clear. Nevertheless, a

HEINZ
APPLE BUTTER

Something especially fine for children

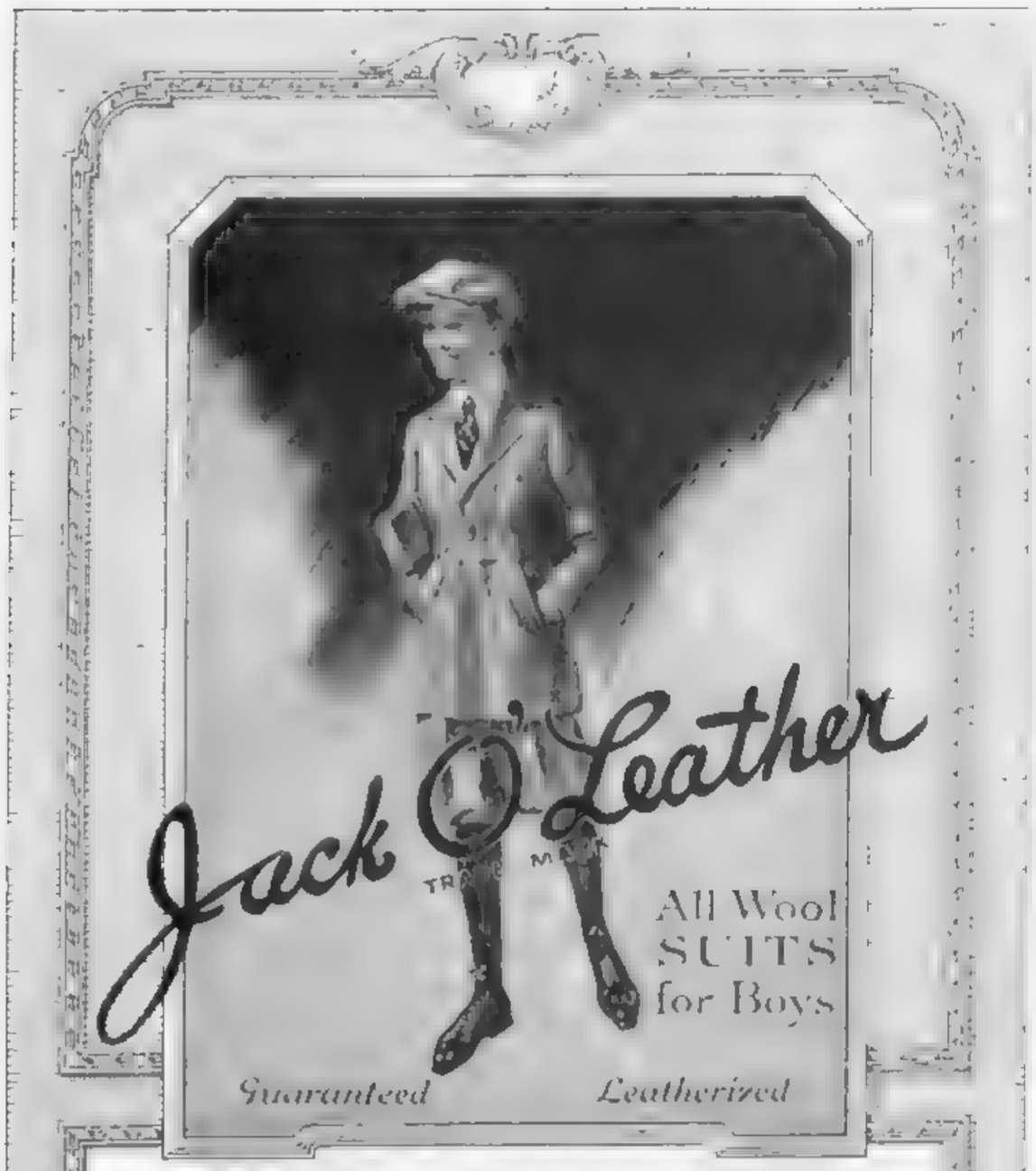
HERE it is once more, Heinz Apple Butter, the same old-fashioned apple butter, made from choice apples, cooked in cider, with the same rich, appetite-provoking spiciness, made the way your mother used to make it. It is just as good for your children as that old-time apple butter was for you. They will like it better than dairy butter—just as you did. And you will have found a new dainty for the children's table, which you will also insist on for your own supper.

Some of the

57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



LEATHER INSIDE-
Style Outside

JACK O'LEATHER SUITS combine the long-wear of real leather with the good looks of finely tailored, all-wool fabrics.

They definitely solve the problem of keeping boys well-dressed at moderate cost.

All the hard-used spots—seat, knees, elbows and pockets—are reinforced with soft, pliable, lightweight, *real leather*.

This leather lining accomplishes two big things—it catches the inside wear (half of all the wear on boys' clothes comes on the inside), and it keeps the suits from stretching out of shape and getting shabby.

Jack O'Leather Suits cost no more than the usual well-made, all-wool suits—yet they wear twice as long.

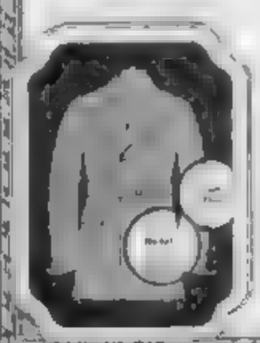
And they save lots of patching and darning.

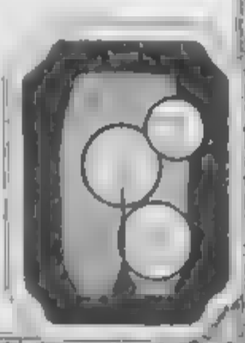
They are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction in every way.

One merchant in your town sells Jack O'Leather Suits for Boys. If you can't find him, write us.

The Diagrams tell the Story

"Leatherized" where the wear comes with a lining of soft, pliable, real leather at seat, knees, elbows and all pockets.





J.J. PREIS & CO.
636-638 BROADWAY
New York City

combination of importers in all Europe under government control could make the prices on every farm in the United States.

The Margin Between the Wholesaler and the Consumer

As the datum point of price determination is the wholesaler's market the accretions of charge for distribution from that point forward, the economy or extravagance in these costs, are of primary interest to the consumer. The same phenomena—of marking up goods on the shelf, calculating profits not on commodities but on dollars handled, a minor amount of vicious speculation, the passing on of excess-profits tax—are present in these trades during the past years. A much more pertinent phenomenon in unduly increasing their margins is the increasing demands of the consumer as to service. Several deliveries daily, purchases on credit, the abandonment of the market basket in favor of the telephone have many costs. One of them, much overlooked, is that customers must always have first quality when they buy blind over the telephone, and the seconds and thirds, of equal food value in many commodities, go to waste and are added to the price of the firsts. That there are some people in the United States who want to buy sanely is evidenced by the 400 per cent increase in cash-and-carry shops, which do business on approximately sixty per cent of the cost of the delivery-and-credit shops.

There are also too many people in the final stages of distribution. One city in the United States has one meat retailer for every 400 inhabitants; it would be equally well served with one dealer to every 1200. The result is high margin to the retailers and no out-of-the-way income to any of them. There is no very immediate remedy to this. One possibility is an extension of coöperative buying by consumers. It has proved a great success abroad. It is not socialism, for it arises from voluntary action and initiative among the people themselves.

Ill Balance of Agriculture and General Industry

There is now a tendency to ill balance between the agricultural and general industry. For many years we were large exporters of food and importers of manufactured goods. We gradually imported mouths, manufactured our own goods and just as rapidly diminished our food exports. Up to the point where we consumed our own food and manufactured our own goods it has been a great national development.

Our annual exports of food decreased during the past twenty-five years from some fifteen million tons to about six millions just before the European war. In the meantime we increased import of such commodities as sugar, rice, vegetable oils, until our net exports were about five million tons. Of the kinds of food exported this probably represents the decreased exports of from twenty-five to thirty per cent of our production down to five per cent of it.

During the war we gave special stimulus to food production and produced greater economies in consumption, so that these later years somewhat befog the real current, for our agricultural surplus in normal years is really very small. During the war and since, we have given great stimulus to our manufacturing industries. If we shall continue to build up our manufacturing industries and our export trade without corresponding encouragement to agriculture we shall soon have more mouths in our country than we can feed on our own produce. We shall, like the European states which have devoted themselves to industrial development, ultimately become dependent upon overseas food supplies. If we examine their situation we find the very life of their people is thus dependent upon maintaining open free access to overseas markets.

From this necessity have grown the great naval armaments of the world, and the burden they imply on all sections of their population. Such nations, of necessity, have engaged in fierce competition for markets for their industrial products. Thus they built up the background of world conflicts. The titanic struggles that have resulted have endangered the very lives of their people by starvation. Their war tactics have, in large degree, been directed to strangle food supplies. One other result of this development is the terrible congestion of populations in manufacturing areas, with all the social and human difficulties that this implies.

There is a jeopardy in industrial overdevelopment which has received too little attention because the world has experienced it only during the past eighteen months. In times of industrial depression or great increase in the cost of living, whether brought about by war or by the ebb and flow of world prosperity, these populations, oppressed with misery, turn to political remedies for matters that are beyond human control. They naturally resent the lowering of their standards of living, and they inevitably resort to industrial strife, to strikes and disorder. Theirs is the breeding ground of radicalism—for all such phenomena belong to the towns and not to the country.

By and large, our industries are now in a high state of prosperity. More favorable hours, more favorable wages, are to-day offered in industry than in agriculture. The industries are drawing the workers from our farms. If this balance in relative returns is to continue we face a gradual decrease in our agricultural productivity. If we should develop our industrial side during the next five years as rapidly as we have during the past five years we shall by that time be faced with the necessity to import foodstuffs to supplement our own food supplies.

Some economists will argue, of course, that if we can manufacture goods cheaper than the rest of the world and exchange them for foodstuffs abroad we should do so. But such arguments again ignore certain fundamental social and broad political questions. These dangers have become more emphasized by experience of the war. From dependence on overseas supplies for food we shall, by the very concern that will grow in the public mind as to the safety of these supplies, soon find ourselves discussing the question of dominating the seas. Our international relations will have become infinitely more complex and more difficult. Unless the League of Nations serves its ideal we shall need to burden ourselves with more taxation to maintain great naval and military forces.

But of far more importance than this is that social stability of our country, the development of our national life, rests in the spirit of our farms and surrounds our villages. These are the sources that have always supplied our country with its true Americanism, its new and fresh minds, its physical and its moral strength. Industry's real market is with the farmer by the constant increase of his standard of living. We want our exports to grow in exchange for commodities we need from abroad, but we want them to grow in tune with our social and political interests, and to do so they must grow in step with our agriculture.

In conclusion, we are in a period of high inflation and shortage of world production, and consequent abnormal prices. The tide is likely to turn almost any time. Some of the outrageous margin between the farmer and consumer will be lessened by the turn in the tide itself, for it will eliminate the marking up of goods and the opportunity of vicious speculation. The dangers of the turn are twofold: First, that unless we constructively remedy the unnecessary margin between the farmer and the wholesaler the farmer will receive the brunt of the fall long before the supplies he must buy and labor he must employ will have fallen into step. It will bring to him the greatest suffering in the community. The farmer's position can be remedied by better distribution of the tax load, by improvement in our transportation system, by getting our markets free of impediments to free flow of competition, and by constructive improvement in our whole distribution system. The consumer will get relief from deflation, improvement in world production, and by eliminating the same wastes and unnecessary costs in our distribution system.

The second danger is that deflation itself will take place without constructive consideration. Great wisdom will be required on the part of our Government in its great control of credit that it shall take place progressively and with care, in order that there shall be no sudden breaks, with their resulting demoralization, unemployment and misery.

We require a careful balance of general industry to agriculture. We cannot afford to build this nation into an industrial state dependent upon other lands for its food supply. We want our industries to grow, but we want agriculture to grow in pace with them. Many of our farmers made great sacrifices in the war; they do not want to be coddled in peace; but they must have an equality of opportunity with all the other elements in the country.

The *Greater* American

THE BALANCED SIX

Known to thousands as the *"Smile Car"* by reason of its unfailing, joy-giving performance, the original American Balanced Six swiftly won its way to leadership.

Now comes a *greater* American to add new fame and gain new friends for this justly celebrated car.

Full-powered, trim in every line and embodying the same *balanced* principles of construction as earlier American models, this *Greater* American is a worthy successor to the first Balanced Six.

You have a new joy in store for you when you take your first ride in this Greater "Smile Car."

Herschell-Spillman "6-60" Motor
3½" bore x 5" stroke
developing 60 H. P. at 2200 R. P. M.

Wheelbase 127 inches

5-Passenger Touring Car
7-Passenger Touring Car
3-Passenger Roadster
7-Passenger Sedan

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION
Factories: Plainfield, N. J., and Greensboro, N. C.

The Balanced Six

AMERICAN

Miles of Smiles

Are you pounding away your energy?

FRESH and vigorous in the morning—yet long before the day's work is done you begin to tire. By half past three or four fatigue is stealing your strength.

This fatigue decreases the amount of work you can do. It makes pleasure less enjoyable. It lowers your resistance to disease.

A certain amount of fatigue is natural and inevitable—but too many men and women waste much of their precious energy.

One of the greatest of these wastes comes from pounding away your energy on hard, modern pavements. If you are a person of average activity you take 8,000 steps a day. Every step you take with hard leather heels or "dead" rubber heels acts as a hammer blow to your nervous system. The constant repetition of these jolts and jars tends to exhaust your energy—to produce that tired-out feeling you so often experience.

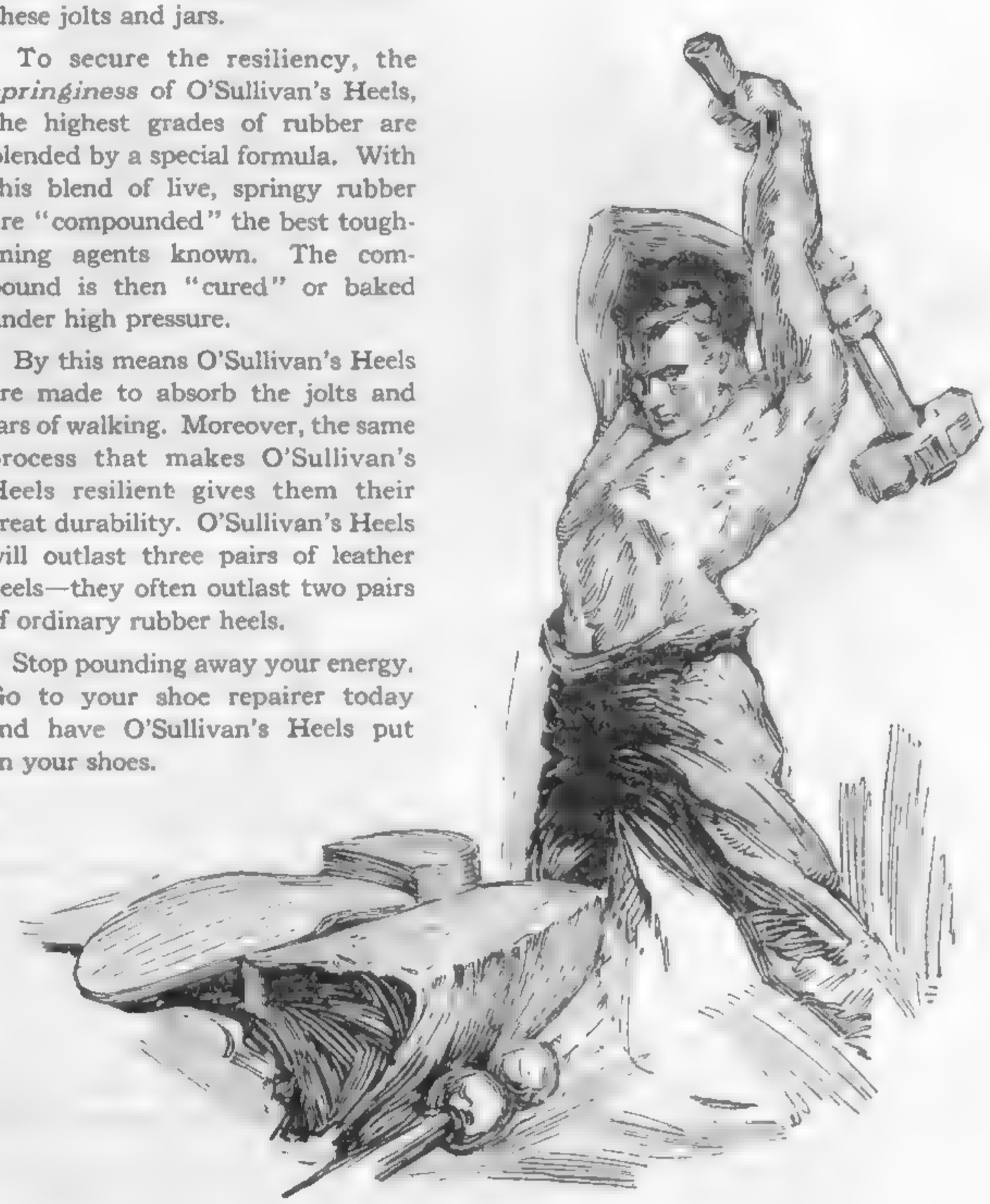
Remove this cause of fatigue

You can do much to prevent this condition. You can eliminate the shocks of pounding hard heels on still harder pavements. O'Sullivan's Heels are especially made to absorb these jolts and jars.

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by a special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

By this means O'Sullivan's Heels are made to absorb the jolts and jars of walking. Moreover, the same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels will outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



Every step a hammer blow

Advancing civilization has covered over the soft dirt streets and paths of years ago with layers of hard, unyielding pavement. When we walked on country roadways the earth itself cushioned the jolts and jars of walking. Then, leather heels served their purpose. But today hard heels are doomed.

With every step on leather heels or "dead" rubber heels you are pounding away your energy. Each step you take acts as a hammer blow to your nervous system—tends to exhaust your strength. Yet you can prevent this needless waste of energy. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the shocks that tire you out.

BEEVES FROM THE ARGGENTYNE

(Continued from Page 34)

"I was readin' a bit of a piece in the noospaper last evenin' how that the Arggentyne is goin' in the war ferninst Germany. That'll be the makin' of another million or two fer yer stipbrother, won't it, Shamus? They do say that beef people makes scads of money in wartoimes."

With a smothered ejaculation Shamus walked quickly away. Old Jerry gazed after him and shook his head.

"It makes Shamus fair sick, I s'pose, thinkin' over what he missed by not jinin' his stipbrother and goin' in the cattle business in the Arggentyne," he said to himself as he shouldered his pick and shovel and took up his stubby broom.

Shamus was hidden in a shed back of the warehouse, watching with troubled eyes, through a knot hole in the side of the building, his stepbrother at work by the side of Tony the Dago. He was torturing and cudgeling his brain, searching for some plan, trying to evolve some scheme whereby he could rid himself of this incubus that had descended upon him and which he well knew would fix itself to him for all time to come if he permitted.

"The limpy lummix is a coward, a duck-hearted coward—I mustn't ferget that. I must proceed with that fact stiddy in me moind all the toime and not overlook it," he murmured. "Scare him out of the town, out of the county, out of the state—that's the ticket! Now, what's thim chaps up to now?"

Jemmy O'Sheel had been poking at something in the mud with the point of his shovel—a black, soft, formless object. Shamus saw him push it this way and that and then bend over it to examine it more closely. The Italian joined him and together they tossed the object back and forth. Suddenly the Italian's hand went out and seized the black muddied object, and with a quick movement it was thrust beneath his blouse. He saw the man whisper to Jemmy and both of them glanced to this side and that to see if they had been watched. The next moment the Italian threw the thing, whatever it was, behind a pile of steel rails that lay near by and with a few shovels of dirt buried it from sight. The two men then took up their work with unusual zest.

From his hidden station Shamus had seen enough through the knot hole with his nearsighted eyes to guess at what had happened. He whistled softly, then smiled, then hugged himself and finally essayed a clog. In a few moments he appeared strolling carelessly among the workmen, observing this and that detail of the work they were doing, criticizing here, giving orders there. He called to the Italian and Jemmy O'Sheel.

"Hey, b'ys, take this busted piece of salamander and carry it down to the drop back of the stock yards," he said. "Move along, lads, move along!"

The two men picked up the heavy piece of iron and walked away with it. As soon as they were out of sight he wandered over to the pile of rails, sat down on it, and reaching over behind it dug into a little heap of dirt with his fingers and drew forth the black object which the Italian had thrown there. He rose and carried it into the warehouse shed. It was a black and grimy, water-soaked canvas bag. Something inside it gave forth a chinking sound as he shook it about.

When he tore a hole in the half-rotten cloth and looked into its dirty depths he saw the glitter of gold.

"I thought thim laddybucks had found it!" he chuckled. "Fifty dollars reward!"

He found an old piece of jute sacking, wrapped it about the bag of gold and thrust the bundle beneath his coat. Then he left the shed and walked down through the yard toward the bar mill where roller David Jordan worked. When he returned twenty minutes later five ten-dollar gold pieces rattled pleasantly in a pocket of his overalls.

When the five-o'clock whistle blew he led the way toward the tool house where the workmen's tools were to be stored, aware that the Italian and Jemmy O'Sheel were lingering behind. Once he glanced back over his shoulder and grinned at what he beheld. Jemmy and Tony were engaged in a violent altercation near the pile of rails. The Italian was waving excited hands before the wondering face of Jemmy.

"The Dago's accusin' me stipbrother of havin' hooked the wad," chuckled Shamus contentedly as he strode briskly on, "and alriddy he's thrit'nin' to cut out me rilative's heart and make mincemeat of it, I bet a dime!"

Outside the mill-yard gate he lingered. When Jemmy O'Sheel appeared he was alone—the Italian was not to be seen, that gentleman having remained in the yard to continue his search for the lost bag. Shamus plucked his relative by the sleeve and drew him behind a string of box cars.

"Whisht, lad!" he whispered. "They're after ye!"

"After me? Who is?" gasped Jemmy.

"The Fideral ossifers fer wan bunch. They was in the mill yard no more'n two hours ago lookin' fer ye. They think ye're a German spy."

Jemmy's eyes grew big with terror.

"Me? I—I—I ——"

He could only stutter and stammer—the words would not come.

"They're loikely to hang ye if they get ye on that charge. These wartoimes is bad toimes to have the Fideral b'ys after ye. And more nor that, the owner of the Dew Drop has got out a warrant fer yer arrist fer jumpin' a board bill. Polder, the Welsh bull, come out fer ye, but I steered him off—told him to wait till tomorry. It'll spell the word pinitintiary fer ye, me bucko."

"But I—I told the Dew Drop felly ——"

"And Tony the Dago will gouge yer heart out by the roots if he thinks he's got a grudge agin ye. He's a haythen—a bad one. They say he's killed nine min in his loife. Didn't I see him talkin' to ye loike he was peeved at ye about somethin'? If he was, ye should go to a lawyer and have yer will drawed up at wance, me b'y."

"He's alriddy thritened me, Shamus!" cried Jemmy, his lips trembling. "He says I stole a bag of money we found in the yard."

"Money? Did ye foind money in the mill yard? That's a good wan!"

"Yes—I don't know. Tony said it was a bag of money, but I didn't see any money about it."

"What's this crazy talk about foindin' money lyin' loose about in the mill yard, ye dummy? Ye'll be sayin' nixt that ye found a bottle or two of Dew Drop booze in the mill yard! The Dago's pickin' a fuss on ye and ye're in a toight pickle three ways at wance, what with him after yer heart, the Fideral ossifers after ye for bein' a German spy, and Polder, the Welsh bull, huntin' ye down fer board jumpin'. Bad, bad, bad, me b'y!"

"What'll I do, Shamus, what'll I do?"

Shamus mused a few moments.

"How much do ye owe the Dew Drop?" he asked.

"Betwixt fifteen and twinty dollars."

"Think of that—all fer booze! Thin listen to me now. I'll help ye out of yer difficulties because ye're wan of me fambly, not because I love ye. Here's twinty dollars. Go up quietly to the Dew Drop, sneak in the back way and pay off what ye owe there. Thin lay low in some dark hole where the Fideral ossifers nor Polder, the Welsh bull, won't loikely look. Lay low there until a few minutes before eight o'clock this evenin' whin ye should come to the South Daypo ferninst the crazy asylum, takin' the alleys and the dark streets to get there. I'll be waitin' fer ye and I'll have yer ticket bought that'll carry ye away to a safe spot where ye'll be safe from the Fideral ossifers, safe from Polder, safe from the murderin' Dago. Ye've got to do this, Mr. O'Sheel, and I'm helpin' ye because ye're wan of me fambly, and also because it'll be cheaper to do it this way than it would be to bury ye after the Dago finishes up with ye.

"It's the only thing ye can do, that I see. I niver yet went back on a mimber of the O'Ney fambly. Ye can sind me back the money as soon as ye get established in yer new location. It'll be fifty bucks all told. Well, what d'ye say?"

"Yes, yes! Whativer ye tell me to do, Shamus, that I'll do! Get me out of this pickle and I'll remimber ye as long as I live."

How many Belts should a Man have?

A certain actor who enjoys leading the way in men's fashions has thirty-four—a belt for every suit. Of course he's hardly typical

Among men of affairs the average is three or four belts—a couple for dress, one for business, another for play.

You have six or a dozen scarfs; three or four hats and caps; two or three pairs of shoes. A belt or two extra is equally a convenience—and you are assured as well of correctness for every occasion if your belts are Braxtons.

You know the Braxton—it's the belt that's shaped to fit the body. It rests trimly and snugly on the hips. Your shirt stays in. Your trousers never "bunch" at the waist. It adds to your comfort and improves your appearance.

The Braxton is made in seven fine leathers with interchangeable buckles—a plus belt throughout. Step into any one of the better shops for *your* Braxton, today.

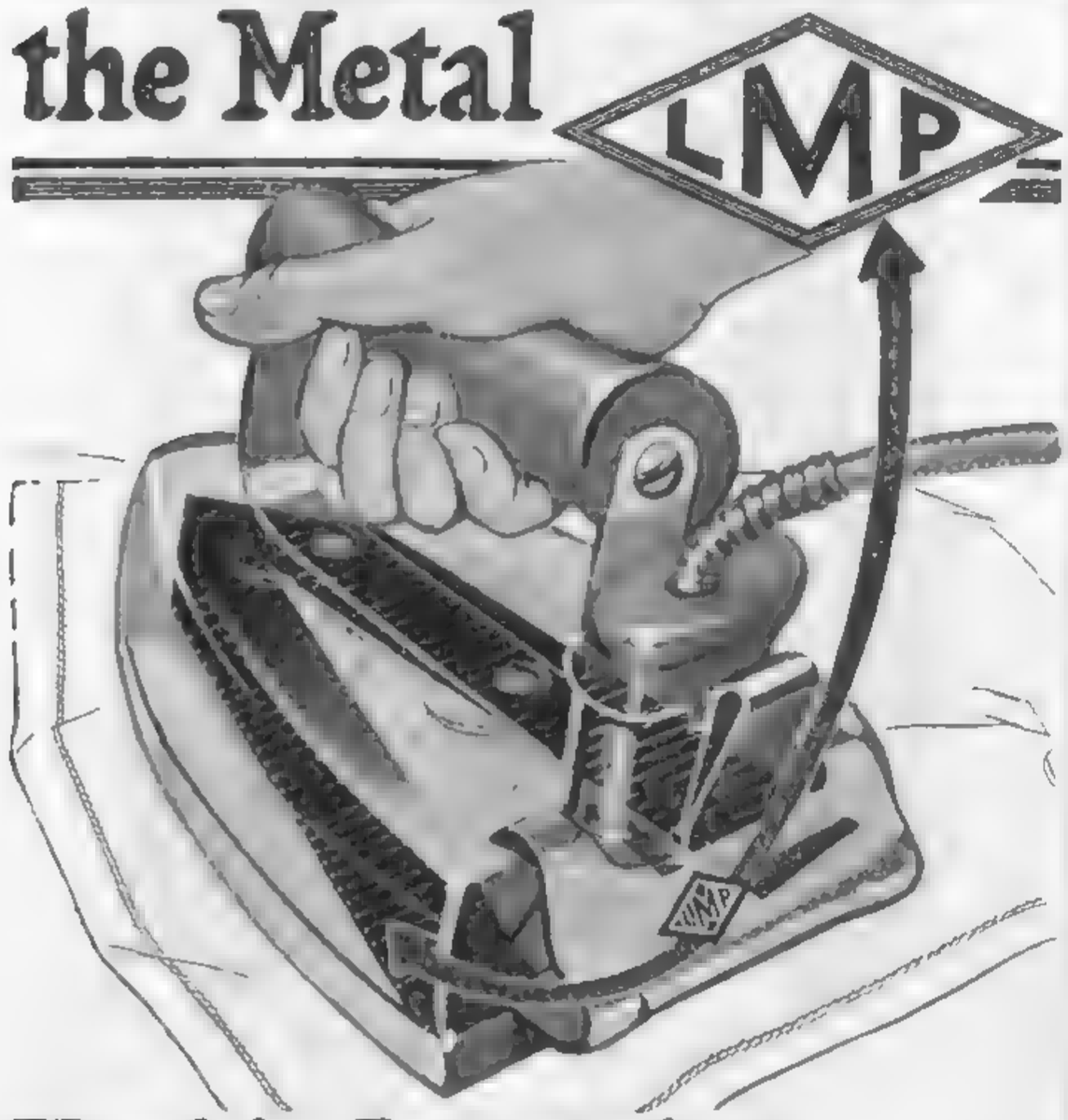
The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED

This Mark Identifies the Metal



Used in Irons that —Don't Burn Out

Its presence on your iron means that the unseen wire which gives off heat when you snap the switch, will not burn out till it has given long and satisfactory service.

It stands for durability, dependability, and freedom from repairs. Your toaster, your percolator—in fact, *all your standard electrically heated appliances* carry this significant mark. It is the maker's guarantee of quality and your own assurance of lasting satisfaction with the product.

Chromel
MARSH ALLOYS

THE HEAT-RESISTANT METAL

Those three letters, LMP, represent the words, "Licensed Under Marsh Patents," and mean that the all-important heating element is a nickel-chromium alloy made under the patents issued to Hoskins, Detroit, when Chromel, the original alloy, was discovered.

Industrial Uses for Chromel

Chromel's remarkable heat-resistant properties, at temperatures up to 2000° F., suggest its use in many places where high temperatures quickly break down iron and steel.

Its use is particularly recommended where making renewals entails tearing down the apparatus.

Chromel is used in Hoskins Electric Furnaces and is the alloy most widely used for pyrometer thermocouples. Metallurgists, chemists, and production managers confronted with heat problems are invited to write the Research Dept., Hoskins Mfg. Co., Detroit. Note: Chromel as resistance wire is sold only to licensees, except for experimental purposes.

ORIGINATED BY
HOSKINS · DETROIT

"Niver mound doin' that, me b'y—I don't care about that, not at all! Here's the twinty. Moind now that ye lay low and say naught to nobody. The train starts from the South Daypo at eight. Be there at tin minutes of. If ye fail I wash me hands of ye. Skiddoo, ye lump of misfortune!"

At seven-thirty that evening Shamus O'Ney entered the waiting room of the South Depot and sought the ticket agent.

"Will you koindly sill me a ticket fer wan thousand moiles?" he requested.

"Sure thing!" replied the agent. "Where to?"

"It don't matter where—just a ticket fer wan thousand moiles."

"What direction—east, west, north or south?"

"Which direction does the eight o'clock train run?"

"West."

"Thin I'll take wan fer the Wist."

"Any place, just so it's a thousand miles distant, eh?"

"That's the ticket."

The agent busied himself with his official guide.

"How would Buffalo Swamp, North Dakota, suit you?" he asked, looking up.

"That's the very place I was tryin' to remimber in me moind. Fix me up a pass to Buffalo Swamp."

"Twenty-six fifty," said the agent, coming to the window with the ticket.

"It's dirt chape!" murmured Shamus, putting down three gold pieces. He picked up his change and the ticket and strolled out to the platform. He glanced up at a clock above the station door—it was fifteen minutes of eight. He stood and watched the minute hand move up to twelve minutes—to ten, up to five. Jemmy O'Sheel had not put in his appearance and it was five minutes to eight!

Shamus was now perspiring. He paced up and down the platform, stopping every few steps to go and peer out into the darkened street, mopping his face the while with his red bandanna handkerchief and fumbling the ticket which he held gripped in his left hand.

The minute hand of the clock moved up to four minutes of eight, to three. He took off his hat and fanned his red face.

"If it wasn't fer me old woman and the kids I'd niver wait fer the hyena—I'd loight out fer Buffalo Swamp meself," he growled.

Three minutes of eight and a few seconds past and then he caught sight of a limping figure slipping round the corner of the station, and Jemmy O'Sheel bore down upon him, singing in a maudlin voice, "Whin the roses bloom in springtime I'll be wid ye, Kathy dear!"

Beholding his relative in front of him, the singer checked his singing and with a cry threw himself upon Shamus' mighty bosom, where he burst into a fit of weeping.

"Shave me, Shamus! Shave me!" he sobbed. "They're after me! Don't let thim have me! Don't sind me away from ye—I nade ye! Shave me, Shamus!"

Shamus tore away the hands that were clasped about his neck.

"Whisht, man!" he whispered. "Still yer bazoo! The Dago's over beyant the wall there with a knife as long as a bed slat! Come along, ye leather-headed lout! He'll be carvin' yer heart out in a jiffy—afore ye can get on the train if ye don't get a hump on ye!"

He rushed the man violently across the platform toward the passenger train that was just then steaming into the station, hurried him up the car steps and into the smoking car, where he slammed him down into a seat.

"Here's yer ticket and here's a bit of change ye can use to buy a snack or two to eat with on the trip. Stay right on this train till they puts ye off. Whin they puts ye off ye'll be there. Don't thank me, b'y—I always stand by the mimbers of me fambly. I'll go now and hold the Dago till the train starts. So long, ye baboon!"

The train was getting under way as he went down the car steps. Once more on the platform he again drew his red bandanna from his pocket and vigorously mopped his face and neck and ears and head.

"Wan or two more experiments loike that and me intire nervous system would be a total wrick!" he muttered. "Whe-e!"

Someone came up behind him and touched him on the arm. He turned and beheld old Jerry Tout.

"That were a very tinder partin' scene ye held there just now," said Jerry. "Some frind goin' away?"

Shamus reached out and laid his hand on Jerry's shoulder, drawing the old man closer to him.

"Jerry, me b'y, this is atween me and you, man to man, so kape it to yersilf. Whisht, man, that was me long-lost stipbrother, the Honorable Jemmy O'Sheel."

"Yer stipbrother! I'd a swore, Shamus, it were the limpy lad ye had workin' in yer gang the last few days. Yer stipbrother! Is it the same stip——"

"The same wan, Jerry."

"And what moight yer stipbrother be doin' up here, if I may ask ye?"

"Whisht, now, Jerry! It's a deadly secret! I should till it to no man, but if ye'll promise ye'll niver repate it while the war lasts and if ye'll promise not to ask me no more questions—niver so long as ye may live, Jerry—thin I'll till ye. D'ye want to promise?"

"I promise ye all that, Shamus."

"He was here tryin' to smuggle in a load of fat beeves from the Arggentyne—a shipload, Jerry."

The Soul of Bread

WHEAT is only the substance; Yeast is the soul of Bread. For it is Yeast that converts the flour of wheat into Bread as you know it—the sweetest, most wholesome and most delicious of all foods.

Without Yeast, Bread would be only dough—a lifeless, indigestible mass. It is only by aid of the action of Yeast that you are able to have Bread—and what would life be without it?

Yet strangely enough, though everyone knows Bread, few people know the history of Yeast, or even what it is.

Yeast is a plant of cell form, so tiny that it cannot be seen by the naked eye. It takes millions of Yeast cells to raise just one light, porous, fragrant loaf of Bread.

Yet despite its infinitesimal size, Yeast is possessed of infinite energy—a rich wealth of nutrition in itself and also the power to develop the latent nutrition of flour—a nutrition so vast that nations depend upon it for health and energy.

Delicate as an orchid, and requiring the most skilled tender handling, the Yeast plant develops rapidly under ideal conditions. The Fleischmann Company supplies these conditions; through laboratory processes bringing to the priceless cell the elements of sunshine, moisture and warmth needed by any plant for growth, and especially needed to produce Yeast of the purity and strength demanded by the scientific modern baker.

From the finest selected materials, a water extract is made to produce food for the priceless growing cell. Later it is separated from the liquid, pressed into cakes, cut and wrapped—ready to deliver.

It takes eleven great factories and a highly perfected distributing system throughout the country to make and deliver the nation's supply of Compressed Yeast, fresh every day.

Over 30,000 bakers depend on Fleischmann's Yeast—the kind you know so well—to help them bake Bread light and delicious enough to satisfy your desires.

When you enjoy your next slice of Bread, remember that the tiny Yeast plant is to thank for this best of all foods that keeps you nourished and cuts down your High Cost of Living.

Order an extra loaf today.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY

IN ALL CITIES

THOUSANDS of the nation's largest and most important institutions and industries have found that these newer and different paper towels answer a requirement which no other product adequately meets.

In the lavatories of factories, offices, office buildings, colleges, hospitals and hotels—wherever sanitation and personal cleanliness should prevail—Northern Fibre Folded Towels are essential.

Users comment most frequently on the cloth-like consistency of these towels and their rapid absorption of moisture. They appreciate, too, the prevention of waste by the one-at-a-time delivery from a neat cabinet.

Write us for the name of a nearby paper merchant who will supply you

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS
GREEN BAY WISCONSIN

Northern
FIBRE FOLDED TOWELS

HOP

(Continued from Page 8)

the door swung open. Chin Fat entered quickly and looked about him. Goo Yat, who had opened the door, proceeded with the business of fastening it. He fixed seven strap-iron hasps in their places and across the breadth of the door set three iron bars. Seven padlocks snapped to their staples. Over the whole surface Goo Yat swung an iron grille, which clanked in contact with appropriate eyebolts anchored in the brickwork about the frame of the door. Goo Yat turned to the newcomer.

"How did you get here?"

Chin Fat explained the manner of his coming.

"Ai," the old man remarked. "Did you bring opium?"

The eyes of Chin Fat narrowed quickly.

"Two tins of it," he answered. "I wish to sell it. What is it worth?"

"That can be arranged," the old man said. "Just now I will give you fifty dollars for a five-tael tin."

Chin Fat laughed a moment in derision.

"It has been worth thrice that much for many years," he said.

Negotiations ended with the sale of two five-tael tins, for which Chin Fat received three hundred dollars.

"I shall live here for a while," he said to the old man. "I shall live here until I can learn enough of the local language to enable me to shift for myself."

"That is well," Goo Yat replied. "Come with me."

He led the way through a narrow passageway which ended in a bulkhead of undisturbed clay. The passageway was lined with doors set at intervals of ten feet. These doors opened upon criblike rooms, whose ceilings were but six feet above the earth floor. At the end of the passageway Goo Yat reached his hand above his head and fumbled for an instant, searching for something which lay on the ceiling of the low rooms. His hand came back, clutching the end of a short rope ladder whose fastenings lay in the obscurity beyond the feeble rays of a coal-oil lantern which hung against the end of the passage. He climbed this ladder.

"Follow me," he directed.

Chin Fat followed the old man. He took hold of his guide's coat and marched for a distance of twenty feet into the shadows at the right. Here in a room cut in the earth a solitary candle burned. Chin Fat saw about him various low benches arranged in regular order against a wall of earth. His guide turned to him.

"This would be a good place to live," he said. "For twenty-five cents a week your residence can be maintained. For that rental one of these sleeping benches is yours, and the box which stands at its head. Your associates ask no questions. Some of them are in disfavor with the authorities who govern this city."

Chin Fat noticed that three or four of the benches deep in the shadows were occupied.

"It is well," he agreed. "For the present I shall live here. And the matter of food?" he asked.

"Come with me," Goo Yat directed.

The pair retraced their steps and at the opposite end of the gallery they dived into another dark cavern. In one corner stood a low iron stove. Near it was a box half filled with chicken feathers. A rusted water pipe terminated in a faucet dull with verdigris. The incessant drip of leaking water from this faucet kept the floor of the room perpetually damp. Two cooking pots hung on heavy wire spikes driven into the clay wall. A little bundle of fragments broken from the thin panels of a packing box lay beside the stove. On this firewood lay a rusty hatchet. Against the wall of the room hung a cup of oil from which extended a wick whose weak flame thinned in its hunger for oxygen.

"The light burns night and day," Goo Yat explained. "Within this iron stove a cooking fire is made when you desire to eat. I can purchase rice for you, or chicken if you choose to afford it, and here you can prepare your meals. For the use of this kitchen I shall charge you twenty-five cents a week."

"How many other people use it?" Chin Fat asked.

"Seventeen breakfasts were cooked this morning," the old man replied.

"That is a lucky number," Chin Fat commented. "I shall cook here. And now if you will lend me a pipe I shall retreat from fatigue behind the mask of smoke which comes when a pill of good black gum is burned."

"I forbid your smoking here," the old man ordered. "No one smokes here. There are proper places for that indulgence. This is not one of them."

Chin Fat laughed in irony.

"Of liars thou art the greatest. Opium has been smoked in here within the last hour. The police can be interested. Do you permit smoking?"

He smiled in evil emphasis of his question. The old man returned the smile, but a note of fear was in his reply.

"It is permitted," he said.

Chin Fat spoke sharply.

"That is well." He gave the old man some silver money. "Buy me a piece of pork for roasting, and a dried duck, and tea and rice." He thought of the treasure of opium carried in the quilted vest which girdled his ribs. "Each day provide rich food for me so long as I remain here. Each day speak English words to me that I may learn the language of the streets. Begone!"

In the course of the ensuing ten weeks Chin Fat accomplished three things: He equipped himself with a wardrobe appropriate to the city in which he lived; he sold two more tins of opium to Goo Yat, discovering with this second transaction that the old man kept his money in a leather belt about his waist; last of all he added more than a hundred words of English to his vocabulary.

Under the clothes which Goo Yat purchased for him from a tailor in Chinatown Chin Fat still wore the quilted vest, in whose fabric were carried thirty tins of opium. On the night of the twenty-sixth year of Kwang-Su, being Cap-Sun, or the thirty-sixth year of the cycle, Chin Fat made his second journey into the San Francisco night.

"It is the eighteenth day of the Third Moon," he said to Goo Yat. "The day of the God of the Central Mountain, of the Three Brothers, and of the Goddess Tu Hen, who is worshiped behind graves. I am twenty-four years old this day. I shall journey to the temple and there make my devotions before the Gods of the Somber Altar."

Goo Yat unlocked the several fastenings of the door of his establishment and removed the bars and the iron grille which lay between his narrow domain and the world outside.

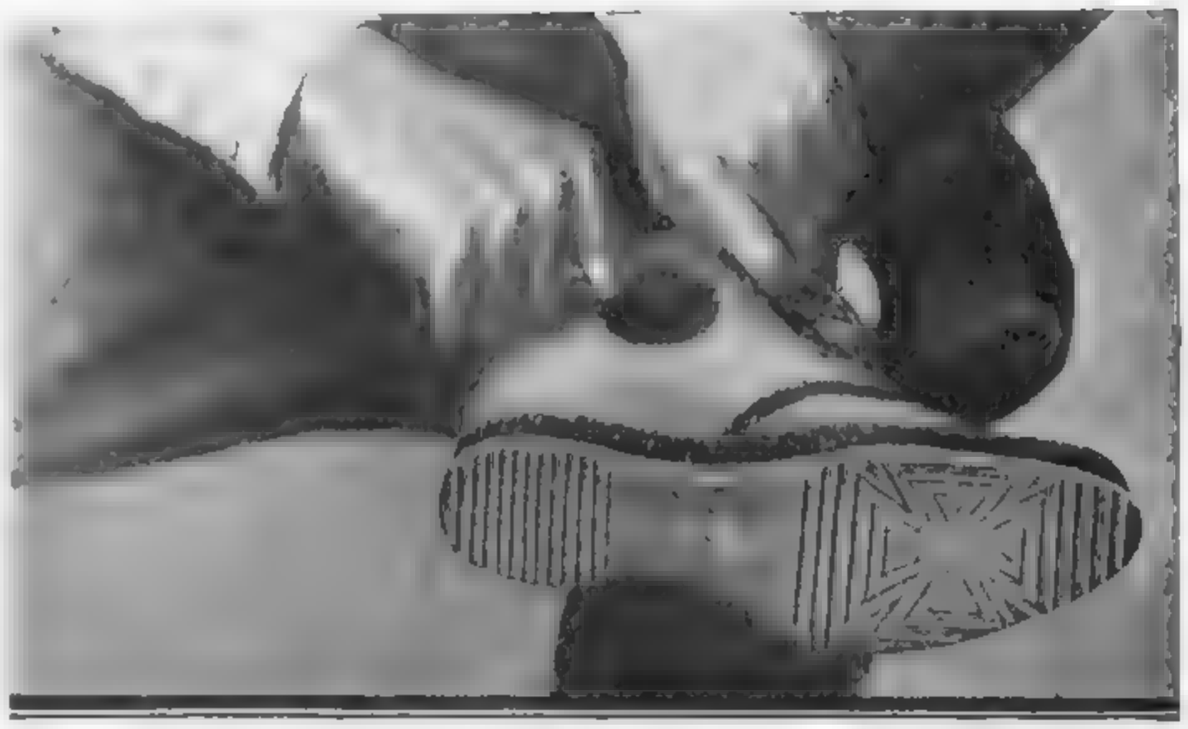
"And your return?"

"Before the night is done I shall return," Chin Fat replied. He mounted the stairs which led to the street level. "Damn this business of the gods!" Chin Fat mocked when he had reached the street. "I am twenty-four years old, and a man. In my pocket is money, and about my body is a fortune in opium."

Before the night was done Chin Fat had sold all his smuggled opium. He returned to the house of Goo Yat before dawn with more than four thousand dollars in bank notes in his belt and with ambitious plans of sinister unworthiness within his heart. Within three months he had set up an establishment of his own, in which his countrymen might indulge their passion for fantan or where if their fancy dictated they could mark a ticket for a night-time lottery. "Chin Fat," these tickets read. "Ten Thousand Dollars Night Time."

After his gambling establishment had been in operation for a month the police discovered him. He found that he could not purchase official permission to operate, and so ostensibly he closed up the gambling business. In reality his business interests were transferred to the city across San Francisco Bay, whence issued the lottery tickets. His store in Chinatown blossomed out with a fine camouflage of merchandise—red paper and brushes, bird cages, chopsticks and preserved ginger, tea, incense, back scratchers and all the impedimenta of Chinese commerce on which feed the curious appetites of tourists.

The lottery ran for a year against the laws of the state, but in obedience to the law of probability. It brought substantial sums to its proprietor, until the regularity of his income became monotonous. Then Chin Fat took a chance. It came to be common practice for him to sell two or three times as many tickets each night as he could pay out of his capital in case luck should run against him. On a night of



"GYM-BAL"

A GREAT SHOE FOR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN

IF YOU want a fine, athletic-looking shoe for summer wear—one that will save a lot of shoe money—buy this "Gym-Bal." It has more style and "pep" and will give you double the wear of the ordinary canvas shoe with rubber soles. This shoe is made of extra quality duck, either white or tan, with attractive leather trimmings. It has a protective leather ankle patch and a corrugated, non-slip sole of the finest dark red rubber—full of life and spring.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
"ARCHEASE" SHOES

The shoe shown below is the patented "Arch-ease" style of the "Gym-Bal." It prevents flat feet and fallen arches by giving perfect support to the arch. It is a wonderful shoe for boys and men with weak arches or other foot troubles.

Nearly 200,000 of the first million young men examined under the draft were found to have foot weakness. Many young mothers have serious foot troubles due to childbirth. These "Arch-ease" shoes—for men, women and boys—are a real boon to humanity. Write for the name of the Top Notch dealer in your town who sells them.

The Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co., Dept. C, Beacon Falls, Conn.

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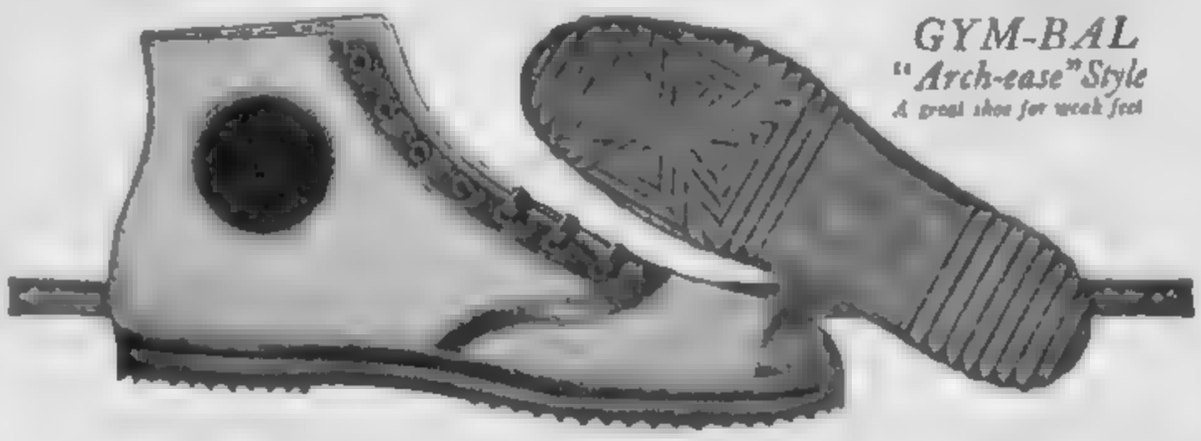

Quaker Flour

A Million Now Enjoy It

How It Captures a Community

This is what has lately happened in thousands of communities.

Leading grocers place Quaker Flour on display. Users of Quaker cereals know it must be a supergrade Flour, and they try it.

A single test makes them enthusiasts, and they tell other women. And Quaker Flour soon captures that community.

* * * *

Thus this amazing Flour has won a million users.

Four model mills have now been built to make it, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

And the fame of the Flour is spreading. There are millions of others who will want such Flour when they know it.

We believed that countless homes would like a Flour of Quaker quality. So able experts were employed to make it, and a model mill was built.

Only about half the wheat kernel—the choicest bits—goes into this Quaker Flour. Two lower grades of flour are made from the balance of the wheat.

The Flour is watched by constant analyses and by constant baking. So it never varies.

It is sold on so small a margin that it costs a modest price.

Try a sack if your grocer has it. Or ask him to get it. You have always wanted such a Flour as this.

Quaker Biscuit Flour

This is a self-raising flour, made from special wheat in a special way for dainties. It is the right flour for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc.—much better than bread flour. It comes in sealed round packages with tops, so it can't deteriorate.

Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat—just the choicest, sweetest, whitest bits of the kernel. It is impossible to make a higher grade of farina, yet this costs no fancy price. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc. The granulations add enticements to such foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio — Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Peterborough, Ontario — Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills we make a different flour to conform to Government requirements

3155

adversity each of four gentlemen playing five-dollar tickets won more than six thousand dollars. To gain time Chin Fat explained weakly that his reserve capital was across the bay in San Francisco. He attempted to avoid the four winners long enough to make his exit, but they insisted upon accompanying him until their prizes should be paid. The party crossed in silence to San Francisco and at the entrance to the cellar wherein dwelt Goo Yat, Chin Fat bade his companions await for a few moments. Goo Yat admitted him. Chin Fat led the way into the underground cooking room. The rusty hatchet lay in its accustomed place upon the broken wood beside the stove.

Chin Fat made one savage swing at the old Chinaman with this hatchet, and succeeded in cutting his head practically in two. In the girdle about Goo Yat's waist lay a treasure in bank notes. Five minutes later Chin Fat had paid the financial obligations with which the evil spirits had cursed his lottery. Before dawn he hunted out a plain-clothes member of the Chinatown squad.

"On my return to my dwelling place I discovered the door open," he said. "Goo Yat has been murdered."

He abandoned the lottery business on the following day and for a month was idle. During his leisure he elected to drift without thought of the future, but the cumulative effect of the black years of his life compelled attention. From the complex data of his experience there evolved the uncertainty of life on earth. For the first time he thought of death and what death would mean to him. In him there awakened an insistent surging instinct which demanded sons of his blood.

"Sons must be born so that beside my grave there shall be reverent worshipers whose devotions will insure peace after death," he reflected. "Peace after death and freedom from the evil spirits which prey upon the souls of men adrift in the black sea that lies between the Island of Life and the shores of the Seventh Heaven."

He gave no thought to the two wives whom he had abandoned in China, but began diligently to seek for a third wife, who would bring him sons to worship at their father's grave. His search endured until one day he encountered a Chinese girl, Toy Sing, whose appearance pleased him. He followed this girl until she entered the door of the telephone exchange in Chinatown.

His eyes lifted to the balcony of a house that lay against Portsmouth Square. They roved along a row of potted plants that hedged the rail of this balcony. They rested on a cluster of lilies that bloomed from a bowl whose blue was that of the reflected skies.

"Almond blossoms at springtime," he whispered. "Jade in which breathes life." His glance fell to the gutter which fronted the fish vender's store. It fixed upon the discarded head of a fish, from which extended a symmetrical structure of delicate bones whose bare surfaces seemed to suggest the transient quality of life. "Ai, death never hurries. Death never sleeps. Jet hair and the elegance of a white pigeon. This enchanting female animal shall be my wife and bear me sons."

He walked across Washington Street and entered the door of the telephone exchange. Save for a man at a desk under the opal skylight the room was empty and the gold dragons against the red wall seemed to mock at his pursuit. Then from behind a black partition whose glass panels were obscured by yellow curtains he heard a voice, which came to him soft as the liquid moonlight of an Eastern night. He walked to a door that was framed in the partition that defeats the curiosity of casual visitors.

Without ceremony he opened this door and the object of his search was before him. For a moment he looked directly at Toy Sing.

"Little brilliant butterfly," he said in Chinese, "I shall marry you."

Toy Sing turned until she faced him.

"I do not understand much Chinese," she said. "Do you speak English?"

"Can do. Long time ketch lily bit. I say you marry me. Plenty boys come. Ha!"

Toy Sing looked at him.

"Beat it!" she said in perfect English.

Chin Fat obeyed her command, but on the steps of the telephone exchange he paused for a moment in reflection. His reverie culminated in determination.

"I shall marry this girl," he said to himself.

He was twenty-six years old at the time. It took him four years to accomplish his purpose of making Toy Sing his bride.

Toy Sing at sixteen was the most beautiful woman in Chinatown. Her origin was veiled in the fog of a San Francisco night whose dawn revealed an infant cradled in a ten-cent basket abandoned in the gutter at Bartlett Alley. A happy destiny had brought this foundling to the attention of a San Francisco woman who gave Toy Sing all that maternal love and wealth can mean.

With the years there had come to Toy Sing a great ambition to pay her debt to the world through service in the interests of her countrymen. With the approval of her foster mother she established her house in the center of the complex life of Chinatown. She studied at first hand the mechanism of the social machine about her until presently Chinatown began to realize that here was a girl of their own race whose work in many instances was crowned with success after all the gods between heaven and earth had suffered defeat.

For a while, besides Toy Sing there lived in her house but one other person, her aged Chinese servant; but within a year occasional moments of loneliness and an awakening instinct which demanded a constant objective for her affections prompted Toy Sing to adopt as her sister another derelict fragment of humanity. Thus it was that Kee Song, a twelve-year-old Chinese girl, came to be known as the sister of Toy Sing.

Throughout the year following their meeting Toy Sing avoided the attentions of Chin Fat with a defensive armor of sincere indifference. At the end of his unsuccessful year Chin Fat adopted a new technic. He went to one of the Christian churches in Chinatown and in a long confession to the priest he told the man of the church that marriage with Toy Sing was the great ambition of his life.

"It is true," he said in substance, "that I have done wrong and that my life has been marked by enterprises that would not bear the light of day. I do not understand why my gambling establishments are considered unrighteous, but they shall be abandoned without question. My one desire is to win this girl for my own, and if it is necessary that I effect my own spiritual regeneration that too shall be accomplished under your guidance."

The priest sought to dissuade Chin Fat from his course, but no argument could overthrow the flame of desire that burned in the Chinaman's heart. Presently word came to Toy Sing that Chin Fat had abandoned his questionable business interests and that his action had been inspired by his ambition to win her hand in marriage. For the first time since she had met him she gave him audience, and he realized when he left her that her voice had not been accentuated by the tones of absolute finality. He met her again at a formal dinner given to a Chinese statesman, and on this night he began to speak of his love in words derived from a spurious and selfish lexicon.

"I have sinned," he said, "and know that I am unworthy to live in the same world with you. I have sinned—but I have repented, and I love you. The days of my life are marked with an endeavor to live as you would have me. The heart within me that was black has burned to ashes of snow in the flame of the passion which you inspire."

Toy Sing again rejected the attentions of this persistent lover. With the passage of the months the foster mother of Toy Sing one day announced her daughter's engagement to an American gentleman. Chin Fat read the English words carefully three times and journeyed to Toy Sing's residence. She admitted him to her library, where at the moment there was gathered a class of a dozen Chinese children busy with the intricate syllables of that passage from Mother Goose in which Old Mother Hubbard explores her ice box for dog meat. The hypocrite eyes of Chin Fat smiled in benevolent approval of the scene.

"Each of the hours of thy life is marked with beauty," he said to Toy Sing. "Do you wonder then that my nights are filled with dreams of you? I read of your engagement in marriage with the American president of the bank. Is it the truth?"

Toy Sing answered him: "It is the truth. We are engaged to be married."

Chin Fat left Toy Sing a little later, and his love for her found expression in the hired murder of her fiancé. The verdict of the coroner in the case was that the American had been accidentally killed by an

(Concluded on Page 60)

DISSTON MILL SAWS

Speed Up Production

A SURVEY of the largest and fastest-running mills will show that Disston Circular Saws and Band Saws predominate. It is not mere chance that they do.

The reason is this—they can always be relied upon to come true to specifications, carefully finished in every detail and ready to run. Thus no time is lost in putting a Disston Mill Saw to work.

You can depend on the Disston-Made Steel, special heat treatment, evenness of gauge, and regularity of tension to produce maximum results.

Saws made by Disston workmen and Disston methods stand up to the work and run true to speed.

Each swaging and filing during the entire life of the saw finds the same quality in the steel that the saw possesses when new. No matter what your requirements—whether they be for log sawing, factory work, or metal cutting—you'll find a Disston that is exactly right for your particular need.

Write nearest branch house for information. Our aim is to give you saws that are right for the job.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"America's Largest and Longest-Established Makers of Hand Saws, Cross-Cut Saws, Band Saws, Circular Saws, and Tools."

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New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco Boston Seattle New Orleans
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(Concluded from Page 58)

automobile, but only Chin Fat and the driver of the death car knew of the price that had been paid to insure the successful accomplishment of the accidental murder.

Chin Fat spoke again with the priest of the Christian church.

"In the death of the man who was to be her mate perhaps the gods suggest that Toy Sing marry a member of her own race."

With cunning and infinite tact Chin Fat renewed his suit. He veiled its furious intensity in the frank enthusiasm of his adopted city, but in every detail of his campaign there was incorporated all the wisdom that had distilled from Oriental centuries. Within another year Toy Sing smothered the accents of an instinct that had turned her away from Chin Fat, and on a day of surrender she promised Chin Fat that she would marry him. Thus it was that in June the streets of Chinatown were filled with people above whose heads streamed long red banners. Under these marriage signals a great throng waited before the steps of the church. Presently down these steps walked Toy Sing and her husband.

"Until a house is built worthy of being our residence," Chin Fat said to her that night, "we shall spend our time in travel. You have seen all the great cities of this continent, and it is my wish to see them with you beside me."

For a month before his departure Chin Fat was busy with the architect to whom he had intrusted the construction of his house. One night he talked to his architect for an hour and ordered some additional work in the substructure of the new residence.

"For this work," he advised, "it is desirable that you use blind workmen from the Leong Sing Tong. When their work is completed see that they are sent out of the city. One door at the end of the tunnel opening to street level, mind you; and another door which shall be one of the panels of my library, opening into that room of my house."

He gave additional orders to one more of his professional associates.

"Renew operations with my four lotteries," he directed. "Open up the fantan games. I have placed one hundred thousand dollars to your credit in the Anglo Bank. I shall be back within six months, and at that time you shall render me an accounting."

Before Toy Sing started on her journey with her husband she too gave various instructions to her several agents relative to her many charities. Scattered round through Chinatown were the habitations of more than twenty old men and women who looked to Toy Sing for their food. Her sister Kee Song knew of these dependent old people, and to this young girl Toy Sing intrusted the business of supplying food to them. For Kee Song herself the older sister invoked the occasional attentions of her foster mother and of the priest of the Christian church.

The departure of Chin Fat and Toy Sing marked the commencement of the construction of their residence, and soon a swarm of artisans encumbered the property. Each day to the work there came twenty men who were engaged in burrowing a complicated substructure below the basement of the house. Unseen by the workmen above a system of galleries and partitions was built deep below the foundation walls. From these depths one long flight of stairs led to a panel in the wall of the room which was to be the library of the house. A tunneled exit from the subbasement ran to a building on another street. This tunnel was blocked by a door which opened upon a room adjoining an apothecary shop which Chin Fat had purchased and which was conducted by a disreputable basket weaver who knew as little of the purpose of the sea horses and horned toads and beetles in their jars about his shop as he did of King Solomon's mines.

The subsurface establishment was divided into three groups of rooms. Six elaborate apartments occupied half of the area. Thirty stalls six feet long and less than five feet wide were set apart by partitions which ran to a concrete ceiling. The third group was nothing more than an area of double bunks separated by thin board partitions rising to a height of four feet from the clay floor. The lower bunks, made of thin rough boards, were within a foot of the floor. The upper ones were perhaps three feet above them. In the center of this group of sleeping places was an open area from which ran the flight of stairs that led to Chin Fat's library.

"If the supply of opium holds out," Chin Fat had estimated, "the establishment can easily accommodate one hundred visitors each night. It should bring me five thousand solid silver dollars every month."

On the strength of his anticipated income and secure in the knowledge of a very substantial existing bank balance Chin Fat indulged himself in a honeymoon that lasted nearly a year. One by one he visited a dozen large cities of the United States, establishing in each of them some questionable business connections which should further his sinister interests after his return to San Francisco.

One day Toy Sing, weary of travel, spoke to him. "It is desirable that I return to our home," she said.

Chin Fat protested.

"It is desirable that I return to San Francisco. In a little while"—she hesitated—"our child will be born."

The impending event altered the Chinaman's attitude and he immediately made arrangements for returning to his house. Toy Sing telegraphed her foster mother, who in turn disclosed to Toy Sing's sister the reason for the returning.

The delight of Kee Song found expression at an altar before which she voiced her prayers of thankfulness and exultation.

"My sister Toy Sing is returning," she said to one of the priests of the church, "and after a little while there will be a baby."

"That is as it should be," the priest said. "Take this to the new residence and in your daily prayers remember the welfare of the mother and the child."

He gave Kee Song a heavy bronze crucifix, which she carried to the completed house. Thereafter day by day before this crucifix she voiced the happiness within her heart.

"Everything will be all right," she said to her sister when Toy Sing arrived. "Each day I have talked of you with Mister God."

Toy Sing walked to her sister's room, where she knelt for a moment with her eyes upon the bronze crucifix hanging against the wall. She smiled at Kee Song.

"Everything will be all right."

In her sister's smile Kee Song read that the honeymoon year had not been one of happiness.

"Everything will be all right, pretty Toy Sing," she answered. "Mister God will make it so."

Meanwhile Chin Fat was happy in the belief that at last his welfare beyond the close confines of earth would be watched over by many sons of his blood.

"The first is about to be born!" He spoke his exultation to his associates. "I shall have ten sons to worship at my grave! That is the sole ambition of my life—the only reason for living.

"I am going away for a little while," he said to his wife, "but I shall return before our son is born. I am going to a city in the south, where I shall arrange to have another house built for us—a sunlight house in the orange groves."

He bade his wife farewell, but instead of pursuing the program he had outlined he dived into the business of straightening out the involved affairs of his lotteries and fantan houses across the bay. His agents reported that his lotteries, which had operated in Oakland during his absence, had paid no profits; and in this he sensed the activities of some hand as unclean as his own.

On the seventh day of his stay in Oakland rumor reached him that a child had been born in his house. He telephoned to confirm this information.

"Two days after you left your child was born," a voice said to him from the telephone.

He drove in great haste to the ferry and in a little while he was at the entrance of his house in San Francisco. Inside the door he was met by an old woman who bowed to him.

"Blessings upon thy house!" she said. "Thy child was born six days ago."

Chin Fat walked rapidly to the room where rested his wife and their child. Wrapped in her quilted silken robes Toy Sing sat in the sunlight. Beside her in a little bed of painted ivory lay the child. Chin Fat gave his wife a single word of greeting.

"My son," he demanded. "Let me look upon this elder son who shall worship at my grave."

With the fatigue of her experience heavy upon her Toy Sing stood beside the sleeping child. Something of hesitation marked her movements as she drew the silken coverlet from its place.

"I am sorry, Papa Chin Fat," she said, "the gods have not given us a son. Look upon the face of—your daughter!"

Chin Fat stopped still. His face convulsed with the dark blood of his anger. His eyes narrowed and about the tense muscles of his jaw there surged the contours of his rage. His livid lips thinned in a smile of insane fury. The eager fingers of his open hand swung at the baby's throat. They closed on Toy Sing's intervening wrists. As easily as if the substance of her body had been one with the white fabric of her robe he dragged Toy Sing into the room which she had called his library. One little cry as if from a wounded fluttering bird escaped her lips.

Chin Fat opened the panel in the wall and flung her down the long stairway into the dark deserted opium rooms below. As fast as his clattering heels could carry him Chin Fat pursued.

From a shelf against the partition of one of the rough bunks he seized a bamboo opium pipe. Toy Sing, prone on the earthen floor, struggled to rise to her feet. Chin Fat struck wildly at her head, and then upon her writhing shoulders he rained a shower of blows that left the bamboo splintered in his hand. Savagely he cast it from him.

"There, damn you," he raged at the senseless huddled form upon the floor, "that is your reward for bearing daughters instead of sons!"

A spume of froth on his chattering lips signaled his tortured breaking nerves. He seized another opium pipe which lay upon its shelf. With trembling hands he lighted the wick of a cooking lamp, and a moment later the white fumes of burning opium dissolved in the heavy air. He threw himself down into a bunk which stood a foot from the floor. From where he lay his venomous eyes fixed upon the little broken body of his wife.

Sleep came heavy upon him. His head fell back against the thin partition that lay between him and the girl upon the floor. The livid scar which his mother had burned on his forehead cooled to the hue of a knot in the board against which lay his head.

Down the long stairway to this scene pattered the exploring feet of little Kee Song. She hesitated for a moment in the half light of the place, and then knelt quickly beside her sister. She raised the girl's head until it rested against her own. She whispered little words of horror and of pitying love. She saw the torn silk about the shoulders of Toy Sing. Her finger tips traced the blue scarred welts that lined the tender flesh. She pillowed Toy Sing's listless head upon a scarf that she drew from her own shoulders. She raced up the stairway and returned in a moment, carrying the heavy bronze crucifix which the priest of the Christian church had given her.

"Open your eyes, darling Toy Sing," she breathed. She set the crucifix against the wood partition near Toy Sing's head. "Awaken and look upon Mister God."

Toy Sing's eyelids quivered. From her lips came a whisper of agony.

"Look, my sister, open your eyes. Mister God will fix everything. See, I will hang him here where you can look at him. In a moment I will return with the doctor man of medicine."

Kee Song walked across the earthen floor of the open space and from beside a bulkhead wall she returned with a rusty six-inch spike.

"See, I am hanging Mister God against the wall. You have but to look upon him and he will make you well!"

She used the heavy crucifix for a hammer and a little away from a knot in the partition she drove the spike. Under the blows of the crucifix it punched through the soft wood. Then the impact of a single final blow buried the spike for nearly its full length. Kee Song hung the crucifix on the spike.

"There, pretty darling," she whispered to Toy Sing. "Raise your eyes. Look upon Mister God. Presently I will be back."

Toy Sing's eyelids lifted slowly. Her half senseless gaze rested upon the crucifix. Then her vision centered upon a drop of blood which formed on the head of the spike. A second drop merged with the first. A third drop fell upon the crucifix. Thereafter for a space of minutes dark blood dripped downward from its unseen source.

Kee Song returned presently with a surgeon. "Your sister is not seriously injured," he reported to the frightened girl. "She will live." He turned his attention to the inert form lying in the rough bunk beyond the thin partition. He recognized Chin Fat. Under the surgeon's quick hands the gristly hulk of Chin Fat shook like jelly. "Hop sleep," the surgeon said.

The body of Chin Fat shook like jelly, but his head was fixed and still. In an hour a marching line of exploring ants fought at their black coagulated feast.

Soft Light *not* Dim Light

IN THE HOME more than anywhere else glaring light is a jarring note. It does not follow, however, that the light should be so dim as to interfere with vision! Dim *light* means dim *sight*.

The very first requirement of good illumination is a generous flow of well shaded, softly diffused light. It will help you to see better. It will make your rooms look better.

There are various ways to get plenty of light without glare. One of them is by the liberal use of the new WHITE MAZDA lamps. These are made of a milky white glass that softens and spreads the light, making it agreeable in appearance and easy on the eyes.

Buy and try a box of five WHITE MAZDA lamps. When you see what a change they make in one room you will want them throughout the house. You can tell where NATIONAL MAZDA lamps are sold by watching for the Blue Convenience Carton in the dealer's window or inside the store on counters and shelves.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Company
33 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Each of these labels represents a Division of National Lamp Works equipped to give a complete lighting service.

600 square inches of metal teeth that must not rub!

The cause of most "lay ups" and repair expenses on your automobile engine

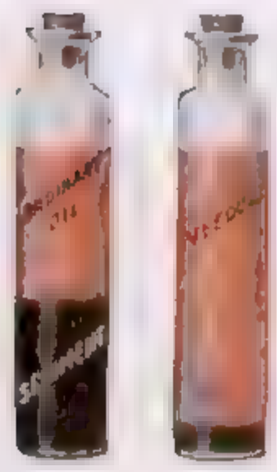
TO your eye the metal friction surfaces are smooth and polished as a mirror—with the microscope you see a thousand tiny teeth.

There are about 600 square inches of these sliding friction surfaces in the average automobile engine. Over these surfaces a coating of oil *must* remain under the most trying conditions.

Terrific heat—200° to 1000° F.—attacks the oil film. Ordinary oil, breaking down under heat, forms great quantities of black sediment which has *no lubricating value*.

The hidden toll taken by sediment

Sediment increases friction and wear. It crowds the good oil from the surfaces. Heat which destroys the oil film permits these surface teeth to meet in metal-to-metal contact. Even when it is first put in the engine, at operating temperatures, ordinary oil is too thin to prevent leakage of the unburned gases past the pistons. In consequence all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. Such oil is still further thinned down as the sediment forms. Friction, wear, still greater heat, result immediately. Damage is done which only costly replacements will remedy.



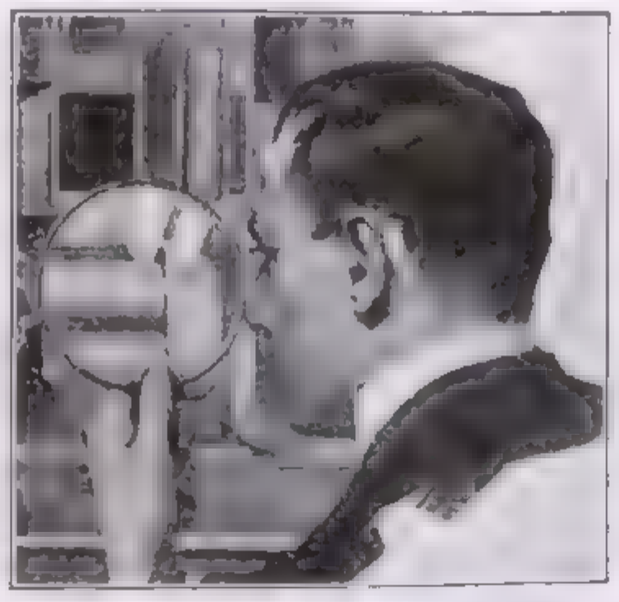
Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

Bearings burn out, pistons and cylinders are scored, spark plugs are fouled, large quantities of carbon form in the firing chamber and on the valves.

The oil film that protects

How Veedol resists heat is clearly shown by the sediment test illustrated at the left. Veedol reduces by 86% the sediment formed. It is specially made to maintain proper lubrication even with low-grade gasoline. In spite of the poor gasoline now in use, under the most severe conditions of heat and work in the engine, Veedol maintains the oil film that keeps apart the metal teeth.



There are 600 square inches of sliding metal surfaces in the average automobile engine. Each of these is composed of tiny metal teeth as seen under the microscope. Only a film of oil keeps these surfaces from metal-to-metal contact as the engine operates.

With the correct grade of Veedol in the crankcase of your automobile, you can drive your car for thousands of miles with less carbon than ever before. Overheating and other minor troubles are eliminated. Engine troubles are greatly reduced.

Make this simple test

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

Make a test run on familiar roads. Your car will have new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of oil and gasoline.

Buy Veedol to-day

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Ask for it to-day. All Veedol dealers have a chart which shows the correct grade of Veedol for your car.

The new 100-page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

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"One of the chief causes of automobile engine troubles is ***cheap oil.*** *The motorist who drives up to a garage and takes any oil that is offered is measurably shortening the life of his car.* ***By paying a little more for an oil of known quality, the average car owner can do away with a large percentage of his engine repair bills."*** *(Signed) A. LUDLOW CLAYDEN*
Consulting engineer, author of leading papers on gasoline engines

OUT-OF-DOORS

Goose Hunting on the Mississippi

DURING three months in the summer and fall of last year I visited several widely scattered portions of the West, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast, largely with the purpose of investigating game conditions at first hand but partially with the intention of doing a little shooting on my own account, since for some time I had taken on very little in that line. In the Rocky Mountain region I found interesting recreation. Working eastward as fall came on I went into the southern country of Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana, with the purpose of seeing if I could learn something about the wild fowl.

As will be recalled, the season of 1919 was marked by extreme floods all over the Southern States. This fact prevented the usual concentration of ducks at famous shooting places such as Big Lake, the Menasha Club, Waponoca Club and others of the famous Arkansas sporting organizations whose headquarters are in Memphis, Tennessee. There literally was too much water for the ducks. The Mississippi River and all its tributaries were extraordinarily high and the water rose over the feeding grounds to such a depth that only deep-water ducks could get a living there. The mallards and all the marsh ducks scattered inland, taking to the bayous and the rice fields far back from the great river. The club shooting was very poor for this reason.

There was offered, therefore, the opportunity of comparing a widely scattered body of wild fowl with the highly concentrated masses of fowl which in average seasons may be found on the better feeding grounds. The conclusion is that though we have an increasing supply of ducks they do not exist in the old general abundance which made sport available in a great many places rather than in a few specially favored localities. Memphis is a great center for duck shooters, but they practically all came back last fall with reports of very poor sport at the club grounds, though we heard of great numbers of birds far toward the interior of Arkansas.

One thing was certain last fall, and that was a great abundance of wild geese along the lower Mississippi River. At Memphis I saw a party who had brought in twenty-seven geese from a little hunt perhaps fifty miles from Memphis; and from the northeastern part of Louisiana, on the west shore of the river, I heard of still better shooting on geese, on the plantation of a gentleman of Memphis who had invited a friend and me to join him there for a little goose shooting on the river bars—a line of sport which was new to me, old goose hunter as I had been on the wheat fields of the Northwest, on the mid-west rivers such as the Arkansas, and the gulf country of Texas.

No Game Without Work

At Lake Chicot in the southeastern portion of Arkansas just inside the levee of the Mississippi—Lake Chicot itself is no doubt an old horseshoe bend of the big river—we found that the continuing rain had left sport almost impossible as it had at the other clubs. I was the guest there of some mighty fine gentlemen of Hot Springs who have a clubhouse on the shores of that beautiful piece of water, and we spent as charming a week as I ever had anywhere; but the weather whipped us when it came to actual shooting. There was game in the country, but the high water made it hard to handle. Even it had stirred up our lake so much round the edges that the usually fine fishing for bass and croppies was temporarily off; so all we could do was to grin and bear it.

None the less, one of our young returned doughboys of the party hitched up a flivver and he and I went out exploring fifteen miles or so beyond the lower end of the lake. We located countless thousands of mallards in the overflowed lands, where they were feeding on acorns; and, what was more, we located the line of flight of the many wild geese we had seen working in and out each day. The question was how to get across the mile or so of rushing water which lay between us and the edge of the Mississippi proper. We found a colored denizen who said that he had a boat and a dozen profile goose decoys somewhere in the willows along the bar where the geese were using. He had no boat at hand, but the next day a gentleman found a boat for us somehow and somewhere.

The young Hot Springs lawyer and I, with the sable steward of the club and our new-found goose hunter, made all the freight this craft would carry, but we managed to get across one chute and through a half mile of overflowed timber to the inner bank of one of the wild flood passages of the Mississippi—which are called chutes in southern river terminology. A quarter of a mile across this wild water, where the current was perhaps eight or ten miles an hour, and where floating driftwood was coming down all the time, we could see another row of willows; and beyond that lay the bar where the geese had their sanctuary. All of which was perfectly in line with goose philosophy. Except the wild turkey, the Canada goose is the cunningest game bird of this continent, and the most difficult to take. Out yonder these old boys knew they were safe.

It did not look safe for all four of us to undertake that chute in the crazy craft we had, which could boast only a very bad pair of broken oars and which had a big piece broken out of the side so that only a few inches of freeboard remained. My young friend was crazy to get a goose, and as I was not crazy to make a fourth man in that boat we split the party and he went across to the bar with our goose hunter, while the club factotum and I waited on our shore.

They found the geese all right. Several bunches came in along the edge of the bar while they were there, but they did not get a shot for the reason that some other party, no doubt operating by motor boat on the big river, had come in upon the bar and stolen the boat and decoys which had been cached there.

"We'll get them to-morrow sure," said my enthusiastic companion. "We'll bring some decoys down from the club, and what we'll do to those geese will be a plenty."

There was another returned officer in our party, and these two took the flivver the next day and went down to murder a carload of geese on the river bar. The only way to get such game in these days is to work for it, and we certainly had worked with considerable goose intelligence, figuring out the line of flight and finally locating the bar where the geese came in to their refuge. But alas for the plans of the best of us! The owner of our boat, it seems, had come prowling down the bayou that morning and removed his property just before we got to it to remove it ourselves. There was no other boat to be had in all that neighborhood. The geese were two miles away across a sea of tawny-colored water. We could see the long gangs working backward and forward between the bar and the feeding fields, but we never got out again after that and we never got a shot at a goose. On the lake only a few deep-water ducks were available. After a week of indoor rather than outdoor sport our party broke up and we started north for Hot Springs, Little Rock, Blytheville and Memphis.

I was now in my second week out of Chicago and had not had a shot at anything, and as game conditions seemed so very difficult had about concluded to go back to my home in the North. Just then, however, my two Memphis friends took the matter in hand once more; and as a result the virtues of patience and perseverance had their ultimate reward. I saw the geese again, as I have not seen them for twenty-five years.

Our host, a cotton factor in Memphis, is one of the owners of a little plantation in upper Louisiana, a mere trifle of five thousand acres or so of cotton land which will make something like a bale an acre, which is worth something like five hundred dollars a bale. He does these things as a pastime and to keep his mind rested, but his real business in life is shooting geese. In this vocation he has established himself as an unquestioned success; so that the whole thing was organized and about all we had to do was to go down there and put the shells in the guns.

As I was growing restive and as my friends could not come down for a couple of days they sent me on ahead alone. I went back through Arkansas a whole night's ride, swinging and swaying along over a new-built railroad whose roadbed was almost afloat from the heavy rains. A trifle before sunup I found myself at the little station known as Transylvania, not far below the northern line of Louisiana. It was the week before Thanksgiving and the morning air was cool but not cold. All round lay the strange flat brown country of the Southern winter landscape, always so fascinating to the Northern man. The population had changed. We were in the black belt here, only a few white families living near by.

A smart new motor car was standing at the edge of the platform. Mr. W., plantation manager for my host, got me into it and whisked me away three-quarters of a mile to his own home. Hot coffee, hot country sausage, hot corn bread. A great many other things hot and good, which did something to alleviate a night on the new roadbed. The said manager is very efficient. He likes to see things run on a good business system, as does his employer, who owns the big plantation. The whole goose enterprise was all laid out, so all I had to do was to go along.

"Your boy and your horse will be here any time you want them," he said; "you ride across the levee and through the woods to old Pap Carter's houseboat. Pap Carter is the light keeper for twenty miles of the river buoys there. He has a power boat and will take you out to the bar where the big shooting always is. Are there any geese?" He smiled in a pitying way. "All the geese anyone could want. The boss gets twenty or thirty every time he goes over there with his friends."

All of which certainly sounded encouraging. Calvin, my sable attendant, who to my surprise said he was a Baptist and not a Presbyterian, mounted his trusty mule and carried my gun and shells for me. Our decoys were at the houseboat. The weather was pleasant, a little overcast, not in the least like wintertime. It seemed like the world was a mighty fine place to live in after all, though I really could not quite figure just how I had so much coming to me, it was so pleasant riding across the cornfields and through the woods.

"Do you reckon we'll really get a goose at all, Calvin?" I asked my boy. He looked at me, his eyes wide with surprise. "Why, yassah, we'll sho' get a goose—more'n one. The boss, he gets 'em right along. He git more'n he can carry, that's what he do. I seen him leave eight geese one time, make a secon' trip to the boat, 'fo' we could carry his-all geese to the boat. Thass how he git geese. If you-all don't git geese, suh—now, I don't know how you gonna 'splain it to the boss."

This also sounded encouraging, certainly. We pushed on into the woods which we had to cross before coming to the first chute, where the power boat was kept. The water was rising steadily and had not Calvin known the proper trail through the woods we certainly should have had to swim for it. As it was, he kept to the high ridges until we came to one narrow channel perhaps twenty or thirty yards wide.

"We may have to swim a ways here," he said. "I hain't been acrost here yit."

It chanced that we did not actually have to swim, but Calvin's mule came out with a water line higher than the root of his tail, and my own legs would have been wet above the knees except that I had on hip boots. Once more it was plain that these geese always try to establish a No-Man's Land between them and their refuge place. This indeed is their habit all along the Mississippi River, whose edges are defended by a series of bayous and channels which in the high water of wintertime are practically impassable.

Calvin and I now had only a few hundred yards to go until we came to the two houseboats which make the home of old Pap Carter. Here I found myself in one of those curious and interesting situations which only the wandering sportsman ever knows.

The two houseboats, each a good big one, were moored at the edge of the only remaining high ground. Two or three feet more of water and all the goats, pigs and turkeys either would have had to swim for it or take to the houseboats also. Yet this was the home of old Pap Carter and his family. Here was his wife, somewhat bent and broken with the hardships of life in the Ozarks and along the river; also a relative, a married woman with two children. It seemed that these two children went to school every day in the little town which we just had left, Pap Carter taking them to the mainland at the levee in his power boat in the morning, and calling for them again in the evening—in the interim running his series of channel lights, each lamp of which has to be filled at least once in each forty-eight hours, because they are left burning day and night.

I told Mrs. Carter who I was and what was my errand, and she asked me to make myself at home, telling me that her husband was down the river somewhere but would be back in the course of an hour or so. Indeed within that time we could hear the chug-chug of the powerful little motor, still some three or four miles distant.

Too Much Water

Before us lay a half mile of rushing water, a high-water channel of the Mississippi, but not the true channel. The sanctuary of the geese lay out yonder across that racing yellow sea, beyond the line of willows and forest trees which flank the big bar famous throughout that country as the Ahston Bar. It was something like a mile and a half to the shooting ground, but even at that distance I could hear some of the sweetest music that ever came to the ear of any shooting man—the honking and babbling of countless Canada geese. When you hear that you can gamble that you are a good ways from home and pretty near to the edge of things.

"There's right plenty of them," said the old lady in her gentle voice, "right plenty. The boss gets right smart every time he goes over to the bar."

Calvin standing watch over our animals only grinned expansively when I asked him what he thought about all that goose talk.

"Onliest thing is, if the boat come," said he.

Well, at last it came, and Pap Carter, government light tender, Ozark mountaineer, and now Mississippi houseboatman, stepped ashore after his skillful landing. I told him who I was and what I wanted, and he was so good as to agree to make a special run across the channel and land me in the middle of those noisy geese.

"I'll take you across," said he, "and leave you and your boy there and then go and get my children. After that I'll come and get you. I'm afraid you may be disappointed about the geese, though, for the river has risen all over the big bar where the boss always shoots, and the birds are working inside, on some cocoa-grass flats, between these two channels of the river. You'll see geese all right, but how they will work is something we can't tell till we try."

We took a dozen of the profile decoys and I declined the offer of an automatic shotgun which was left at the houseboat, sticking to my own double. Then we stepped aboard the stout little power boat, Pap and I and Calvin, and shoved off across the channel below the point of the island and up the main river on its farther side. I confess I began to get a little bit excited. There was no question on earth that there were some geese and hundreds of them somewhere not far ahead, but seeing geese and getting them are two different propositions.

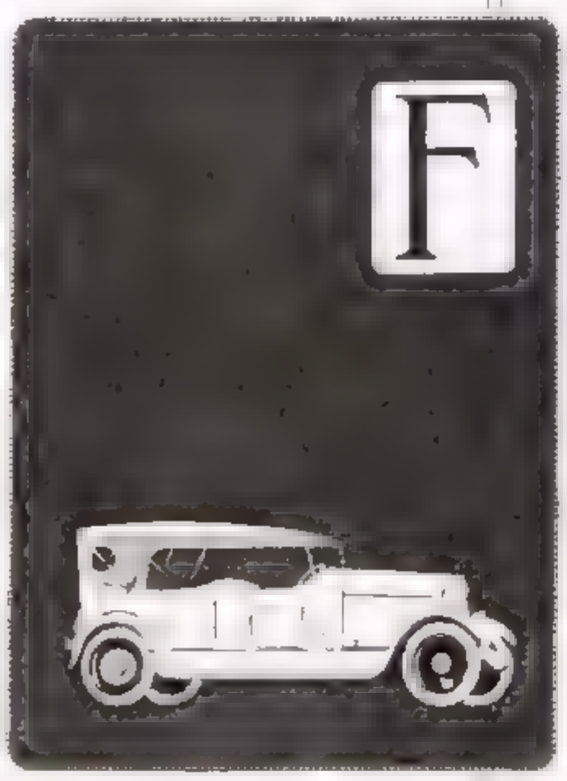
After bucking the stiff current of the main river for perhaps half a mile we slid ashore, and the old man taking a long-handled spade and the decoys led the way toward the place where he had located the geese earlier that week.

(Continued on Page 65)

SECOND OF A SERIES OF TIMELY DISCUSSIONS OF MOTOR CAR VALUES

Compare thus any MARMON of the 34 series

—as proof that stabilized design insures stabilized investment



FIRST, look at any Marmon of the 34 series. The average man cannot tell them apart, year by year. Except to an expert, their appearance is almost identical.

A *renewed* Marmon looks like a new car.

Whether built in 1915 or 1920—or in between—every Marmon 34 offers advanced style and distinction.

Note fine cars. Then review that passing show of yearly models throughout the industry. Then think of the Marmon 34 as a car of stabilized appearance—one that does not become out of date each season.

This appearance test shows conclusively that a Marmon 34, of whatever year of the series, affords a permanent, matchless investment.

The reward of pioneering

OF more vital importance is stabilized engineering, for that means constant service at minimum cost.

When we brought out the Marmon 34 in 1915, it was a veritable revolution in design. Some were skeptical.

But years have proved the soundness of our basic ideas.

Every Marmon 34 built during these six years embodies the same fundamental advancements.

New Marmons of current production have refinements, of course.

But renewal makes any Marmon completely satisfactory. Many units and parts are interchangeable. Renewal by an authorized Marmon distributor brings a car that can't be equaled by any new car of like price.

Thus advanced engineering and exacting standards of manufacture have insured prolonged life to the Marmon 34—constant newness, unvarying performance.

This is the secret of that spirit of comradeship towards a Marmon.

Crystallized endorsement

AS the supreme test of superiority, we now make public this fact:

The Marmon 34 is a favorite car of the foremost automotive engineers, automobile company executives, parts and equipment officials.

Their names we can't print here because space is lacking.

But the list is a Blue Book of that inner circle of motordom. It shows men who both financially and knowingly can pick and choose from the entire field.

These men know cars intimately. They know all the secrets of the industry. They know comparative values. So due significance should be attached to their preference toward the Marmon 34.

It is obvious that only *one* car can attain this coveted position.

All this should affect the judgment of the man outside the automotive world. For the car that is accepted thus, bears authoritative approval.

Wise counsel is priceless

THERE comes a time in every car owner's education when he arrives at the conviction that money—plain dollars and cents—must be the chief factor in comparative values.

To such graduates, the Marmon ranks first. And you will be elected to that group, once you know all the facts.

The best way to complete your motor education is to investigate this paying investment at once. A Marmon distributor will be glad to show you his offerings.

He can procure a *renewed* Marmon for you in a considerably shorter time than a *new*. But whichever you desire, he will talk to you in the language of economy and satisfaction.

The highest honor conferred on any industrial organization during the war was the award of the "Champion Liberty Motor Builders" pennant to the workers of the Nordyke & Marmon Company. Awarded for October, 1918, competition. On November 16, 1918, the award was made permanent.

The MARMON 34

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY

Established 1851 :: INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 63)

We crossed a little flat tangled with blackberry vines and tall grass. There were trees of considerable size scattered here and there, clumps of bushes, and on beyond a dense bank of willows dotted with cottonwoods. We knew that somewhere between that line of timber and ourselves there were geese, hundreds of them.

Our flat ridge had now become an island in the high water. It was a mile and a half long perhaps, possibly three-quarters of a mile in width. There was an open strip down the middle of it, as though the country had once been farmed, but here there lay a series of flat water reaches edged with cocoa grass, perhaps half a mile or so in extent, and in part shallow enough for wading. We struck in at the lower end of this flat marsh.

Geese are geese. It is almost impossible to stalk them when they are feeding, no matter in what surroundings, for they always have sentinels, and they never cease in their extreme vigilance. We were two or three hundred yards away, going as stealthily as we could through the grass, when they went up—a glorious sight.

There are three animals which seem endowed with the quality of thrilling the human heart more than any others. If a man is not used to seeing deer the sight of one always startles him. The sight of a bear has the same effect on the novice. The sight of a wild goose is yet another which always causes excitement in the bosom of the beginner and sometimes even of the old-timer. I presume I might be called of the latter class, but I swear, not having seen any wild geese close at hand for many years, and seeing now two or three thousand going out all at once, in a black mass, clamoring to high heaven their protest at being thus disturbed in their refuge, I now had met something which gave even my blasé system a little of a jolt. I don't know what I said—perhaps it is just as well that I forget. Old Pap Carter grinned and Calvin's eyes hung out on his face.

"I told you there'd be a few," said the old man pleasantly. "Now let's dig a pit. A few of them may come back again this evening, though it would be better if you was right here at dawn in the mornin'."

Our geese circled round for a time at the head of the island. A thousand or two of mallard ducks and pintails flew back and forward above us—game too small to interest one now. I knew that at last I had come up with my geese, though the trail had been somewhat long and devious thereto.

Making the Blind

We dug a hole in the sand by the side of a little clump of trees close to the edge of the water, and put out our dozen of tin profile goose decoys on the dry ground between the edge of the water and the blind. We dug the pit waist deep, with a little shelf to sit on, and pulled up clumps of ragweed and grass to cover up the fresh sand. No creature has a keener eye than the wild goose and he who would outwit him must lie low and keep still and not give any sign of his presence. Making a goose blind is something of an art.

We had not finished digging our pit when we heard an excited honking and saw a solitary goose coming straight toward us. At that time we were all three out in plain sight, and there was no such thing as hiding. We lay flat, face down, and governed ourselves by sound altogether. I heard the honking coming closer and closer until it seemed the goose might bite us unless we did something in self-defense. When from the sound I thought it was about even with us I sat up.

There he was, looking big as a house, the same old goose that I had not seen for twenty years or more! I could see the white band under his throat clear and sharp, see every feather of his great wings. Of course one does not miss a goose after waiting so long and coming so far. I slammed a load of No. 3's out of an open barrel into him and followed with a load of No. 2's out of the closer left barrel. He fell stone-dead with an excellent sound similar to that of a sack of sand thrown off the top of a tall building. Pap went over and brought him in, a great fowl running eight pounds and better, and hence full average for the wild goose.

"Did you hear him drop, Pap?" said I. "And did you hear the five-dollar bill drop into your own pocket right at the same time? Feeling the way I do, the first goose I've killed in twenty years or so, it's all I can do to keep myself from giving you fifty dollars instead of a mere five."

"You'd better be careful," said Pap; "that sort of thing may happen again right often, and you don't want to get broke down here. Fly to it, friend, and enjoy yourself. I'll come back for you before dark."

None of us could tell how geese were going to behave on this kind of a feeding ground, and indeed we did not know whether it was roosting ground or feeding ground, though it was plain that they were spending the night there, because Pap said he always heard them going in. In any case I got down into my blind and let Calvin go with his single-barrel shotgun to see what he could do farther up the island.

My geese were quite obliging, all things considered, but they seemed to prefer the marsh farther up. A pair came in over my decoys, seemingly not over forty yards away, but again it took the second barrel to knock down one, and he fell sixty yards and more away. A wild goose is always much farther than he seems. I lost yet another bird, which lugged off the load across water too deep for me to navigate. Then another double came across my blind. I killed one and knocked down the other somewhere close to the edge of the big river, but did not get it that night. It was now evident that I needed a closer shooting gun than the one I was using; but I was entirely content when I heard Pap coming back in his power boat, for I had three big geese, and that was all I really cared for. The main thing was that at last I had got up with the enemy and beat him at his own game. Even Calvin came wandering down the island with a big goose over his shoulder, having got within buckshot range at a point higher up the marsh. He was very much elated over his goose party which he was going to have. I think Mr. Abston feeds his field hands mostly on Canada geese. Maybe a little meal now and then, but mostly goose.

Geese in Plenty

When we got back to the houseboat I sent Calvin on home with the horses and told him to come out in the morning. Then I announced to Pap Carter and Mrs. Pap Carter and all the rest that I had no intention of going any farther away from those geese than right where I was.

"I don't see how we can sleep ye on the boat," said the old lady; "not unless you and the old man can make it out somehow in the little boat."

I declared myself as one of the family, no matter what they thought about it, so we settled down very amiably together in these surroundings, which meant home for them all the year round, and for me a strange and wholly enjoyable experience. I would not have allowed anyone to eat one of my geese for a hundred dollars, but we found the goose livers very good, and we had some bacon and some really good coffee; and Pap and I found we could sleep very well on the same feather bed, listening to Father Mississippi rushing by in the dark under the cabin window. A dozen times I stepped to the door of the little deck to hear the clamoring of the myriad geese over on the island; and as many times I had to see if my three geese were still safe where they hung under the eaves of the houseboat. It has been a long time since I have had a more enjoyable experience out of doors.

At daybreak and before on the following morning Calvin was on hand again before we had finished breakfast on the houseboat, and with him was a gentleman from Memphis, a friend of our host, who had come in from his adjoining lumber camp to have a go at the geese. I could see no use in breaking our necks about it, because I knew we would get some shooting any time we went across to the island. I presume it was nine o'clock by the time we had out our decoys, a dozen each. I stuck to my old blind, while my new companion dropped in a couple of hundred yards ahead of me at the place where the main body of the geese went out that morning. I don't know how many geese there really were, but presume there were somewhere between three and four thousand. You scarcely could find a more stirring sight afield than such a body of these splendid waterfowl.

The luck rather ran against my blind that morning, as the geese were coming down the waterway and hence would go over me high, rising at the other blind. One flock came in close and I knocked down a double, but, do my best, I never could find the one

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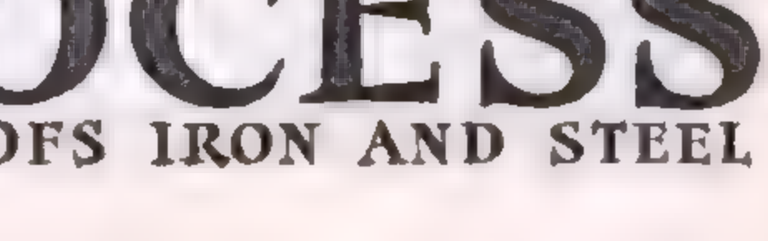


Above: Standard kit of Parkerized tools furnished by a well known manufacturer whose yearly output exceeds 100,000 motor cars. Below: Two of the Parkerized wrench sets made by Frank Mossberg Co.

PARKER PROCESS
RUST PROOFS IRON AND STEEL

which fell in the tall grass, and was obliged to believe that it had crawled off crippled. My friend was getting rather better shooting, and I went up to him after the flight eased off and sat for a time with him in his blind, which was built right out on the dry ground, with willow boughs almost as high as a man's head. I did not like the looks of the blind very well, but by keeping low in it it seemed to work not so badly. My friend told me he had lost two geese which he had knocked down, as well as a duck or so—I had heard him shooting considerably. At length we saw a broken band of geese coming directly toward us and I told him to lie down and keep down—he was wearing darkish clothing. Two geese turned and came straight at the blind, where I sat, in full sight, but entirely motionless. They seemed to see nothing but the line of decoys and were fooled completely. When they were just nicely above me I cut loose and dropped them both, much to the delight of my friend. To close the story of that day's shoot, we took home three more geese that night, though my companion was not so lucky as to bag one. He did lose two cripples. Old Pap Carter brought in one which he had killed with a load of buckshot up the river that same afternoon, so that my companion did not go back to Memphis quite gooseless after all.

The next morning my host and my friend with yet another gentleman, came down from Memphis, and we organized once more for a try at the bar, though much disappointed at the knowledge that the river had risen over the usual roosting ground of the geese. My host and the other Memphis gentleman paired off and went to the head of the island, B. and I shooting the two lower blinds which had been used the day before. By this time the geese were beginning to get wise. They had found another refuge out in the willows where we could not get at them at all, and they did not do much along our cocoa-grass flat. I killed a goose or so at my blind and then walked up to see what B. was doing, and discovered that he had been so lawless as to shoot ducks on a goose hunt. The day was very bright and warm and it was not likely that the geese would come in before dark. We did not hear our friends shooting much.

We had thickened up our blind a little bit and had got into better shape for two guns, and were visiting along together in the sunshine, not expecting anything at all, when all at once a look of terror overspread my friend's face. He had never in his life shot a goose before this day, and naturally a whole flock of them would make a terrifying spectacle.

"Great Lord!" he whispered, while all the time I was cussing him and telling him to keep his head still. "Great Lord! They are going to fly right square into this blind!"

Some Bad Shooting

Well, they pretty nearly did. I never saw geese act like that before in all my life. They came down low before they were within a quarter of a mile of the decoys, and then flew straight at them without making a sound. Their course brought them within twenty yards of our blind—indeed I think that some of them passed within ten or twelve yards of the blind. With automatic guns I suppose we ought to have accounted for six, eight or ten geese, though neither of us cared for the automatic. With double guns we ought to have had not less than two each. We were both old shots on wild fowl and the birds were entirely within range. I would bet a man at any time in such circumstances a hundred to one that I would kill a double, and I would have bet the same on my friend. But what we did, when we stood up among those geese, was to worry down just two measly geese, one each!

We turned and looked at each other in consternation.

"What do you know about that?" said B. "I wish now I had thrown away my gun and grabbed them by the feet. They were right at us, I tell you, right at us!"

"Well," said I ruefully, "I'll bet all my clothes they can't do that to us again."

"Safe bet," said he. "There wouldn't another flock of geese come that close to a fellow in a thousand years."

We sat round for a while and visited and loafed in the sun, and then all at once I saw that same look of terror come on my friend's face once more; he was sitting at the inside edge of the blind.

"My Lord!" said he. "What are we going to do? Here they come again. Right at us, I tell you, right at us!"

I kicked him once more and told him to keep his head still and to wait until they got right into the blind. And I desire to state that those geese, sixty or seventy of them, did precisely what the other flock had done! They flew very low, very straight and altogether noiseless, heading directly for our blind, which was as big as a meeting house on the open flat. The profiles, standing there quietly on the dry ground, deceived them absolutely.

My friend and I both got up at the same instant when the geese were almost upon us. And with heartfelt shame I am obliged to confess that once more each of us missed a full-grown Canada goose at a distance probably not more than ten or fifteen yards!

Deceptive Distances

Of course a part of this was due to too great haste. A goose goes a great deal faster than most men think—I presume eighty or ninety miles an hour at least, and when they sheer up they change the angle very quickly. Nearly all shooters make the great mistake of shooting at the middle of the goose, with the result usually that they hit him too far back. The great birds take an astonishing blow before they will drop, and if a wing is not broken short off you are mighty apt to lose your goose unless he is shot through the front part of the body and shot hard. A man ought to aim not even at the head of a goose, but ahead of the head, usually four or five feet ahead of the head, because a goose which seems to be thirty yards is really fifty yards; and you want to hit him in the front part of the body. Now what happened to me, and I presume to my partner also, was that I jumped to my feet and snapped at the middle of a goose which looked bigger than a tablecloth. The goose by that time was slanting up and throwing the motor into the high with both feet, so that the close charge of shot just barely went under him. Anyhow I know that neither of us killed a goose with his first barrel, though we worried down one each with the left barrel—my own falling so far off that we did not get him until the next day, when Pap found him while wandering round on the island. He also picked up another goose, probably one of my cripples, swimming in the river.

"This game is not as easy as it looks," said B. to me. "You can't just shoot at them—you've got to hold for them."

So there is the story of the most humiliating instance of bad shooting I can remember in my entire career. It is no disgrace to miss a wild goose at the usual ranges offered, but not to kill two wild geese out of a flock that has come within fifteen or twenty yards of you is a disgrace for which no sufficient atonement ever can be made. Tenderfeet might do that, but two real hunters never! I will say for my friend B. that he is one of the best duck shots I ever saw. Also, I will say for us both that we seemed for a time that afternoon to be the two worst goose shots I ever saw.

Barring that awful failure of ours we did not do so badly—I think we had seven geese when we went to the boat that night. There had not been very much shooting, for by this time the place had burned out, much to my regret on account of our host, who had had very little shooting, his companion not getting anything at all.

Previous to this time a gentleman at the store in town, Mr. S., who owned a plantation four or five miles up the river, had insisted that the place to get geese was on his pasture fields, where they came in thousands every day. As a goose spoils most quickly of any game bird it should be drawn as soon as it is killed, and on this day when drawing my geese I had found their craws full of clover. Putting this and that together we now found that we had located both ends of the flight, the feeding ground and the roosting ground. Therefore B. and I resolved to go out and have a try on the pasture fields the next morning, while our host and his friend tried it once more on the big river. We figured that in this way one party would help the other, for it seemed clear that the geese would be trading between these two points of the local flight.

Accordingly the next morning the plantation manager took B. and me in his motor car to the plantation of the friendly gentleman whose special invitation we had. He kept his own plantation preserved against shooters and no one excepting the brother of our manager had been in there that season. The latter, with a dozen of his own profile decoys, was to be our local guide that day.

Here was an entirely different sort of shooting, equally interesting and exhilarating. The three of us, loaded down with guns and shells and decoys, started out in the bleak dawn across a mile-wide pasture field which had made the feeding grounds of the geese for some weeks. Scattered clumps of white clover made the attraction, though to the eye the country seemed almost devoid of any green growth.

But the geese were there, hundreds and thousands of them, scattered in great bodies all across two or three miles of the flat dry country back of the levee. They began to honk and clamor as soon as we started across the meadows. We fired two or three times at passing flocks and saw one goose fall some hundreds of yards farther on. B. thought he could find it, and later did so. Young W. and I started on for a deep ditch overgrown with briers, which made a better blind than any pit that could be dug. We put out our decoys close to this ditch. The geese were calling every way and the dim dawn was full of the black lines of their flights as they began to rise and make toward the river.

They did not seem to come our way at first, but at length one gang did cross, not noticing our decoys at all. I led in well ahead of one goose and knocked him down, first blood for the day—the second goose, as it proved, after we learned that B. had found our first goose. Came then a period of waiting, geese going every way in thousands except our way. I heard my friend's gun working once in a while, and wondered why he did not come over to the decoys. A solitary goose came over me as I stood close to a tree at the edge of the bank, and this one I killed stone dead in the air at the first shot. It is very rarely indeed that one will kill a goose stone dead. They have such an astonishing vitality that they almost always come down crippled unless shot at very close range. On this hunt I think I killed, or rather knocked down, four doubles, but this goose is the only one I killed actually stone dead in the air on the whole hunt. They take an awful jolt, and it takes a stiff load to drive through their heavy feathers.

My young friend wandered off to stir up some more geese. I could still hear B's gun once in a while and had about concluded to go over and see how he was doing, when I heard honking and saw a bunch of geese swinging to my decoys. I squatted down and I really think that these birds would have alighted among the decoys had I waited long enough. There was one big fellow that really had his wings set when I struck him with the first barrel of the gun at forty yards. The load was a little too open for him and I threw the second load into his back. Still he kept on dragging and wabbling, though I knew he could not go far. I had to take my eyes off of him while scrambling up the bank, and when I got up I could not see him, so all I could do was follow his line as near as I could guess it. There was a line of cover in a little swale a hundred and fifty yards or so ahead, and I ran toward that in the hope that he had tried to hide. I could not see him as I kicked round, but when I began to honk, calling a passing flock which I saw, the old fellow was so foolish as to stick his own head up and honk in reply—which ended Mister Goose.

The Kind Host's Bad Luck

Three geese will weigh between twenty-five and thirty pounds. Add to that a pocketful of shells and a shotgun and you have something of a load, so I took my time going over the field in search of my friend. I found him with two or three dead geese and one live one set out in front of him for decoys, and he and our friend S. were lying in the ditch swapping yarns and smoking cigars together. We all lay round in the sunshine of the advancing day and watched the geese coming and going—the most splendid concourse of wild fowl I have seen in more than twenty years. It seemed nothing extraordinary to Mr. S., who saw them every day, but to us it was an astonishing experience.

An hour or so later we saw a couple of geese fly over and alight not far from my abandoned decoys. When presently young W. came along after putting up a thousand geese or so at the edge of the woods along the levee we told him that these geese were over there fraternizing with his decoys, so he strolled over to see what he could do. We heard four or five shots from his automatic gun, but only one goose rose, evidently badly hurt. It started back across the flat and fell. B. thought he could find it, and walking out did so. We gave him the championship retrieving belt and told him that all he needed to get geese was to have someone else along to shoot them—to which he made the very practical rejoinder of pointing to the three geese he had killed to his own gun in the shallow blind in the morning. He had made one double, wing-tipping the goose which I found in use as the live decoy—just the end of the wing bone was nicked and it was entirely uninjured otherwise, so that we gave it to Mr. S. to raise for a tame goose decoy later on. The other goose of this double was a monster and was killed stone dead by the first barrel. Mr. S. said it was one of the largest geese he had ever seen. I presume it would have weighed ten and a half pounds at the time it was killed, for it weighed nine pounds dressed four days afterward.

It remains only to be said that once more bad luck attended our kindly host and his friend, who had tried the bar along the river once more. They got very little shooting indeed, for of all the thousands of geese which we put out on the meadows none of them went back to the old bar, which by this time was practically submerged. They knew that the white man had come. They found themselves another sanctuary somewhere—we don't know where. Even our morning's shooting on the meadows made them wise, for on the following morning Mr. A. and his friend, who tried the meadows also, could not get any work out of the geese there either.

Modern Accessories

So it would seem that you may find where the geese are, may get a lot of them at times, and then again hit another season when you will get but a very few of them no matter how good a hunter you are. Our host is acknowledged to be the best goose hunter in that country and has killed hundreds of geese in his time on that plantation, but the little shooting which had preceded him had lessened his chances, already lessened by the submerging of the bar. Even so, it seemed that we had all the geese anyone ought to want, for I had brought in a dozen to my own gun.

That is the story of a goose hunt of to-day, modern and up-to-date, and will give some idea of the bar shooting along the Mississippi to-day. I tell the tale not because it has any especially stirring interest, but simply to show, as well as I can, the distances to which one must travel and the perseverance one must use to-day in order really to get among the wild fowl. I say this is a modern goose hunt and add a final instance to prove it.

We had nine geese to take home with us after our morning's shoot on the meadows—a considerable load with our other gear included. After the morning flight was over we thought we had killed enough of our planter friend's geese and would not shoot any longer. Young W. told us not to hurry, as before long his brother would come after us in the car. About ten or eleven o'clock here came the flivver. It drove directly to the blind where our friendly planter and B. had lain with their live-goose decoy. They placed the remainder of their dead birds in the car, climbed in, and so we all started home. That was the first time I ever saw a wild live goose carried in a motor car directly from the place where it had been captured. But that is how the flivver has come into sport to-day.

Our captured goose did not have any illusions about his new surroundings—he did not like motor riding and did not care who knew it. He was not cowed in the least, but on the contrary seemed strangely fearless and bold. He would bite anyone who came near him. When our kindly planter stepped out of the flivver door at his own home to bid us good-bye and to ask us to come again he turned round to pick up his pet goose. Just then a pained look came over his face. The goose had him by the leg of his trousers, including a deep pinch of the flesh underneath; and he held on like a bulldog.

"There, dern you," he seemed to say, "I'll get even with you for what you've done to me."

That was the only time I ever went goose hunting with two houseboats, a motor tug and an automobile as accessories before and after the fact. Something of a change from the times when you used to ride twenty miles in a hay wagon up in Dakota, when the wheat stubbles stretched unfenced for scores of miles.

THE HUMAN VOICE

This tone-wave was created by pronouncing the vowel sound "Ah". The voice is particularly rich in partial-tones, some voices containing as many as forty that are appreciable

Photographic tone-records on this page supplied by Prof. Dayton C. Miller of the Case School of Applied Science

Musical Tones Scientifically Reproduced by

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

The World's Leading Phonograph

VIOLIN—The tone-wave of the violin has many partial tones. This is shown in the photograph of its tone-wave.

FRENCH HORN—From the appearance of its tone-wave, one might almost anticipate its rounded, mellow, beautiful notes

MUSICAL tones, whatever their source, are simply rhythmic waves in the atmosphere. Each musical instrument, each different human voice, makes its own peculiar wave with definite and individual characteristics, as shown in the photographs reproduced on this page.

For many years the Aeolian Company has been studying the matter of tone-production from a scientific as well as a musically artistic standpoint. This Company has carried its researches far beyond anything hitherto known in musical instrument manufacture. It commands unique facilities for this work.

And Aeolian instruments show the result.

The Aeolian Company's phonograph—the Aeolian-Vocalion—in the matter of tone is the most perfect phonograph in the world. When a violin record is played upon this wonderful instrument, one hears, not simply music, but a *real violin playing*.

This is not only true of the violin, but is the case with every instrument and vocal record. The musical tones produced are not only beautiful, they are *characteristic*.

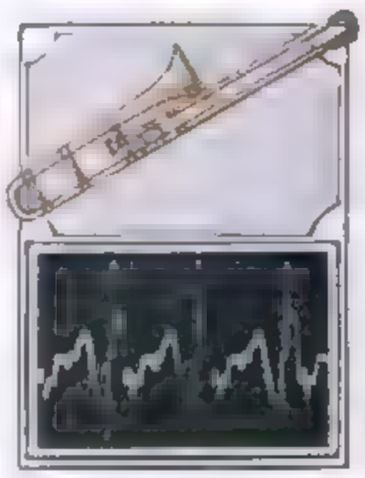
Vocalion Features

TONE—Due to the advanced and more scientific construction, the Vocalion produces richer, deeper, more beautiful and more *natural* tones than have hitherto been heard from the phonograph.

TONE CONTROL—The Graduola, the artistic and exclusive tone-controlling feature of the Vocalion, enables anyone to give voice to his own musical ideas and to prevent monotony by slight changes in the record's stereotyped expression.

APPEARANCE—In both outline and finish the Vocalion establishes an entirely new standard of beauty for the phonograph.

UNIVERSAL TONE-ARM—This great feature provides the means by which *every make of record can be played upon the Vocalion.*



TROMBONE—The tone-wave of this instrument denotes unmistakably the quality of its tone.

OBOE—The pronounced irregularities of the Oboe's tone-wave are caused by the dominance of certain of its partial-tones.

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SPOTTING SHOP SHOPLIFTING

(Continued from Page 15)

driven his car into the alley toward which the telltale track pointed. On one side of the alley was a combination of pool room and saloon, and in the back, half hidden by the larger building, was a little lean-to shed, from which came the unmistakable hum of a Regent engine.

Trusting to my rubber-soled shoes to muffle the noise of my approach, I sneaked back to peer into the door of the shed. Hanracky's car was there all right, and he had jacked up the two wheels on the right side high enough so a belt could be looped round them and the rear wheel made to drive the front one. Hanracky was using the engine to run up a fictitious mileage while he was probably in the dive playing pool. I guessed that the wheel was running about fast enough to correspond to a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and I edged my way into the shack to see how closely my guess approximated the speed reading. The numbered dial was quivering back and forth slightly, with the figure 75 showing under the index. That called for more investigation, and I found that Hanracky had worked out a clever scheme.

The Last of Hanracky

Disconnecting the speedometer flexible driving shaft, he had swung it round and fastened it where the small driving gear would come into contact with the tire. Then, to compensate for the roughness made by the teeth in the little gear, he had snapped three heavy rubber bands onto the gear, and made a very creditable friction drive wheel out of it.

Instead of getting the usual speed ratio of four to one, the drive he had rigged up was nearer twenty to one, and the speedometer was registering a speed and mileage at least five times that covered by the travel of the wheel.

A look into the gasoline tank explained the reason for this peculiar arrangement. The engine was using fuel from the three-gallon emergency tank, and the needle on the gauge on the big twenty-gallon service tank stood at "Empty." In addition to running up a fake mileage record to account for the day's absence Hanracky was selling the gasoline that would have been used in making that mileage, which, at some twenty cents a gallon for high-grade fuel, meant some four dollars of profit on the day's work.

Out to try to find a tool loss, I had stumbled on a gasoline leak.

When I realized that the boosted speedometer drive ratio would record a whole day's run in just a little while it struck me that Hanracky would be coming out pretty soon to shut off his engine; so, stopping only to remove the little speedometer gear with its wrappings of rubber bands, I went back to the corner where I had left my car, and proceeded to give it a real run before turning it in at the plant.

That afternoon the testing department foreman had a telephone call from Hanracky, reporting that he had burned out a bearing at Bedford, ten miles south of town, and would have to be towed home.

Fortunately two of us went down on the rescue trip, for when we reached Bedford we found the car, but no Hanracky. He had used what fuel was still in the tank to get as far from town as he could when the loss of the gear showed him his scheme was discovered, and he never did come back to the factory to claim the rubber bands.

Any notion I might have cherished that Hanracky's flight would stop the tool loss died the next afternoon when I dropped into the assembly department, ostensibly to borrow a big wrench, but in reality to size up the look on Johnson's face. He looked worried, so I knew more tools had disappeared.

It took all the week, right up to Saturday afternoon, to get ready for my report to Mr. Norton. He didn't get back from his trip until almost quitting time, but his greeting showed he had found time to confer with Johnson.

First I told him of my luck in happening to stumble onto Hanracky's little graft, just as though that represented my week's work.

"That was last Monday, you say?" he asked. "What became of the other five days?"

"I'll have to draw you a little map to explain," I began. "First I'll draw this rectangle to represent the assembly department, with its west wall coinciding with the western boundary of the Regent's grounds. On the east side of the rectangle, away from the boundary, I'll draw this dotted line to represent the walk. Now this walk jogs to the right, as you go down it, at the end of the assembly building, until it comes to the fence, when it makes another right-angle turn, parallels the fence and this old building where the first cars were built, and comes out at last at the dump where the factory sweepers pile their rubbish."

"That's all correct enough," the boss agreed, "but what does the shape of the walk have to do with our tool loss?"

"That's why I needed the sketch," I explained. "Do you know who lives on the other side of the fence?"

"Yes. Most all the houses are filled with men from our factory. Many of them own their homes there."

"So I've learned. Last Wednesday as I was coming down the walk between the fence and the old shack I heard somebody coming down beside the assembly department, and he was whistling The Wearin' o' the Green."

"And why not?"

"That's what I thought, until I happened to meet the whistler just at the corner of the shack, and he acted for an instant as though he was having a stroke or fainting or something."

"Who was he?"

"He was the thief all right, but I wasn't absolutely sure until this afternoon, when I caught him at his tricks. I hid in the old shack, whittled a peephole in one of the boards so I could watch the corner where I had met my man, and waited. Again I heard the tune, whistled as on Wednesday, and as a sort of accompaniment the squeak of a dry wheelbarrow. Right in front of me the barrow stopped, and so did the tune."

"The pusher stopped to spit on his hands," the boss suggested; and I could see that was what he hoped anyway.

"Not this time," I amended. "The tune was taken up on the other side of the fence in a higher key. I saw the man's hand fumble in the trash on the barrow, there was the flash of something bright in the sunlight, a thud over beyond the high board fence, another bar or two of the tune from the invisible whistler, and then the man took up the tune and the barrow, and went on down to the dump."

"That would be old Dan—but it couldn't be Danny, it couldn't!" The boss was arguing with himself rather than with me. "Why, old Danny was one of the very first men we ever hired. He's just sweeping up to keep his name on the pay roll until he's old enough to draw a pension. Surely it wasn't Dan?"

For reply I penciled in a square on my sketch, across the fence from the jog in the walk.

"This is Dan's house," I began; "or was, until he got roped in one of those wildcat oil schemes some ten months ago. To raise cash for his stock he mortgaged the house to a loan shark down on Woodland Avenue, and he's barely been able to keep the interest payments from swamping him since. It was Danny's only grandson who answered the whistle signal."

In settling the affair the Regent's boss took into account Dan's long service and excellent record, wormed out of the old man the name of the fence through whom he disposed of the tools, and then put the company lawyer onto the trail of the oil-stock salesman and the loan shark.

That was all four years ago, and old Danny is still sweeping up in the Regent factory, doing all he can to repay the loss he caused. And to this day he believes, to the relief of his soul, that he and the "Old Man" are the sole possessors of his secret.

It seemed as though I had done my duty by tracing the theft, and I thought Mr. Norton would let me alone after I got back into my work. But he didn't. Some six weeks after the wind-up of this business there came another summons from the head office. And when I reported there was a man with the boss.

"Phelps, this is the boy, Brown, I was telling you about last night. Brown, this is Mr. Phelps, president of the Para Tire Company. He is having something the same kind of trouble we had here, and it occurred to me maybe you could run it down too."

I felt as uncomfortably out of place as a fly in a glass of milk. The boys at school used to call me "Gum-Shoe Brown," but it was because I persisted in wearing tennis shoes to class, and not because of any latent sleuthing talent. While I hesitated the boss came to the rescue.

"Tell him just what your trouble is, Phelps," he suggested. "Then he'll know what he's up against anyway."

"Do you know anything about the manufacture of rubber tires?" Instead of enlightening me the head of the tire company was quizzing me.

"Nothing more than we were told at college in two lectures on modern manufacturing processes," I admitted; "and I'm afraid they didn't go very deeply into the subject."

"Hardly." Phelps smiled in spite of himself. "I've been in the business for fifteen years, and there is lots left for me to learn yet. But that is not the question. Para tires are made by a secret process, in the course of which, just before the tread is put on, a layer of very pure rubber is spread over the fabric. This pure rubber we refine ourselves by an expensive process, and the market price of fifty cents a pound for crude rubber does not begin to cover the cost to us. This extra-refined rubber is much sought after by tire repair men for work on inner-tube patching—as some of the men in the tire building department have learned to our cost. We lose so much of this special rubber that we are unable to accumulate a reserve stock. There are sixty-three men in the finishing department, and we've had two detectives there for a week at a time, without catching any of them stealing stock."

A Matter of Solvents

"I don't see what good I could possibly be," I began, when the boss interrupted.

"Go and look the place over anyway," he urged.

And after discussing ways and means it was arranged that I should be shown through the tire factory as a prospective service man, which might necessitate my being in the tire-building department for several days.

The inspection trip over, I left the Para factory with a more or less confused idea of tire manufacture, but without the slightest inkling of anything that would help me to go about my task of running down the loss.

The rubber that was being stolen came into the department in strips about five inches wide, and long enough to go completely round the circumference of a tire. The strip was protected on one side by tissue paper, to keep it from fusing together, and was packed in rolls about an inch in diameter. It would take about four of these rolls to weigh a pound, I figured, and it would not pay a man to try to get away with less than two or three pounds, which was more than could well be concealed in one set of pockets without making bulges large enough to excite suspicion.

On the way home I stopped in at the public library and borrowed a book on tire building. It did little more than outline the processes I had seen, but it did list a

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number of materials used in the industry. Mr. Phelps had explained to me during the time we spent in his factory that the carcass of the tire—the fabric part, I mean—was moistened with a mixture of benzine and chloroform just before the special strip of rubber was applied; and that this liquid mixture served to dissolve enough of the rubber strip to cement it firmly to the tire. The mixture he was using was listed among other solvents in the book I had, but at the top of the list was placed carbon bisulphide.

A few experiments with a roll of the special rubber, and I felt sure enough I had stumbled onto a way to detect the thieves to telephone the news to Mr. Phelps.

That same evening, when the quitting whistle blew at the plant of the Para Tire Company, Mr. Phelps and I, with two plain-clothes men, joined the factory watchman and the timekeeper in the little shack at the gate. As the men passed in single file through the iron-pipe labyrinth that prevented crowding at the time clock, three were picked out, asked to step inside the shack, and were handcuffed. When searched, each man was found to have from six to twelve rolls of the rubber wound round his body, beneath his clothes. The arrest of the three solved the problem.

At the Regent plant the next afternoon I was again called to Mr. Norton's office.

"How did you do it?" the boss asked me. "Phelps phoned me last night and wanted to hire you away from me, but wouldn't tell the scheme you used. This morning he sent you this check, so it must have been good. What was it?"

A Treacherous Odor

"It wasn't hard. The pure rubber they are using absorbs the vapors of most of the liquids that will dissolve it. Any unvulcanized rubber will do that, more or less. I got to figuring that the men must be sneaking the rubber into the washroom and there wrapping it round themselves, as otherwise they couldn't get enough out of the plant at once to make it pay. That being the case, all I had to do was arrange so that the rubber would announce its presence. It did. All the men who came from the tire-building department had a touch of the peculiar odor of the solvent they used, but the three men in question could have been spotted by a blind man a mile away—they would have made a common or garden variety of skunk stack up like a florist's shop in comparison—but one of the merciful characteristics of the fumes of the solvent is that you soon get used to it and don't notice the pervasive odor. All we did was pinch the men with the assertive odor and search them. They had the rubber."

"What was this solvent you mention?"

"Carbon bisulphide. Pure, it is almost odorless, and as such it was supplied to the tire department. Mr. Phelps merely switched solvents on them in the suspected department at noon, as we figured the men wouldn't wear the rubber any longer than they could help. Then during the afternoon the rubber absorbed the pure carbon bisulphide vapor—but this compound possesses the peculiar property of decomposing slightly in the presence of water, and then gives off an odor like the concentrated essence of bad eggs. Naturally with a wide swaddling band of rubber round him a man would perspire, and this perspiration would start the decomposition of the carbon bisulphide—so all we had to do was take a sniff at the men as they came out of the plant."

When I got away from the main office and stopped to look at the check I had another of those pinch-me-I'm-dreaming fits. Any way you looked at it the little slip of pink paper read "one hundred dollars"—as much as I was getting for a month's work as engineering apprentice with the Regent people, and I wondered if the clerk with the check writer hadn't inadvertently put a cipher or two too many before the decimal point. But Mr. Norton had surely seen the amount, and he hadn't appeared to be worried over its extent. The more I thought of it the less I liked it, and it took a phone call to Mr. Phelps to make me realize I was being paid that amount for less than two days' work.

One idea—it being more of a lucky hunch than a thought-out plan—and I was a month's salary ahead. One idea—one hundred dollars; two ideas—two hundred dollars. With that simple little arithmetical progression as a starting point there began a series of conferences with Mr. Norton, which ended in my setting out for myself as an "Industrial Investigator," with the aim of specializing in shop shoplifting. Out of the cases which I handled in the next two years perhaps the results of a few will show that the motto I adopted at the outset—"Hit 'em on their blind side"—was all that was needed.

My first client was the power plant of the street-railway company in a small town within a short trolley ride of Cleveland, and they were losing—coal. Records of normal operation showed that an even eight tons of coal a day would cover the fuel needs for twenty-four hours' run, and then, suddenly and without apparent reason, the fuel demand jumped to between nine and ten tons a day. And coal that year was retailing at six to nine dollars, depending upon its quality.

I went down, looked the plant over, checked up all the data the manager had, and agreed that he should not have been using more than the customary eight tons. Then he and I inspected the boilers and grates, looking for a bad air leak which might account for the extra fuel. Everything was as tight as could be expected. Then we check-weighed the incoming coal. It was dumped direct from the railroad cars into the plant's track storage hopper, and when we verified car weights we found he was not being short-weighted by the dealer—he was getting all the coal his bills called for.

Then we went over the storage layout. From the track hopper, where the railroad cars dumped their load, the fuel was taken by a bucket elevator of the endless-chain type and hoisted to the top of the power house, where it was discharged onto a wide belt conveyor, running the length of the building over the elevated storage bins, and from which the coal was diverted by an adjustable dumper into any section desired, thence to be fed by gravity to the automatic stokers under the boilers. It was a modern, efficient fuel-handling layout, and I could see nothing wrong with it. The coal elevator had an automatic weighing device built into it, and it registered a total tallying very closely with the figures called for by the railroad bills.

Checks and Counterchecks

As a last resort we checked the ash-handling apparatus. That, like the coal, was automatic. A bucket conveyor passed along under the grates and up the side of the building behind the coal storage space to dump into the top of a conical storage bin. This latter was provided with a discharge chute coming out above the roadway so the ashes could be loaded into a wagon by gravity and thus carried away. The ash conveyor also had an automatic weighing device, and the total ash handled daily checked very closely with the amount which laboratory tests of the fuel showed should have been made by eight tons.

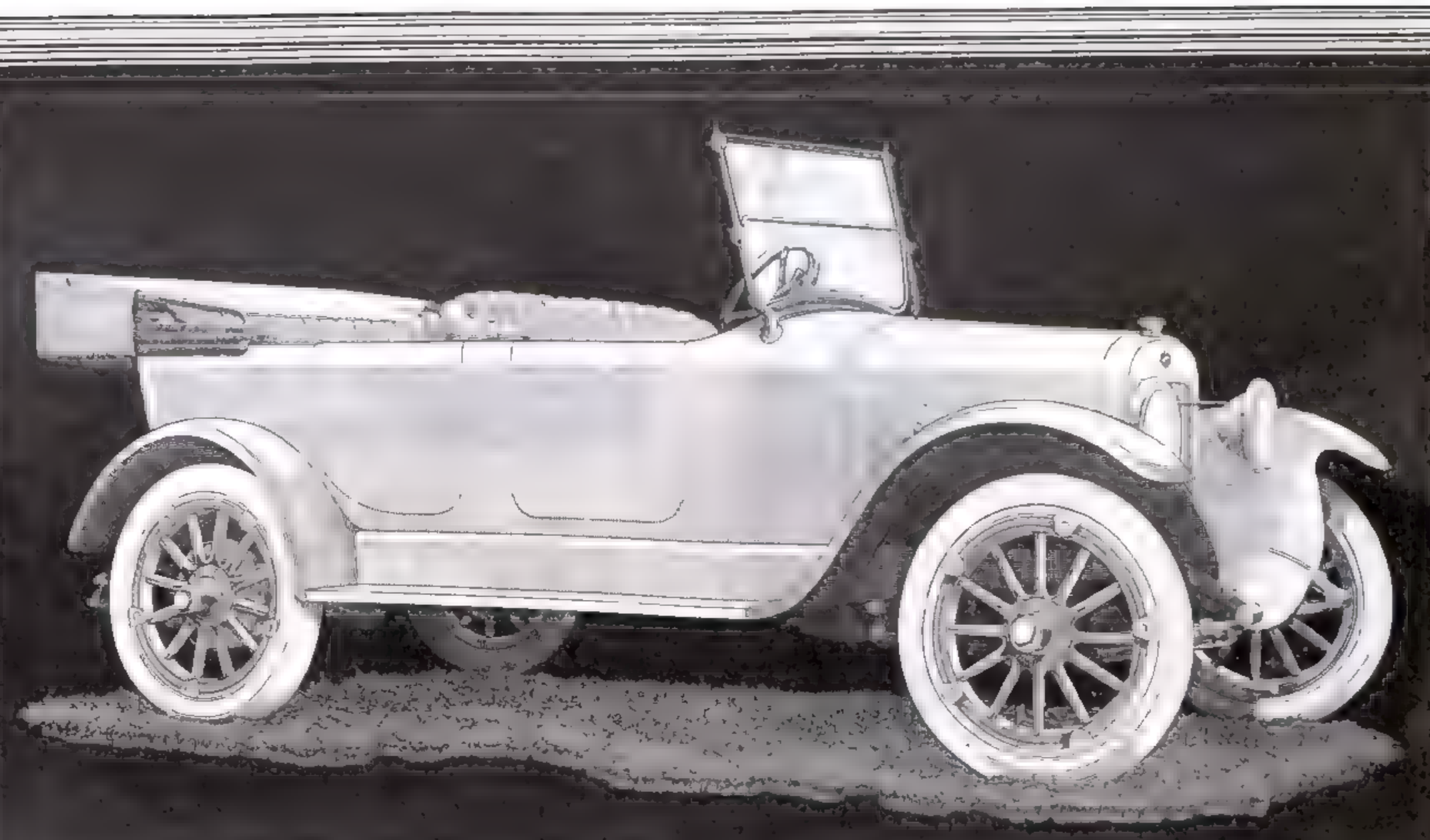
The hundred dollars didn't look so easy after I had checked and rechecked everything at the power plant until I could reel off the data backward as well as forward, and still there was that unexplained disappearance of round a ton of coal a day. Nobody was tucking it away in his pocket, that much was sure—but somebody was getting away with it somehow. And that somebody had me on my blind side apparently, which, since I had taken the job on a no-cure-no-pay basis, made it look like time wasted to stay on longer.

While I was waiting in the little office for the manager to come in so I could tell him I seemed to have bitten off more than my teeth were good for, a truck backed up to the ash chute and began to take on the day's accumulation of cinders and ash. I knew who the driver was, brother of the engineer in charge, but until I happened to see the truck at the cinder spout it never occurred to me to connect the kinship and the palpable fact that the coal, if it was being stolen, must be hauled away in some vehicle—and the truck was the only vehicle to come near the plant.

Without making any apparent change in my plan I told the manager, when he showed up, that I'd have to take time to think things over. And with matters thus up in the air I went downtown and boarded an interurban headed for Cleveland.

An observant man hearing my farewell to the manager might have wondered why I passed up the limited car and took a local fifteen minutes later. Then, if he had trailed me, he might have been puzzled when I dropped off just beyond the city

(Continued on Page 73)



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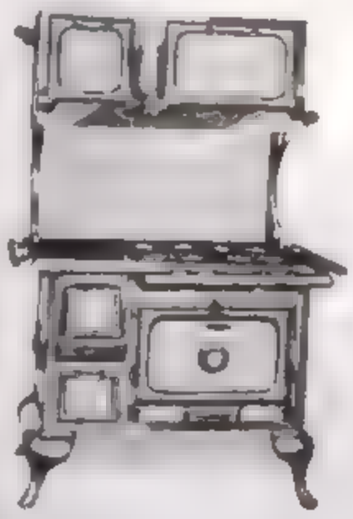

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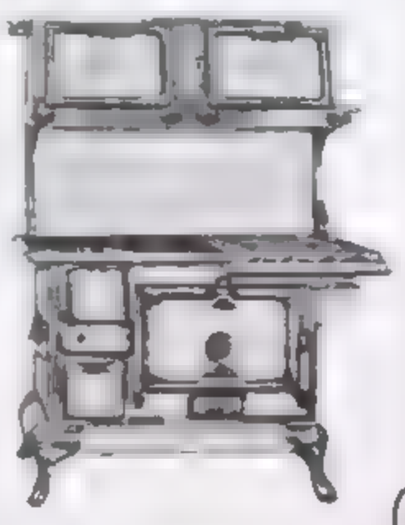

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SANICO

(Continued from Page 70)

limits and waited until dark to make my way back into town; there to elude the watchman at the power plant and afterward to climb up and lose myself in the steel roof trusses at a point exactly opposite the ash hoist.

This hypothetical sleuth, if he had taken the trouble to scramble up beside me, would likewise have been interested in what followed. He could have heard, as I did, the complaining squeak of the ash hoist as it began to bring up the accumulated cinders, with the pulsating thud-thud as each bucket dumped its load down the dark throat of the conical bin. Then the ash hoist ceased its falsetto complaint and the deep bass hum of the coal hoist began. Down the walk beside the belt conveyor came a wavering beam of light, its shifting glow showing that somebody was moving the adjustable unloading device along the belt.

At last the light stopped directly in front of the ash bin and the man stooped to swivel the discharge spout from the coal space round toward the ash bunker and to lengthen it with a piece of stovepipe slipped over the spout so it would empty inside the big bin. Then he went away, there was the groaning hum of the belt-conveyor motor, and pretty soon a steady stream of coal began to travel along the wide belt, switch aside at the unloader, and drop with a thudding swish into the depths of the ash hopper.

The plan was simple enough, once it was seen through. Mowry and his brother together were stealing the coal. First the engineer would run a little ash into the hopper as a blind, and then when all was quiet round the plant he'd run in a ton or so of coal, switching back to the ash conveyor at the last to put a protecting coating of cinders over the coal in case anybody should happen to look into the hopper. Then when the truck was loaded there was the masking cloud of fine ash dust round the chute to cover effectually any sight of coal, with a layer of ashes on top of everything if anybody should happen to be inquisitive enough to climb up and peer into the deep truck body.

The little bit of ash present would hardly lessen the value of the coal, and it could readily be peddled.

Unless the lenient laws of the state of Ohio have let them come clear before their time is up both the Mowrys are still doing time at Columbus—and the power plant is operating nicely on eight tons of fuel a day.

The Accusing Needle

Another job was out at the Lake Electric Company, manufacturer of industrial electrical appliances. Special magnet wire was mysteriously disappearing, and thereby retarding production. The available supply was limited, and the Lake company's allotment so small that any loss meant a corresponding shortage in production. For some time the thefts had been going on, but labor conditions were such that the management could not risk a walkout or loss of good men through ordering a search of the workers as they left the plant.

Work in the department where the thefts were occurring was so highly specialized that there was no chance for me to go in as a helper and study out the problem in that way. Introduction of a green man might have reacted to stop the thefts during such time as he was under observation by the thieves; but even then it was questionable whether any one man while employed as a worker could find time or opportunity to observe closely enough to check up the losses.

The problem was a good one. The company's plant was in a high-walled inclosure, the entrances flanked by the timekeeper's offices. There was little more than room for one man to pass at a time down the narrow walk between the two halves of the time shack, and it was here that I finally decided to set the trap.

Working all one Sunday night, with the superintendent to assist and ostensibly to replace the night watchman, we arranged two big coils of insulated wire inside the walls of the two timekeeping rooms, and connected them to a battery. Then I devised a kind of electric-current indicator from a compass, which was set up in the drawer at the window commonly used for storing time checks. By varying the amount of wire in the coils the needle of the indicator was balanced with their magnetic attraction so that it normally stood parallel to the passage. Then the superintendent and I went into the stock room and carefully connected the two ends on each of the coils of special wire so that on casual inspection the formation of a closed circuit in the coil would appear accidental, if indeed it were noticed at all.

The following evening the superintendent took the place of the timekeeper at the wicket as the men filed out, while I stood beside the current indicator and watched its sensitive needle.

Five times as the two hundred workmen in the plant filed past, the little pointer of the transformed compass swung to point, as though with an accusing finger, at the man before the wicket. Even to me, knowing the theory back of the phenomenon, it bordered on the uncanny. Aided by the two coils of wire, energized by the battery to transform them into electromagnets, the little instrument was pointing out hidden things—in this case the coils of wire, invisible to the eye.

The scheme merely took advantage of the fact that if a wire be brought within the influence of a magnetic field it becomes energized and itself carries a slight current, induced in this case by the large coils. The slight unbalancing of the pull on the indicator needle would serve to make it swerve. The big coils merely served to energize those of the special wire—hidden, as investigation showed, by being slipped over the head of the thief and covered by his coat.

After interviews in the superintendent's office the next morning the five men were allowed to quit rather than risk causing any disturbance by trying them; and after they left, the Lake company's wire losses ceased.

On the Higbee Case

The case at the Higbee Auto Parts Company was considerably complicated by the manner in which Higbee, Senior, undertook to stop the theft of finished parts, which, being manufactured as replacements for a popular car, were as good as currency in almost any garage or accessory store. The old man, who had built up the business from a one-man shop in his basement to an organization employing well over two hundred men, never could outgrow the idea that everything—plant, materials and workmen—was his to handle as he pleased.

His first move was to stop work the middle of one afternoon and have each and every man in the place searched. Then he wondered the next morning why nobody showed up to go to work.

Young Higbee, the old man's son, poured the traditional oil on the troubled waters by persuading the old man to go East for some raw material that was being held up—and then Higbee, Junior, personally induced a number of the men to pass up the old man's hasty action and persuaded them to help him round up the others. Thus it was that work was resumed two days later.

Checking of the output showed that with the resumption of work had come also a resumption of the loss. So when the old man came back again he insisted on giving the case to a detective agency, and an investigator was provided with a dummy union card and sent into the shop, ostensibly as a workman. He lasted three days—evidently while the men were sizing him up and deciding against his loyalty—and the third evening, not far from the Higbee company's gate, he was pretty badly mussed up by a bunch of the men, and let off with a warning not to try to slip anything over on them again.

All this young Higbee told me as we were lunching downtown and discussing the proposition. He agreed that it was only by trying something absolutely different that we could hope to single out the thieves without giving additional offense to the other men. And though it was safe to assume that there were only a few actually involved in the disappearance of parts there was enough of the clan feeling in the entire shop to make all the men get their bristles up at the least intimation of another move.

An inspection of the plant the following Sunday helped little. The plant was situated along a railroad track, an overhead bridge with flights of steps at each end connecting it with the street beyond. At the factory end of the bridge and facing the steps was the timekeeper's building, and just across the walk a second small shack for the watchman. Between the two buildings was a walk of concrete slabs possibly two feet wide and filling the narrow gap.

What New York Considers Good Style

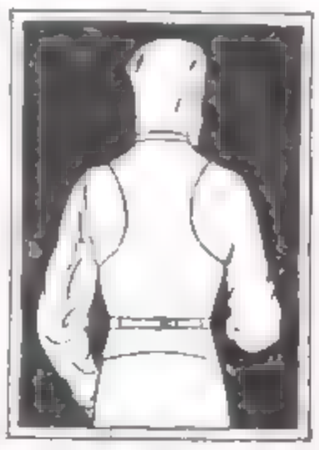
I HAVE had unusual luck of late in being able to observe the various striking features of the new styling for spring and summer at their very origin. And I have joined in the enthusiasm with which the young men of New York have adopted them.

"Round About New York"

a book of correct styles for young men, has been prepared to give service to men everywhere. It shows and tells what well dressed men will wear this spring and summer. A postcard with your name and the name of the best clothier in your city will bring you a copy. Write for it.

The intention that inspires all the best of the season's designing is that of expressing the figure of the man himself with precision and gracefulness. A muscular shoulder, a good arm, a supple waist, a creditable leg—all are clothed so as to present their best proportions. It is a season in which one's own lines are made the most of, yet without hampering comfort or limiting activity.

Two of the excellent applications of this idea are in the fashioning of the coat at the shoulder and the hanging of the sleeve. Again and again at gatherings of well dressed young men here in New York I have noted the prevalence of the new square shoulder contour. Rightly done it is the very essence of good taste and it is timely to the moment. The shoulder line comes out square and clean from the neck and a small puff is sometimes allowed to appear at the top of the sleeve where it meets the shoulder.



The vest is shaped to the figure from neck to hips

The effect is extremely good and is an accepted feature in the designing of sleeves for all seasons.

In the best of the models I have studied the sleeve is hung with extreme nicety and smoothness. In length it falls just above the joint of the wrist instead of just below it as in former seasons.

The waist of the coat comes slightly above the trouser band and is drawn in smartly, the coat being draped gracefully at the sides and back with that tapering appearance so desired by the young men of today.

A pleasing improvement in the vest is the absence of fulness beneath the arm-openings. This is due to more accurate designing.

The correct trouser is cut to the actual mould of the leg, the side seam below the knee showing a graceful curve in place of the straight line of former seasons. The side pockets are set at a convenient slant giving a smart touch to the garment. Narrow belt straps are used although a belt with this type of trouser is a mere formality.

The trousers must fit the leg, not disguise it.

In my observation of the seasonal tendencies I have not once come across more excellent interpretations of the new styles than are found in the various models of Cortley Clothes. They seem to be most ably and skillfully created and they convey that assurance and poise which, I have found, distinguish the man whose attire is truly correct. It is surprising at what a reasonable price Cortley Clothes can be had in almost any town in America.—H. L.

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors

In the City of New York

"Good workmen know the difference"

"Ask Skinner Edwards"

Skinner Edwards runs a buffing machine in the Roth Shoe Company's big factory out in Cincinnati, Ohio. Skinner is a veteran—40 years, man and boy, he's been on the job. Skinner knows shoes from the steer to the shoe store, but buffing is his specialty. Nothing about sandpaper and leather he can't tell you. Every time a question on buffing comes up in the Roth factory it's "ask Skinner Edwards." And Skinner always has the dope.

That's why, when Kellogg, a Manning Speed-grits salesman, walked into the Roth Shoe Company's office one day last spring, Mr. Schaeffer, the foreman, led him out into the factory and turned him right over to Skinner.

"Never mind the selling talk, Mr. Kellogg," said Skinner, "just leave me your samples, I'll make my own tests. If there's a difference in Speed-grits I'll sure find it." So Kellogg left a batch of sample Speed-grits sheets and went on his way.

Two weeks later Kellogg stopped off again at the Roth plant. This time he headed straight for Skinner Edwards' buffing machine.

Skinner saw him coming and stopped his machine.

"Well, Mr. Kellogg, I thought 'twas about time you turned up," he said. "Speed-grits is all right—O. K. every way. I made four tests—your Speed-grits against all the brands of sandpaper we've used here. With Speed-grits Durite I cut nearly 50% more leather in the same time and the sheets lasted 'most twice as long."

But why not find out for yourself? Speed in production is important these days. Make this Speed-grits test of Skinner Edwards in your own factory. You'll find that it pays to specify Speed-grits when ordering abrasives.

Don't say Sandpaper—say Speed-grits.

Write for "The Difference Book." Address the Manning Abrasive Co., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco and other principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

Skinner always looks for this trademark on the back of every sheet, belt or disc.

Manning Speed-grits
Reg U.S. Pat Off

As far as I could see this would be the only place to try anything, and the factory was searched for the necessary equipment.

What I planned to do was to weigh the men as they came in to work and again as they left. If they showed spasmodic gains in weight it was a safe bet to lay the gain to smuggled automobile parts. So young Higbee, the watchman and I worked all Sunday night setting the stage.

First we ripped up the floor of the watchman's shack and excavated a pit out under the walk, taking care to clear away exactly under the slab directly in front of the time window opposite. Then when the hole was completed the slab, freed of support and not being joined to its neighbors at either end, dropped into the hole. We raised it again, taking care not to mar the walk on either side, and into the recess it discovered we set a computing scale with the indicating device within the watchman's shack. The base was leveled up so that when the concrete slab was put in place again it came exactly level with its neighbors and there was nothing to show that the walk had been altered in any way. We tested the replaced block by walking on it, and even when it was not solidly supported the slight motion of the scale platform could not be felt.

Higbee, Junior, arranged to stay in the watchman's shack during the week and record the check numbers and weights of the men while the timekeeper kept each stationary before his window for long enough for the scale to come to rest. I was to come out again the following Saturday evening and see how the plan had worked out.

The figures, as we checked them over after a week's observation, were interesting. Numbers 65, 67, 72, 73, 76, 81 and 88, all working in the packing room, showed that their employment seemed to be agreeing with them, if gain in avoirdupois was any indication. Weighing in mornings at within a pound or so of the same weight each week, three of them a day would each seem to have gained eight to ten pounds, while all the other workmen would leave the factory a pound or so lighter than they had been when they reported in for work. On no two consecutive days did the same three men carry out loot, establishing the fact that they worked in collusion.

Sudden Gains in Weight

Monday morning Higbee, Senior, called up the suspected men one at a time and taxed them with the theft of a specified number of pounds of the company's product on certain days of the past week. In the case of all save Number 72 this definite charge was enough to bring out a confession and a plea for mercy—all of the men implicating the same jobber in automobile supplies as the man through whom the stolen parts were being marketed.

Check Number 72 denied the charge, claiming that the day in question—his weight had run high only on the Wednesday of the week of observation—he had taken home a pair of shop shoes and some dirty overalls. His story hung together, and the old man half apologized and let him go. If he had stuck to the job nothing further would have been thought about him, as, after blustering considerably, Higbee, Senior, had hired back all the men implicated. But the man with Check Number 72 hung on until the next pay day, drew his wages and left. That made young Higbee a bit suspicious, and he did a bit of investigating on his own hook.

It transpired that Number 72 was the brother-in-law of the accessory jobber who had acted as the fence for disposing of the stolen parts. And though a warrant was sworn out for him Check Number 72 never was apprehended.

The successful use of electromagnetic phenomena in the case of the Lake Electric Company suggested a means of getting on the blind side of the men in trying to single out the thieves at the Fulton Tool Steel Works. The company specialized in high-grade alloy steels, much of the product being sold in the finished form, as lathe tools, milling cutters and other material into which the expense of labor and machining had entered to such a degree as to make the original cost of the metal almost negligible.

Conditions were such that any adaptation of the weighing-machine plan was out of the question, and finally a large electromagnet six feet in diameter was borrowed from a near-by steel works. This magnet was ordinarily used for lifting pig iron, and had a capacity of several tons. The lifting force ran considerably over a hundred pounds to the square inch.

The Telltale Steel

This big magnet came into the shop ostensibly to be resurfaced, and was propped up alongside the wooden walk over which the men must pass from the suspected department, being set just round a corner so that it could not be seen until the man was fairly on it. Then a board in the walk was loosened and a small spring switch concealed beneath it so that the weight of a man on the board would close the circuit. This small switch served as a master to control the movement of another which opened and closed the circuit for the magnet, with the result that anyone passing would automatically subject any steel he might be carrying to the full force of the magnet.

A few minutes before closing time the superintendent drove me up in his automobile to a point where we could watch the test. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. A man would come along swinging his lunch box in an aimless manner. He would step on the loose board and if it contained any steel the box would swing toward the surface of the big magnet with an irresistible force. Then as the astonished man braced himself to hold the erratic box he would step off the board, the circuit would open and the magnet go dead, the sudden reaction causing two of the culprits to lose their balance. The amount of pull the magnet would exert being regulated by the amount of steel through which it could operate it was easy enough to spot the men making away with stolen goods.

As one result of this scheme, however, the Fulton people had to canvass the shop after the guilty men had been thus picked out, and send a number of watches to a jeweler to have them demagnetized. Even key rings and pocket knives exhibited decidedly frisky tendencies when coming within the sphere of influence of the big magnet.

The factory manager has but one type of shop shoplifter to guard against—the dishonest employee. But with this one class he is nearly always confronted by the clannish loyalty of the shop worker, who is always for and with his fellow in overalls against the authority of the management. And it is because of the closely knit comradeship in the shop that it is often advantageous to resort to means such as the ones outlined to trap the thief on his blind side, by taking advantage of the limitations of his technical education and utilizing something which he neither understands nor suspects.

A RICH WOMAN'S CHARITIES

(Continued from Page 19)

avoiding the necessity for more than one bank account. The manager and I each sent a monthly statement to madam, and the family business man audited my accounts once a month. Between times I made an inventory of the beautiful household linen, which seemed to me a lifetime's supply, so that madam might replenish her stock from her beloved Parisian shops, and I supervised the closing of the country house.

When finally the date of sailing was decided upon a footman was dispatched to measure the floor space of the suite reserved for madam and the young ladies. Thereupon I spent weary hours sewing long strips of heavy unbleached cotton together—what a very large suite it seemed to be—and when I had finished the footmen took it to the ship and tacked it carefully down over the carpets provided by the steamship company.

At last came the morning of departure. The last load of trunks disappeared, the final hampers of fruit and flowers and cream and butter and new-laid eggs went off under the butler's watchful eye. The governor paid what had all the appearance of a surreptitious visit to my office to assure me of confidence in my ability to carry on, but should anything come up that I didn't understand I was to call up Mr. Smith,

(Concluded on Page 76)

The Place and the People Behind Your Laundered Linen

A typical lunch room in a modern metropolitan laundry where employees are served at cost.

Do you shut your eyes after your family bundle leaves your hands, or are you curious to know whence it goes and by what manner of people your linen is laundered?

Influences that have to do with the betterment of working conditions are making themselves felt in all industries, but nowhere have the results been more encouraging than in modern laundries.

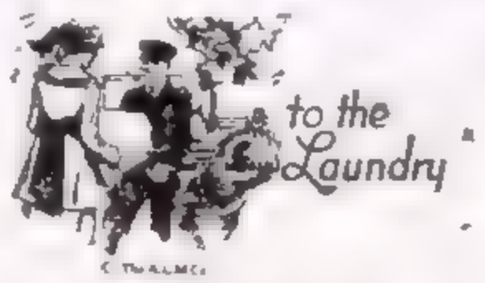
Visit a modern laundry in almost any city—you will find it a headquarters for cleanliness. Modern laundries are well lighted, with sunshine from many windows; the floors are brightly scrubbed and sanitary; the ventilation thorough, the air sweet. In these plants you also will discover conveniences for the employees; rest and lunch rooms, lockers and baths—everything that we have come to esteem as essential for the physical and mental well-being of workers.

A corner in a rest room such as many laundries provide for the convenience of their feminine employees.

Or spend a few moments with the men and women employed in these modern laundries. You will be told of mutual associations for health benefits, of clubs for recreation; of organizations for the encouragement of steadiness and thrift. But most important, you will find these workers themselves wide-awake, neat in person, human—earnest in the performance of the service that keeps us the most cleanly clothed people in the world.

The many thousands of employees in modern laundries, who daily are lightening the labors of housewives, are enjoying equally with their fellows elsewhere the industrial advantages and privileges of the times.

There is no other class to whom the housewife can so safely entrust her family washing and the duties of washday.



It is to places and people like these that your washing goes when you send it to modern laundries. There are modern laundries in your city.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

(Concluded from Page 74)

who would see me through. He looked very lugubrious, and I held a shrewd suspicion that if he could have his wish he would be staying quietly in his own beautiful home, with his faithful old friend Boggs to care for him.

Almost at the last moment I had to scurry down to a shop and buy a dressing gown for Celeste, madam's maid. The poor soul had during odd moments been getting her own wardrobe in shipshape, and had hung her best dressing gown in her sewing-room closet, where her mistress chanced upon it, and recognizing it as an old one of hers and quite forgetting that she had given it months before to her maid, had thrust it into a box being sent off to an Alaskan missionary. As it was a creation of royal-blue satin lined with rose it naturally suggested itself as a serviceable garment for a missionary. The loss was discovered only at the eleventh hour, and madam in real contrition dispatched me to buy another. When I dashed up to the door in a hired car with my bundle I was just in time to throw it into the last carriageload of servants.

Country-Seat Charities

The two following weeks were occupied in shutting up the town house—no small undertaking. But at length it was accomplished—the furniture and pictures in every spotless room shrouded, each in its own bag cover; the curtains and costly draperies put carefully away in specially provided closets; the bric-a-brac wrapped in many folds of tissue paper, the shades drawn down, the door locked and the key and its tag added to the many in my possession. The silver and other movable valuables had, of course, long since been stored in the bank. Only a handful of servants remained. Their rooms, the servants' hall, my office on the ground floor and my little suite on the fifth floor overlooking Central Park were all that remained open in the big, silent house. Once a week or oftener I would make the rounds of the closed rooms.

My daily mail had now become a serious matter. Some I readdressed and forwarded to Europe; some I sent to Mr. Smith; some to the farm; a great deal of it, from adventurers and charlatans of all sorts and both sexes, I destroyed. Every mail brought begging letters of sorts—most of them not worthy of attention, but all must be opened and read.

The secretary had provided me with a list of benefactions falling due during the following months. They covered a wide range—hospitals, missions, rescue homes, shelters. There were few approved forms of charity in the great city without a quota, regardless of any religious affiliation.

There were, besides, many generosities known only to madam and her almoner; old friends or old employees who in many cases did not know from where the timely aid came. Many were the charities madam supported whereby people were helped to help themselves. She was one, for instance, of a small coterie of women who sold their scarcely used gowns to struggling actresses for infinitesimal sums. There were the windfalls in the orchards sold for a few pennies to people who would not beg or take charity. These and endless well-thought-out beneficences, small in themselves, all made for a busy life.

And by the way, though I had naught to do with it, I may mention that a magnificent organ was being built in one of the city churches, a memorial to madam's mother. But though liberal subscriptions found their way to many city charities, the prestige of the name alone being worth much, madam was chiefly concerned with the welfare of the small New England village that straggled almost to our country gates. Most of its men worked on the estate in one capacity or another and received just if not liberal wages, and the women regarded a day's work at the big house as a species of outing.

Beautiful reading and recreation rooms for men had been built and were kept up in memory of the only son, killed some years before by a fall from his horse. It was madam who furnished and paid the rent of a couple of comfortable rooms for the district nurse. There was, too, the Children's Home—but for that the young ladies were responsible—set in the midst of a garden and meadows; such a comfortable well-kept home—not at all a Daddy Longlegs sort of home—and such happy, frolicking kiddies! Then there was the coachman's widow, who lived in a small house on the estate and filled in for us in many a crisis, whose two children were being educated—the boy as a doctor, the girl as a nurse.

There was, too, a fairly complete collection of poor relations—who is without poor relations?—who received a regular dole and wrote properly grateful letters, somehow conveying the suggestion that a larger gratuity would be—not misplaced. Two of them, a young man and a young woman, were at expensive colleges. Madam's comments penciled on the margins of their college reports were caustic and far more brilliant than the reports. I'd hate being madam's poor relation. I'd rather scrub floors. But the family skin seemed comfortably thick; and as for the young collegians, they were distant relatives of the governor's and doubtless considered it none of her business, as is the way with in-laws.

During the winter I was obliged to make one or two trips a month to the country, and the mansion being closed I lodged at the gardener's cottage. I loved these periodical visits, in spite of the hard work and frequent unpleasant incidents they entailed. My little homely room was comfortable at the end of the day's work, but after my first experience of the gardener's wife's cooking I took the precaution of bringing with me some cooked food. She was a good woman and devoted to her gardener and growing family, but when the Lord fashioned her He didn't have a cook in his mind. Not to hurt her feelings, the food remained a smelly secret in my suitcase until her back was turned from setting my table, when I would stealthily raise the window and throw the greasy chops and soggy potatoes out—I often wonder what sort of crop grew under that window the following spring—and then surreptitiously devour what I had brought, starting like a thief at every sound.

My first visit was made the week before Christmas, and with high hopes of all I would accomplish in madam's name I set out early in the morning through the grounds on my way to the farther end of the village. The snow crunched under my feet and weighed down the branches of the evergreens and glistened in the crotches of the naked trees; the squirrels scampered up to see what I had brought, and frisked angrily off when I confessed to nothing. Crossing the bridge over the tumbling brook that liked to think itself a river, I followed the path that skirted the lake, now frozen over.

Shades of madam's Italian garden! The gardener's children had made a slide right over it, and now flat on their tummies on sleds and boards—one imp was adventuring on a snow shovel—were whizzing down the steep bank and halfway across the lake, while the air in the sacred precincts of the mansion resounded with their joyous shouts.

Some Bad Tenants

A terrible affliction to madam were these lusty kiddies. They had a way almost as soon as they were born of overflowing their own garden inclosure in somewhat sketchy attire onto the carriage drive, and being entirely without awe of madam or anyone else, embarrassing situations had occurred. The governor, on the contrary, was suspected of a sneaking fondness for their society. He had once even been surprised umpiring a baseball match in a secluded field, and had been seen shaking hands with the gratified male parent upon the advent of the sixth and latest.

My first errand was to take a pair of crutches to a little lame girl for whom madam's bounty had provided a series of operations by a famous surgeon, which, though she would never walk except with the aid of crutches, had eased her tortured body. Had I brought her a pair of wings she could not have been more delighted. Surely if madam had been there she would have enjoyed her happiness.

"I saw the ladies once," the child said wistfully. "They drove past our gate. They were so beautiful. Do princesses look like them?"

I had to confess that I didn't know many princesses; that in fact the only princesses I knew were the fairy kind, but I felt sure many of them were not more beautiful.

From there I went on to a cottage where madam had installed an immigrant family. The man having broken his leg was, of course, unable to work. A frowzy woman opened the door to my knock.

"Say," she said before I could speak, "I glad you come. You get nodder house. This house too lonesome."

"I can't get you another house," I said, aghast. "You must be content here until your husband is able to work."

And indeed it was a comfortable little house, and must have been a palace compared with the hovels of her own country.

"I came to see if you needed more coal," I continued.

"Yas, we want house an' coal," she answered. "Say, you get it right away."

"I will send a load of coal here to-day," I said.

"No, no!" she shrilled. "We want nodder house."

And a horde of dirty children gathered to listen and stare, and the man limped to the door and glared wolfishly over her shoulder, shouting something in a foreign tongue at me. I backed away, determining to send the village constable to do my talking for me here.

Now when I read of mid-European horrors I picture that virago and the brutish-looking man.

On Missions of Mercy

The children at the Children's Home were busy making ready for Christmas; there were wreaths and stars and crowns, all the work of baby fingers. The matron having announced that I was Santa Claus' special envoy, they climbed over each other and me to make their wants known. Those who could write intrusted me with letters; those who couldn't shouted. I wondered if the ladies in the villa on the Italian Riviera were having as much fun as I.

But had they been at home they would not have given themselves this pleasure; would not have tasted the joy of the friendly confidence of little children. Instead either the secretary or I would have been deputized to arrange with the matron for their Christmas cheer, and to carry the crutches to the little girl who had never walked. When madam drove through the village behind her high-stepping horses she recognized no one, not even the members of her own household, unless the whim seized her so to do. But of course there were many members whom she had never seen, and only knew of by their names on the wage list. It must be a frightful strain living up to dehumanized standards like that.

The busy little district nurse met me near the gate as I was leaving the Children's Home. She had with her a poorly clad, delicate-looking child.

"I want you to come with me," the nurse said. "This little girl's mother is sick, the father is out of work and I will want things for her."

So we turned along a side street, and as we trudged through the snow I took stock of the meek little uniformed figure beside me, wondering how so frail-looking a creature kept up under the almost unending labor of a district nurse. She opened the door of a shabby little house and we entered. There was but one room and a lean-to kitchen. A woman in mortal agony lay huddled on a hard narrow couch in the corner near the door; on the bed against the inside wall a red-faced man sprawled, snoring in drunken slumber. The nurse gave one look at the suffering woman, and springing like a wildcat across the room clutched and clawed at the sodden figure on the bed. She pushed and pulled him onto the floor.

"You drunken brute!" she cried, her gentle eyes blazing. "Get out of this! Get out, get out!" And she kicked and pummeled and shoved.

The man sat up blinking with bleary eyes. As for me, I crouched in abject terror with the whimpering child in a corner, expecting him to rush at us in a rage. Slowly he got to his feet, and under a rain of blows and kicks lurched to the door. One final shove and he rolled down the steps.

The nurse beckoned me, and now all tenderness and skill she was getting her patient into the bed, at the same time giving me instructions. I hastened away, taking the child with me soothed with the nurse's promises that her mother would soon be better. The purchases made and sent on their way and the half-famished child fed, I turned my steps to a cozy little cottage in the center of the village. A woman deserted by her husband, and with three little children to support, had it rent free. A pleasant-looking woman, but a total stranger, opened the door and gazed at me with quite as much surprise as I stared at her. I said finally that I wanted to speak with the woman of the house.

"If you mean the lady that we're renting the house from, she's gone to the city to live. She don't care about the country, leastways not in the winter."

"But," I said stupidly, "I don't understand. Who are you and what right have you here?"

She bristled at this.

"I guess," she answered, "we have all the right we need. My man pays his rent regular, and I'd like to know what business it is of yours anyway."

I explained the circumstances and asked for the previous occupant's address. She grew wary at this and said she didn't know. I hinted police and ejectment and said she must surely know where the rent was paid in. Finally by coaxing, threatening and bribing I got what I wanted.

Hearing my name called as I turned at last toward home, I looked round to see Mitty, our black and fat and shining occasional laundress. Mitty had been ill and receiving a weekly dole when we went to town.

"Laws," she cried, smiling her broadest, "I'm right glad to see you! It's sure lonesome when the folks is away."

"How are you, Mitty, and how is your son getting along now?" I inquired.

"I've got the awfulest cold," she cried, flourishing a pink handkerchief. "But Henery, he's doin' fine; makin' a heap of money as a car porter. The folks all sure like Henery; and that boy, he's mighty good to his mammy. He says I was to git anything I want, so I throwed away all the ole woolen things I use ter wear, an' I bought me pink silk undies jes like madam's, an' silk stockin's, too, an' patent-leather pumps."

And Mitty stuck out her foot to show me. Indeed with very little encouragement I might have seen the undies.

Had the family been at home there would have been a wonderful Christmas tree in the garage for all the employees, and every married man or head of a family would have received a turkey, a pudding—in fact, everything for a Christmas dinner, as well as the gifts on the tree for himself and each member of his family. But though there would be no tree or entertainment, the gifts or their money equivalent would be given, and for this the farm manager and I were responsible.

The Prodigal Father

As I sat by my fire that evening I heard voices in the passage. Presently the gardener knocked at my door, saying I was wanted. There in the passage stood the man I had seen being kicked out of his house, the most abject-looking wretch, but perfectly sober.

"I've just promised to take this man on again," said the gardener. "He's a teamster and a good enough man when sober."

The man raised his eyes for a moment from the floor.

"I want to say," he mumbled, "that I never was so 'shamed in my life—to be beaten and kicked out like a cur."

"But," I cried, hastily getting behind the gardener, "I didn't do it!"

"No, but you seen that little whiffet of a nurse—she sent me to tell you we've got a baby boy at our house." And he plucked up a bit of spirit.

Upon investigation the address—not a choice one—given me by the subtenant of the lady who didn't like the country, "leastways not in the winter," proved no use. Either the bird had flown or the address was bogus. Just what I should have done had I found her was a problem I was not called upon to solve.

Many were the mistakes I made that winter, and the complications that rose. There was, for instance, the family I helped for several months because the man looked so ill and had such a terrible cough whenever I met him, only to find out later that the money had gone to buy a music box, and when I taxed him with it he said his one thought had always been to leave his family well provided for when he died, so he'd begun with the music box. Then there was the tangle when Mitty, having bought the immigrant family's baby, grew tired of her purchase and wanted her money back. But the immigrants wouldn't have the baby again, not at any price, let alone returning the purchase money, and Mitty called me in. She said the baby wasn't a real white chile anyway, and not worth the two dollars she'd paid for it.

Willys LIGHT

Power and Light with the Quiet Knight ★

Brightens Homes— Lightens Work

WILLYS Light brings to America's farms the labor-saving, comfort-giving benefits of electricity. It is dependable, economical, care-free. Reliability is built into Willys Light by the world's largest makers of automobile starting, lighting and ignition systems.

Desirable Territory for Dealers Available

The air-cooled, Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine burns kerosene, gasoline or distillate. Continuous use only improves its action. It cranks itself, runs itself, stops itself.

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CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S

The Flavor Lasts

SEALED TIGHT

KEPT RIGHT

A82

SPIRITUALISM FRUMENTI

(Continued from Page 7)

personal things, is partially why I am the biggest success in my line to-day. And so up I went and left Jim wait.

Well, I run up the doc's front steps with every confidence in the world, and half a hour later I come down them with the world completely changed for me. Every once or twice in a while I have realized that when a woman escapes from the home and goes into business or on the stage or any other daring career, even though practically born to it, as in my own case, they have not escaped being a woman; and if anything happens to them out of the ordinary the first thing they yell for is that same home they have been so cute escaping from. I remember once as a mere child seeing Borea, the Strong Lady of our native circus, burst into tears and beg the Human Skeleton, which she was married to him, to take her home and protect her from them awful trained mice which had been put next to her on the platform by the cruel manager. And lots of other cases of the same kind. For no matter how professional, a woman is a woman first, and just as quick as you take the props from under her she needs help, and the kind of help she wants is of the masculine sect.

Well, when I come down the doctor's front steps it was just such a case, and my first thought was that I couldn't think and that I wanted my husband. Of course I do sometimes want him when I can think, but you get me, don't you? If married you do! Well, anyways, I had a sensation exactly like I had been hit on the head, only mentally, and was seeing stars! And as I have always refrained from allowing the papers—even the Motion Picture Gazette—from printing my private life, even a faked private life where you could plainly see it wasn't really our breakfast table but a badly dressed set, I will not now commence to break my record of refined mystery. But I'll say that it was the biggest moment of my life up to date, and that I would certainly have to refuse all engagements for some time to come, though finishing my present contracts with the doc's full permission.

All the way up to the Grand Central Palace, which I went to it in a taxi for greater privacy of thought, I was like a person tumbling down a ladder in my mind. I'll say I didn't think of over a billion things in thirty blocks. And what I thought is likewise nobody's business either, except that I didn't quite know what would I say to Jim. All I knew was that it would be a heart scene, that was a cinch. And why I didn't phone him to come home instead, Lord only knows, except that I blame it on not feeling strength enough left in me just then to struggle anew with the telephone operator and wanting to see the cars in spite of all, because that is how this false metropolitan life affects us, as the editorials say with truth.

And then, just when I had arrived at a conclusion as to the very lines I would speak, the taxi stopped at actually the right door, and I had to turn my mind to getting out and paying for it, and it's the truth these little things is often life-savers the way they jolt a person back to reality. And then I went in, and there was Jim in a terrible temper and a new green hat at fifteen minutes to four. He had also a yellow cane and a white carnation and was looking awful good to me. I swept up to him in my rather doubtful hat but a deep wave of emotion, and what do you suppose the poor fish says?

"If you was as prompt at rehearsals as you are meeting me we would both be on the town!" he says real snappy. And then as if that weren't enough he adds: "You're putting on weight, kid!"

How was that for a welcome? Pretty poor, I'll say, and me just bursting with romance! I should of expected no better from a husband by this time, only women always do expect better from their husbands every time, no matter how often disappointed. And it's the truth that though general remarks are unsafe, one at least can be made about husbands and no married man will bring a libel suit, and that is, they can all be depended on to be in the wrong mood unless you give them twenty-four hours' notice or send them a special delivery letter with the specifications typewritten. And their alibi is always the same old "How on earth could you expect me to know unless you told me?" Which, of course, is just what every wife always does expect, and nothing will ever make her feel she was unreasonable about it. So instead of replying I just give him a look of silent misery which was meant to convey "Why did I marry this brute which don't understand me?" But it failed to register in spite of my screen reputation, and Jim only grabbed me by the arm and shoved me into the surging throng.

"Come on now! Don't stop to make any passes at me," he says. "There's a 150-inch Colby-Droit over here with a body like a munitions works. Leave us commence with it and work down."

Well, the glowing words turned to ashes on my lips, as the poet might of said, and I gulped back the news of my brand new bigtime engagement, and realizing that I was suffering spiritually as few women ever had I allowed myself to be wordlessly dragged along by my husband in all his callous misunderstanding. Of course I was hurt by him not seeing at once in my face what any intelligent public would of instantly recognized in a close-up of me without a title, even though I admit the studio usually furnishes a little sock and glycerin in the corners of my eyes. But this was the real thing, and didn't somebody once say that truth is stranger than pictures? And it's a fact, I am always poorest in the parts I feel the strongest.

Well, anyways, Jim in his blind, typically husbandly manner led me off to look at the show, and we hadn't gone very far before I commenced to realize that our daily difference was only just beginning, though Jim's first remark was really a for him quite sensible one.

"We'll keep ourselves down to the three or four thousand dollar class," he says. "No use bothering with the big fellers. It's a waste of money, because the moderate priced cars are all standardized. They can pretty near all of them do the job nowadays and do it good. And if they are painted the right color they are just as snappy as the best."

"I thought we was going to consider a Colby-Droit chassis with a Booster body," I says.

"We ought not to afford it," says Jim. "The extra money should ought to go into government securities at such a time as this. Besides the medium cars is just as good, particularly if you are going to turn it in next year anyways."

"Well, it won't hurt them any to give a look at the big ones," I says. "If I am to be drove to the consideration of mere material things I want them to be the best and I got a fancy for Booster bodies. A broken heart can only be diverted by luxury."

"Uh-huh," says Jim, which it's the truth he hadn't heard one word of what I says. "Uh-huh! Lookit that Squedge sedan—ain't it fierce, though?"

So then I give it up. I wouldn't say a word. Not until we got home, anyways. I even got a wild idea I would never tell him but go away in time and punish him by leaving him find out too late after I was maybe dead. I wouldn't even admit I was tired, and walked about a thousand miles without complaint. Which it is a fixed idea with wives to think that if they suffer enough in silence theirselves it is someways going to punish their husbands, but no results has ever become visible on said husbands directly traceable to this cause.

Well, anyways, we walked through a regular forest of cars. Sedans, limousines, coupés with every kind of accent; open cars and roadsters, both sporty and respectable. While in and out of the stalling throng the languid salesmen floated like the w.k. lilies of the field, because the sign of a successful auto salesman to-day is not hustling but loafing. If he hustled the public would think something was wrong with his brand of boat and nothing would be doing, whereas, of course, if he wears the clothes of a made-to-order ad and the languid manner of a interior decorator which has been up all night, everybody at once realizes that the bus he is selling simply cannot be delivered under ten months because of the rush of orders, and naturally a public wants anything which it thinks is hard to get.

"Oh, If Only I Can Get a Communication From Him To-night! If He's Dead She Will Surely Find Him for Me"

However, once in a while when we would pause long enough before a car one of these Nature's gentlemen would lift his eyebrows at us, and upon receiving the high sign would shoot his cuffs and a line of chatter something like this:

"Are you interested in the Whatsis?" he says. "The 1921 model, which we are showing, has four forward and one backward speeds; the springs are semi-epileptic; the brakes, as you see, are automatic; ball and roller bearings all over the engine; battery equipment averages Babe Ruth's three-twenty; and as you observe, the rear axle is semifloating, like a good bath soap."

Of course this is not exactly what he would say, but words of the same affectation.

Of course there are undoubtedly a few human specimens among auto salesmen, but the public has learned them to conceal it under a cloak of extreme exclusiveness by which alone they are valued, though it is only fair to say that when you stop to consider the number of brazen liars in the only good clothes they own which comes up and wastes a auto salesman's time without the faintest real intention of buying even a tire, why you don't blame the poor boys for getting suspicious of almost everybody.

And a good example of this was encountered in front of the Colby-Droit exhibit where who would we see except Maison Rosabelle and her darling souse.

Now far be it from me to say a word about any woman's husband, she being quite capable of taking care of that herself, but much as I hated my own at that moment I was glad I was married to him instead of to little Rollo. He and Maison was unaware of our presence for quite some minutes, we being unintentionally ambushed behind a green sedan, but getting a good look at them through the glass and hearing their, or rather Maison's, line of talk before they spotted us, which it really is remarkable how different your friends are among total strangers from the way they are when with them that can only be bluffed up to a certain limit owing to a long acquaintanceship.

Well, anyways, there was Maison with a manner which implied the loss of a lorgnette—do you get me? Bah Jove, yes! Well, there she was with her manner and a costume which wouldn't of deceived nobody except one of her own class, and little Rollo, almost up to her shoulder and looking not at all like the parlor lizard she would of liked him to be taken for, but all too plainly a native of the zone once called Middle Broadway but now known as the Aqua Forties.

Now the Colby-Droit exhibit was, of course, the biggest in the show, and Maison was looking at their largest seven-passenger car. And being, as I have before remarked, a perfect nitwit outside of her own line, she was working the poorest alibi on the concealedly impatient sales gentleman—one of the more perfect "Our Mr. Hoosis" type of thoroughly modern, silent motored salesmen. He didn't believe her and she knew it, and she didn't care but she wouldn't admit it.

"It's really too small a car for us," she was explaining to him. "But I suppose we could have a special body—or you could have something a bit longer made for us?"

"We only make one chassis," said the mechanical orchid. And then Maison caught sight of us.

"Why, my deah!" she exclaimed, holding her hand out in high. "How odd! We was just looking at this car—the Colby-Droit. Rather nice little thing, don't you think?"

"I'm crazy about them!" I admitted freely. "Were you thinking of turning your present bus in on it?"

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Thor

Electric Vacuum Cleaner

An Efficient Product of a Great Line of Electric Labor-Saving Appliances for the Home

BUILT into this Vacuum Cleaner is the Hurley reliability which has kept the name Thor foremost for 14 years. For sure and certain vacuum cleaner satisfaction choose the Thor. Clean your house with a Thor this spring. Then free your home from dust during the open days of summer.

The only cleaner equipped with the "Hurley Thread Picker," an adjustable rubber comb which passes through the nap and dislodges thread and hair.

The Thor goes under and around the furniture, up into the corners and flush against the baseboards. There are attachments for cleaning all furniture and taking dust from nooks and places hard to reach.

Write for the Thor Electric Vacuum Cleaner catalog. We will mail you also the name and address of a Thor dealer. He will deliver you a Thor for a very small amount down—then easy payments for the balance.

Write for the Catalog Today

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Other products of the Hurley Machine Company are the Thor Electric Washing Machine and Thor Electric Ironer

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY

Chicago *San Francisco* *New York* *Boston*
St. Louis *Los Angeles* *Kansas City* *Toronto*

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Maison turned a little pale at this, but then she saw I had gone as far as I was going, and so come back to life. We girls always get that subtle stuff without so many words.

"Have you seen anything you like yet?" she says, still for the benefit of whoever heard.

"Lots of them," I says. "Of course this is what we really want, but we don't feel we ought to afford it."

"But, my deah," exclaims Maison, "it doesn't pay to buy a cheap car!"

"Nor to pay time on a too expensive one," I says. "Most motor sales is conducted about like the average government loans—the half of them is turned in as soon as the last installment is taken up. Now when I buy something I like to own it, and I'll say the Government and car manufacturers wouldn't mind a deflation of paper sales either."

All at once the lily come to life.

"You said something, Miss La Tour!" he says unexpectedly.

"So you recognize me!" I says. "But I'm Mrs. Smith, you know, in private life—and this is Mr. Smith!"

Well, I don't know why I done that—or rather I do perfectly well, and so do you. But anyways Jim didn't, but in a few moments he and Mr. Hoosis, whose name was Golightly, was talking over the innards of the touring roadster like a couple of eager surgeons about to operate, while Rollo stood by, first on one gaitered foot and then on the other, and tried several times to put his hands into the pockets which wasn't there.

"Of course I like the Currick six—the tapestry is so sweet!" Maison was saying in her highly technical manner. "And the new Virona is such a pretty color. Rully, I cawn't seem to make up our mind. Can you, deah?"

"I've got my mind all made up just what kind of a car I'm going to get this year," I says suddenly and truthfully. "But there isn't one in this show."

"Oh, how odd!" says Maison. "Imported, I suppose?"

"I believe they are," I says—"the kind I want. I'll surprise you with it when I get it. Jim can suit himself here if he wants to."

"There, you naughty girl!" says Maison. "See what comes of having a husband which is also a picture actor! I suppose you are jealous again."

"Well, I'd a whole lot rather be jealous than bored!" I says with a casual glance at Rollo. And that was all I did say. For jealous I have never yet had cause to be, and if not over a hundred mash notes a day do come to the theater and studio for Jim I know there is nothing in it. Like most awful handsome men, Jim ain't got brains enough to fool me if he wanted to, which he don't.

Well, anyways, the four of us wandered down the line from the ten-thousand-dollar mark to cars that people could buy, and all this time Jim never noticed how tired I was getting or anything, so I made the usual wifely mistake of telling him just as he was interested in a new air-cooled motor, so all he says was, "Uh-huh, my head aches too!" So I shut up like the clam that escaped the boarding-house chowder and suffered on in my lonesome isolation from all the world until we come to a imitation of the big car we had started out from.

Well, this was a car that I can tell you what kind of a car it was by telling you that if you didn't know anything about them and saw it parked some place at twilight and was going by very fast and driving yourself with passengers so's you didn't dare to look but for a quick glance, you would of thought it was a Colby-Droit until after you got by and realized that of course it wasn't—it couldn't of been, because it didn't have their patent radiator cap. Well, the minute Jim saw this bus it was all over but signing the check. I could see that by the way he talked against it.

"That type of ignition is no good," he says, "and I don't like a vacuum feed."

"But you haven't tried it on this car!" exclaimed the salesman—a hustler this time—who started right in to have the last word.

"Well, how is the body cast?" says Jim.

"See for yourself!" says the salesman, shaking the thing like a rabbit.

"I see!" says Jim, shaking it as well, and both of 'em stalling that they saw. "I see! But what mileage before readjustments, eh?"

"Four thousand as a rule, though of course there are exceptions," says the bird without a smile.

"I'll say there are!" says Jim.

And then after he had asked not over five hundred other questions and tapped the carburetor twice on its top with a wise air I suddenly couldn't stand it no more. If my husband was blind I wanted ma and wanted her bad. So I twirled away and Jim had to come with me.

"Whatter you want to cut in for like that just as I'm interested?" he grumbled. "Ain't that just like a woman every time?"

"She don't want to bother with that cheap Strickland and I don't blame her!" says Maison sympathetically. "Even as a second car it's not anywheres near good enough publicity for her! And, anyways, I want you both to hold off until Sunday night. I got it fixed up with Madame Rickettes over the phone, and you wait until you see what weegee says!"

All of a sudden Rollo spoke up out of a perfectly blank mind.

"Bah!" he says. "Don't believe in spirits! Have to show me! Hokum!"

"Oh, I'm gonner show you, dearie!" says Maison. "You just wait!"

"What's all this that's going to be pulled?" says Jim.

"Something you would undoubtedly scoff at as too intellectual," I says stiffly. "A séance at our flat Sunday night. I don't suppose you'll be home?"

"Any eats—after?" says Jim. "If so I will be there to run the trusty phonograph."

"Always thinking of jazz!" I says bitterly. And by this time we had reached the street, and as I and Jim had both come in taxis but Maison and Rollo had their flivver sedan parked across the street they very kindly took us home in it, and I'll say I wouldn't of cared if it had been a hearse instead, I was so torn by the terrible combination of Jim's stupid blindness and his wanting to get that cheap car.

The very minute I got inside the flat I made a run for ma's room, calling out, "Mommer, oh, mommer!" just like when I was a little girl which wanted her to take my side when the other kids was mean to me. But instead of ma who would come out but Musette, my maid.

"Madame Gilligan ain't here," says Musette. "Mr. Goldringer called up for her to go over to Atlantic City and do a heavy bit in Tommy's Fatal Tumble, which Mr. Charley Chumley is making over there, and she will not be home before next week."

Well, that was certainly the ill wind which broke the camel's back for me, so I flung into the semiprivacy of my room and a batik negligee, which is a Indian name for a thin bathrobe somebody has sat on and wrinkled a pattern into.

Well, anyways, I got into it and sent Musette out and fell on my day bed and cried the first tears I had shed since the last time. And then naturally I felt a little better pretty soon and sat up, and there was the two fool Peeks sitting looking at me with their big wet eyes sort of sympathetic and yet too silly for words, so I handed them a line of chatter which they listened to with great respect or imbecility or something.

"You poor little half-shell hounds!" I says. "You lost your job. Your noses, if you had any, would be broken all right, all right! I know you done your best by me even at the salary in cream, bones, and so on, which you been getting, and your devotion ain't been for the living alone. But you're out from now on. Thank the good Lord I'm not going to need no dogs to tote round for a bit of comfort! But I'll do the square thing by you, provided you get along with the family. At least you got the decency to listen to my news with sympathy, which is more than my own folks will."

At which I felt so sorry for myself again that I cried some more and had a regular orgy over ma's leaving me at this critical moment, and her not knowing it was critical didn't let her out a little bit, and over Jim's heartless lack of mental telepathy. And then as I lay there sort of enjoying my grief I begun to realize I was so happy I could afford to forgive him; and that I loved him now more than ever and that maybe it was all my fault and that I should have given him a fairer chance, say, like breaking it to him in his own home instead of expecting him to be human in public. And so realizing he would by now be

"Why Buy Coffee Grounds?"

Seven-eighths of every pound of ordinary ground coffee you buy is not coffee at all but worthless grounds.

Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee is pure, high grade coffee without the grounds. It is made in the cup—dissolves instantly in hot or cold water.

Your grocer probably has Soluble Barrington Hall. If not, send us his name and 55c for the medium size jar, which makes as many cups as a pound of the best bean coffee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with it!

MAIL THE COUPON

Baker Importing Company

246 North Second Street, Minneapolis — 116 Hudson Street, New York

Enclosed find 55c for which please send one medium size jar of Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee to:

Name _____

Address _____

Grocer's Name _____

Grocer's Address _____

SOLUBLE
Barrington Hall
Coffee

about dressing for dinner, which we often do it even off the screen, I went to his door all set to flop in his arms like a lovely scene from a fillum we once done, called David Copperfield, where the same sort of footage was supplied by the author.

Well, anyways, I opened the door and was greeted with warmth, but not the brand I wanted.

"Where in the hell is all my clean collars gone?" he yells at me, pawing through about three hundred clean collars that was already there in the drawer, only all of them too high or too low or too thick or not done up right, and the two that suit him missing as per usual.

"How would I know?" I says, all the gorge which had just got nicely settled rising up again. "I got other things to do as well as looking after your collars."

"A fine wife I got!" snaps Jim, which he ain't usually like that, but there's something about collars and ties seems to get the best of them that way. "A fine wife I got! All taken up with the public and can't see to her home for ten minutes a day!"

"Well, I'm going to see to it from now on!" I says, but not too sweetly. "I came in to tell you—to tell you ——"

Well, for some reason I couldn't seem to go on. He was looking at me like he hated me because I wasn't a clean collar, and anyways he hadn't one on, but the shirt was fastened with a gold stud, and really a person shouldn't risk losing their wife's love like that, and when I hesitated he only says: "Well, what was you going to say—something about that damn Booster body, I suppose."

"I was only going to remark that I am not going to make that next picture, The Lion's Cubs, with you," I says, still sparring for an opening. But he didn't get it. He merely thought I was trying to start something.

"You ain't?" he says. "Well, Mary Gilligan Smith, if you want to pick a fight over a mere car go ahead and enjoy it. I'm sick and tired giving in to you on everything, but do as you like. I'm going to make the picture, and I'll play opposite some other one!"

Can you beat it? You cannot! But if married you can probably equal it.

"All right, make it then!" I says. "You're a nice young man and I'd like to see you get along—so get along!"

"Well, I guess I can do that without no help from you!" says Jim. "A man which hasn't got a wife in the home is entitled to two on the wing!"

"I hope you make that picture on the Coast!" I says. "If I saw less of you I'd probably think more of you."

And with that I slammed the door and went away and wouldn't come out until time to go to the theater, which we went to in silence and the limousine and not a remark out of either of us, even about turning it in.

Well, the next day we didn't meet because of working in different parts of the studio, and at lunch time I called up some friends and obligations and invited them for Sunday night, including the La Salle sisters, which were not home; but their mother, Mrs. Cohen, said they would come with escorts and a wine cake; and also sent ma a wire saying merely to please be back if possible, but no more on account of hating to write letters and would rather tell her to her face.

Then Maison got me on the wire and told me Madame Rickettes had sent in specifications for a fair-size lightweight table with a dark cloth on it that would cover it to the ground on all sides. It seems this was the only props she would require, and we was to pick 'em out our ownselves so as to be sure they was O. K., and she for one hundred iron men would furnish the guaranteed spirits.

Well, by this time I admit I was commencing to wonder was there anything in it or not, because I would of liked to know should I buy blue or pink things. By which you can see I was taking interest in myself, even if nobody else did. Also another question I intended to ask was, how should a person get a husband in hand without giving in to him? Both of these was not exactly questions I would like to ask in public, much less among friends, but such is generally the way with questions that a medium gets asked, as I came to learn. It sure is funny how people will ask a perfectly strange medium, who is maybe a crook, all sorts of stuff which they would carefully hide from their own mothers.

Well, anyways, I was getting real interested, feeling as I did awfully lonesome and misunderstood, so I says to Maison, I says: "Suppose a person wanted to ask a private question at this séance, how would they do it?"

"You write it on a paper," she says, "and nobody knows you ast it," she says.

"Oh!" I says. "Now I begin to see why you prefer a public meeting where all are strange to you!" I says.

"Well, Rollo is no secret!" says Maison's voice. "And I'm worried something terrible, Marie. He's been gone since last night and I ain't heard a word from him, though I've sent to every drug store in the neighborhood. I do hope he ain't chopped off any wood alcohol!"

"Don't you worry, Maisy!" I says. "He'll turn up!"

"I'm afraid so!" says Maison. "Well, I got a fitting now—so long, my deah!"

Well, that afternoon I spent downtown, and a lot of money. And among other things, I got the car I wanted. It took me just one half hour to select it at that. I never could see why a person need fuss such a lot over a thing they know they are going to take in the end. So I just walked into the display rooms, picked out a model and found I could get delivery from the floor, drew a check and it was done.

"When do I get this?" I asked the bird which sold it to me.

"To-morrow night be all right?" he says in a sort of daze.

"Perfectly all right," I says, and give him instructions as to when and where, and went uptown to face my silent husband across a twenty-minute meal before the show. All the way through it he kept opening and reading the bunch of ads which was commencing to come in from the ones to which he had given his address at the auto show. And as I looked at him eating soup I thought what a handsome and snappy man he was, and that was some test, especially as it was thick bean. And I also thought here's where I have another try and I says, "I went down to the Booster place to-day," I says.

"You did!" he says. "Well, I hope you got a eyeful, because that is all you are gonner get."

"I bought a car," I says.

"You what?" says Jim, getting to his feet and throwing down his napkin in rage just like the director taught him in The Poisoned Duke. "You what?"

"Bought a car!" I says. "But not just the kind you wanted."

"I should say not!" he yelled. "Mary, you must think I can stand a lot. You know I hate their substantial old busses like the devil, and here you sneak behind my back and buy one! It's the limit!"

"Well, you won't get a chance to ride in it!" I snapped back.

"I don't want to, dammit!" he says.

"You can't!" I says.

"Here I got a date to try out a Morton twin six after the matinée to-morrow," says he.

"Go do it!" I says. "I wouldn't have one for a present. I'd rather have a flivver."

"And the Lopez man is gonner take me out all day Sunday," he says.

"Say, are you testing motors for a living or buying a car?" I says very sarcastic. "You seem to be grafting as many joyrides as a fake prospect."

"And now you make me break them dates!" he says.

"I do not!" I says. "You go get yourself a boat of your own. You don't get me at all—you don't care what is happening to me, or if I live or die, I guess! Go on, buy another bus—I said you can't ride in mine! I don't care if you get killed testing them!"

"And I don't either!" says Jim sullenly. "This is a hell of a life we live! You don't care have I clean collars, and as if that wasn't enough, off you go and buy a bus without even telling me. You are too damn independent for a woman—you're just a theatrical doll!"

"Oh, Jim, I'm not!" I says, for I felt like he had stabbed me to the heart. "You don't understand me!" And I commenced to cry.

Now usually that works, but the odds was against me this hand, and instead of clasping me to his manly bosom he walked out of the room muttering something about a crying woman—and it wasn't a complimentary something either, and here I was going to have to dance with him and smile at him for twenty minutes on the stage of the Colossal, which it's the truth we never before had to dance that way in all the years we been together.

Well, somehow we struggled through it and also through the next day, not speaking off the stage, and I'll say they was the very worst days I ever spent. Sunday morning all I says is: "Don't forget we got company coming to-night."

And all he says was, "I suppose we got to keep up a front, since you was fool enough to ask them!" and bangs out the door leaving me to my sorrow and the flat to get ready for the evening séance.

Ain't it remarkable the way just common, everyday living keeps interrupting a person's big joys and sorrows? And a good thing it does, too, because we would all go nuts if there wasn't the beds to make when father died, and get bored if the iceman didn't interrupt love's young dream—do you get me? And so with myself at this at once joyful and yet sorrowful period of my eventful life. If I hadn't had to pitch in with Musette and make a bunch of sandwiches in the absence of ma I would of gone all to pieces, but it did me good, even while shedding a occasional salt tear on the sliced tomatoes and directing Musette and the janitor where to put the furniture. By night I was much more myself, because in spite of my art I am really domestic by nature and determined to show a brave face to the world and not leave my friends get anything on me through my own showing.

Besides which the thought of the séance was awfully thrilling. For though I thought it was all the bunk, I couldn't quite be sure—you know how it is yourself. And with the parlor looking so strange with the chairs set in rows and the rest of the furniture shoved back against the walls and only that table with the long fringed cloth on it standing on the bearskin rug at one end, it sort of suggested a funeral or something, and I commenced wondering did I really disbelieve in ghosts sufficiently to be willing to face one.

Well, just before eight o'clock, which was the time the friends was invited for, Jim was still among the missing, and Musette had to run out for more lemons, and while she was gone the telephone rang and I went to it and it was Madame Brown to say that she couldn't come because her universal joint was broke and she couldn't walk. And while she was making me understand that the joint was in the body of her car, and not her own more personal body, the doorbell rang and I couldn't go right off and when she finally did hang up I went and opened it and nobody was there.

Now at any other time I should worry over a little thing like that, but I was awful overset and nervous and everything, and though I could see nobody was there, I got a feeling of a presence. I could of swore somebody was there, and yet they wasn't. It give me the creeps. Then I remembered that the bell had rung—or maybe it was the flat above; I begun to doubt which. Then I just knew I hadn't been mistaken about it being our bell, and that upset me more than ever. But worst of all was that spooky feeling of somebody being round. Just to satisfy myself I walked through the entire flat, and then I says to myself: "Don't be bugs over nothing—it was probably autosuggestion caught at the show or something." And pretty soon Musette come back with the lemons and then the bell rung again, and this time I left Musette answer it, while I done up my face for the last time and wondered where could Jim be.

The doorbell was Maison Rosabelle and the La Salle sisters and their cake along with them, and while they was giving it and their evening wraps in charge to Musette, Maison drew me to one side in a awful nervous manner for her size.

"Mary, I'm worried something terrible!" she says. "Rollo ain't been seen since the last time I phoned you. Remember how I told you then he was gone? Well, I've looked every place, and I'm sure something awful has happened to him. Never before in all our beautiful life together has he been too bad to find his way home—and now he's been missing nearly three days!"

She pulled out a Georgette handkerchief and commenced to pat her eyes and the end of her nose with it.

"Here, don't do that!" I says. "Take a washable handkerchief of mine—there! You poor girlie! Have you notified the police?"

"Not yet!" says Maison, nobly struggling not to spoil her make-up. "I got more faith in Madame Rickettes, because I'm almost sure he's dead! Oh, if only I can get a communication from him to-night! If he's dead she will surely find him for me."

Her faith was so strong it almost had me going, and I sort of begun to work up to the atmosphere like it was a picture I was about to make.

"Do you think this madame is the real genuine article, Maison?" I says earnestly.

"I know she is!" says Maison. "Why she has made more money finding lost jewels and securing divorce evidence than any other one in the city! All the girls is crazy over her! I never knew of her making a mistake."

"I don't like her business," I says. "I don't think it's healthy."

"You wait and see!" says Maison.

Well, we went out and I commenced receiving the others, my face gay but my heart heavy under its gorgeous three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar raiment and my head sick with worry over where was Jim, and I just knew he had skidded into a express train or something, and I wished that we was in the flivver class so's he'd of had to be home to turn the ice cream, even if we wasn't speaking. Instead of which not even a telephone message, and his dress clothes all laid out on his bed with even the very collar he wanted, and maybe but to adorn his corpse for all I knew!

Well, anyways, I received my guests in all my lonely grandeur; and I'll tell anybody they was certainly a distinguished lot, with no animal acts or acrobats but only stars of the first water and over a million dollars a year in salaries represented, not counting Goldringer's which nobody but the Ass. Press realizes what his income is. But this was one time and place where money was as nothing, and they all come in evening clothes and silence, speaking in sort of whispers like a corpse was on that draped table at the end of the room, which they would all take a seat and stare hard at it, and you couldn't of got a laugh out of them if you would of tried, which I did not, I being far from any such mood my ownself.

According to Maison's instructions, I had only a few lights going. This helped the atmosphere, which it certainly dampened the gayety considerable, I'll admit that. And when finally all were assembled amid the rustling of silks and the creaking of shirt bosoms, and only ma and Jim and Rollo conspicuous by their absence, Musette come to me with her eyes popping out of her head and she says, "She's come!" she says, and I went out and there she was, accompanied by a gentleman which I had not expected.

At first I couldn't see why Musette was so excited over her, because Madame Rickettes hadn't a label on her—no hokum like a smock or long earrings or a dead-white make-up—not even a gypsy handkerchief round her head, but a snappy little toque of real Milan and a plain dark silk dress that couldn't of cost a cent less than two-fifty. And then I see her eyes. They was what made people believe in her. They was uncanny—sort of dead looking. I couldn't help but stare as I shook hands with her, and it was about then that I fell myself. If she had been costumed for the part nothing would of stirred, but dressing something like myself she had me going as soon as she rang the bell. I remembered now she had been a dressmaker earlier in life, and I could see it on her quite plain.

"I am a little late," was all she said, very refined, in a tone of apology. "But we will begin at once if you like. This is Mr. Simlox, my assistant."

"Isn't there anything you want that we haven't got," I says, "before you start?"

"Just another gentleman to help control the lights," she says, "when we get through with the board. I presume you want to attempt a materialization later?"

"Whatever your usual contract calls for," I says. "Go the limit and we will make the price all right."

She merely nodded, and took off her hat and give her face a wipe with a chamois just like a human female.

Well, the feeling which come over my parlor when we made our entrance was really peculiar, no kidding. It was much like when the car skids and you don't know is something going to happen or not and you are determined not but pretty sure it will, anyways. Everybody stopped what little talking they had been doing and stared at us, including me, with suspicion,

(Concluded on Page 85)

The price of a good complexion

The way to a good complexion is easy and simple and cheap.

Foster good health with fresh air, exercise and sleep. Cultivate calmness, high spirits and good cheer.

Be cautious in what you use. Skins are neither fed nor doctored from the outside.

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Apply a cream first, if you wish to—Palmolive Cold Cream. That is useful if the skin is dry.

But soap is essential. The pores become clogged daily. Dried perspiration, oil and dirt accumulate. Even your harmless cosmetics —powders, etc.—do great harm if you fail, once a day, to remove and renew them.

For that you must use soap. Not ordinary soap, not irritating soap; but a smooth, balmy soap which acts on the skin like a lotion.

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Today we don't use the raw, crude oils. Science has given them multiplied virtues. But we have found no oils which meet skin needs like palm and olive oils.

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Millions of women now know the results. They have found in Palmolive the incomparable aid to beautiful complexions.

All can afford it

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But we have kept Palmolive at a toilet soap price, and millions use it daily. As the use increased the cost came down. Today it offers a facial soap at the price of a simple cleanser.

Every woman can afford to use Palmolive daily. But no woman who values healthy skin can afford to go without it.

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DON'T live in fear that your children may contract influenza or other contagious diseases. Teach them the protection that guards *against* sickness.

See that your children's mouths are cleansed regularly—twice a day at least—with Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. Spray their throats before sending them off to school.

Used as a spray, Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic penetrates into every recess of mouth and throat, cleansing thoroughly and destroying germs. You will have no difficulty in getting every member of your family to use Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. The stimulation and cleanliness which it leaves are delightful. *You can feel it work.*

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25 cents in U. S. In Canada, 35 cents

KLENZO LIQUID ANTISEPTIC 25¢

(Concluded from Page 82)

except the La Salles—and they would laugh at anything on account of their teeth.

Well, to my surprise Madame Rickettes paid no attention to the big table we had picked for her, but whispered something to Mr. Simlox, and he picked out a little Louis Jr. table with spindle legs that everybody could see under and put the board on that. Then he asked for a "little more light, please," and he got it, and then the medium lady, which is what she really seemed, spoke in a medium ladylike way and gave us a jolt by asking would we all join her in singing Rock of Ages.

Well, one looked at another and all stood up, and I will say it was a real sweet idea, though idea is about as far as it went, because most of us was either usually taking our rest Sunday mornings for some years back, or else Jewish, and so it didn't go very good, even myself having to sing the first two lines over all the way through, them being the only words I could remember. But everyone felt this give the show a real, genuine, scientific touch of truth, and they sat down more convinced than they had stood up.

Well, then Mister Assistant Simlox commenced explaining about madame and how she was controlled, and so forth, but I didn't hear much of it on account of suddenly remembering that I had forgot to put out the glasses for the punchless punch and slipping out to do so, and when I got back things was pretty well started, and I will say what that woman done was remarkable.

Of course I was all prepared to be against her, but how could she of known in advance that Esther La Salle had lost a valuable bar pin and that it was now at Simon's pawnshop? Or that Miss Goldringer, Al's sister that died, didn't like boiled parsnips? Not to say nothing of getting a message from Tom Massanger's, the bookmaker's, mother not to buy that stock he was thinking of, or the message for Mrs. Louie Todds, the wardrobe lady from the Colossal which I had her on ma's account, which message come from her baby that died when it was born and says that the car her husband was giving her had been made by a man named Henry.

How could she possibly of known them things? Wonderful—I'll say it was—wonderful! At least that's how I felt when I got my own communication—all keyed up and ready to believe anything. Maison was sitting beside me trembling with excitement, but not getting a thing and ruining her make-up with my handkerchief quite regardless. And then all at once Mr. Simlox, who was taking everything down shorthand that that miserable little toy was reeling off, says: "Mary—is there someone here named Mary?"

And of course I took the call, there being no other whose genuine name was that. And I'll tell anybody I sat up and listened mighty hard. And this is what they slipped me. My father wanted me to know that he was happy. I knew it must be pa, because they said someone who used to be close to me, and pa was the only dead relative I ever have had so far that was a tight-wad and he certainly was close, though I admit he carried a big insurance, being considered an exceptionally good risk in his line up to the very day he missed the center trapeze and the lifenet

Well, anyways, I was glad he was happy, though puzzled why he should of gone to that place and would of left it go at that, only it seems he was unwilling to and had to go on. Well, he went on and he says: "Do not be jealous of that woman—it is without cause, and if he stays out late accept his statement about where he has been and in the end all will be well."

Wouldn't that do for one dose? It would! Here was Jim threatening to act with another woman and undoubtedly going to do so in the near future for necessary reasons if no other, and away to-night—when he knew he should be home—without the least word of explanation, and I'll tell anybody it was just like pa to go making trouble where enough already existed, and I would never of dreamed of suspecting another woman was in the case until that mean ghost come and disturbed me.

Of course my w. k. common sense told me it was all nonsense and a pretty safe shot in the dark at any married woman, and I would of been able to put it off as a joke, only for the remarkable part of how could that medium know pa had been a tight-wad, and him dead eighteen years? And then lookit how it all fitted in with the cruel way Jim had been acting to me lately and not coming home and all, and it's the truth that as soon as a man commences talking about his home the way he did some other woman is posing as the original little cozy comforter and lighting his cigarettes for him!

Well, anyways, as I sat there in utter misery putting two and two together and making thirty-three and a third out of it and getting lower in my mind every minute because who would want to chip in twenty-five dollars to learn a thing like that, the weegee run out of records, and while the bird which was Madame Rickettes'manager says that the mood is good and we will try a materialization and leave levitating the table for some other night, I realized that Maison beside me was suffering even worse than myself. She was gasping like a wounded porpoise or something and her rouge stood out like headlights on her cheeks.

"I'm gonner take the plunge, Mary!" she says hysterically. "I just know Rollo has died—nothing else but wood alcohol would keep him from me this long. I've written his name on this paper and folded it, and I'm gonner slip it to them and know the worst."

Well, I comforted her the best I could, which wasn't much, especially as they put out all the lights very gradually and I didn't feel any too brave myself. Then they lit a little red lamp about as big as a candle and set it on the floor, and Madame Rickettes sat beside it and started operating in a way all of her own, which was said to be a wonder—and I'll say it was.

First off she took Maison's slip of paper at long distance from her director in such a way we could all see it was still folded. Then she pressed it to her forehead and in a terrible nervous silence the whole room leaned forward to watch her as she swayed there, casting a big shadow. If anyone had sneezed we would of jumped out of our skins. Pretty soon she seemed to get something. She quit swaying and kind of grew stiff, and so did we. Then she spoke and you could of heard a pin.

"R," she says. "Richard. No. Rol-Rollo."

By this time the way Maison was digging her manicure into my arm I expected to carry the scars through life, but said nothing.

"Rollo—come Rollo!" says the medium louder. "Do not try to refuse! Come out of the darkness!"

There was a moment of terrible silence, and then—oh, I thought I was going to die, because something behind the medium's back commenced to move, and it wasn't her shadow either, and I knew nothing was there but that table! However, something not only moved, but it was a human hand! All by itself! Somebody—Goldringer, I guess—gave a low moan that didn't help any. But the medium only spoke more firmly.

"Come out of the darkness, Rollo!" she says, not stirring.

And then as I live and breathe a figure straightened up behind her with a wan, drowned, white face, wild hair and wavering form, with pale hands vaguely fanning the air, and a ghostly voice says faintly: "Here I am, dearie!"

It was too much. The medium turned round, give him one look, shrieked and dropped in a faint, and then the riot commenced. Lights went up, chairs went over, everybody howling and clawing for the door and their coat, but through it all strode Maison right toward her better half—or worser quarter, to be more correct—and I'll say he was a wreck even before she reached him.

"You drunken squirrel!" she says, grabbing him by what had once been a clean blue-striped collar. "You good-for-nothing bootlegger! Come home out of this!"

"All ri', dearie!" says Rollo, yawning. "I got up soon ash you called me—lemme wake up little 'fore we goesh out in the cold worl'."

And somehow or other she got him out, though how I don't just know, what between saying good night to everybody which remembered to say it to me and getting a ambulance to take away Madame Rickettes, who come to, sick with fright, and her partner having completely vanished the very minute Rollo appeared, and he is probably running yet.

And then, just as they had taken her away and the last guest had gone the phone rung and I answered it, though almost dead by now.

It was Maison.

"So awfully sorry to have ruined your evening, my deah!" she cooed, quite her imitation self again. "It seems Rollo was left alone in the barber shop and from the time when he had used up all the bay rum he don't remember much except that after a while he found himself at your door. He rung the bell, but nobody come. So he tried the door and it wasn't locked, so he just went in and as nobody seemed about he thought he would crawl in under the table, because the fringe of the cloth sort of reminded him of the bedspread at home, and went to sleep where he would be out of the way of everybody, poor lamb! He don't remember anything else until he heard his name called. So sorry for making all the trouble, Mary!"

"No trouble at all!" I says politely, and hung up and turned round, and there was Jim looking about as bad as Rollo had, only perfectly sober, and I was so glad that the medium was a fake about that woman and so tired out that I just give one howl and threw both arms round him and kissed him, which is, of course, what I should of done long ago, and Jim come across like the thoroughbred he is and comforted me and all.

"There, little girl!" he says. "Gee, but I'm sorry that rotten Lopex roadster broke down and kep' me from the party! It looks like it had been a riot!"

"It was!" I admitted.

"Well, I suppose we'll compromise on a Colby-Drout with a Booster body," he laughed. "The car you bought is good enough for me, I guess!"

"I hope so, dear," I says. "It's a 1920 model with full eleptic springs, solid tires and a cape top."

"What?" says Jim. "When do I get a ride in this bus?"

"You don't!" I says. "But I got it parked in the kitchen and you can see it right now!"

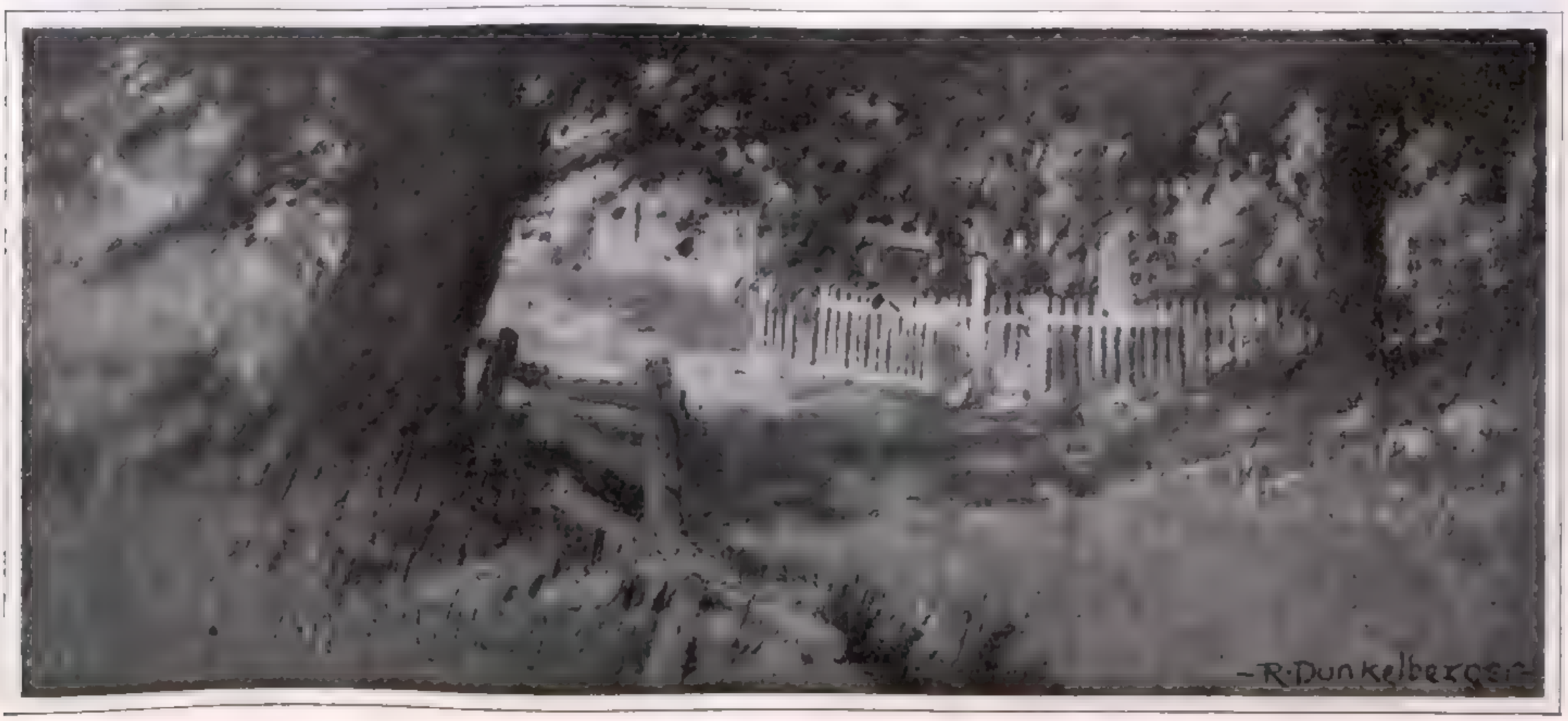
"Say, are you crazy?" says Jim, thoroughly alarmed.

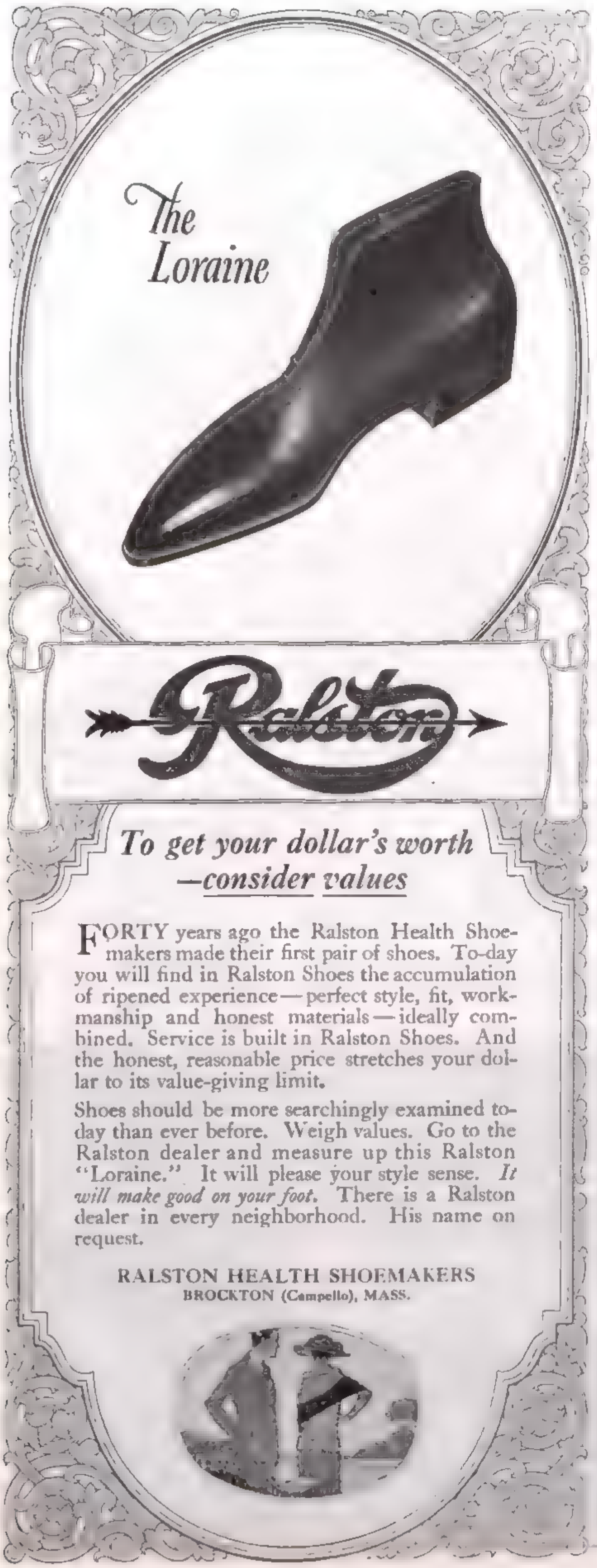
But I wouldn't say another word, only made him follow me down the hall, and there it was in the middle of the kitchen the finest Booster-built baby carriage money could buy.

"It's for us!" I says, and Jim grabbed me in his arms.

"Oh, sweetheart!" he says.

And then, after a minute: "Even if I can't ride in it, can I push it sometimes if it gets stalled?"

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AT THE DIM GATE

(Continued from Page 5

"She's afraid you're lonesome." Mrs. Pemberton threw the remark over her shoulder on her way to the door. "I must get to work," she added hurriedly. "It's five o'clock and I have dozens of important letters to dictate before I dress for dinner."

"Wait! Wait just a minute!"

There was a new quivering eagerness in the voice, which checked the fingers Mrs. Pemberton had laid on the door knob. Looking back, she saw her mother sitting up in bed holding out hands that trembled. There was an odd suggestion of childishness and helplessness about her; she had almost the air of being afraid to be left alone.

"Set down beside me just a minute," she added urgently. "Sit down, I mean. Draw up a chair."

Mrs. Pemberton hesitated, then returned and again stood beside the bed, pushing back her heavy fur collar and unfastening the buttons of her coat. It was not like her mother to be unreasonable, she was reflecting, and it was unfortunate that she had chosen this particular day to become so. Also it was surprising, for ordinarily the invalid accepted at once and with seeming cheerfulness the usual announcement of unusual pressure on her daughter's time. Mother was really quite considerate, she reminded herself—on every point save the need of a trained nurse. Now, however, she was acting like a protesting child that had been put to bed too soon; one of her unsteady hands was clutching appealingly at a fold of her daughter's skirt.

"Sit down," she begged again.

With an irrepressible sigh and a vision of her crowded desk before her eyes Mrs. Pemberton dropped her fur collar on the floor, threw back her coat, and drawing forward a low wicker chair took her place beside her mother, conscious of a warming sense of virtue. She really had not a minute to spare! Those tickets must be sent to the Shirleys, a dozen invitations called urgently for answers, she must write out certain notes for her committee. But the grasp of the nervously working fingers on her skirt had made her think of her little girl, whose voice came to her at intervals from the nursery farther down the hall; and this association roused in turn a subconscious memory which dated far back into the past. Just so thirty-five years ago had she herself clung to her mother's skirt, feeling that as long as she held fast to that sure refuge all was well in a puzzling world. She had been a strangely dependent child, wholly unlike the highly efficient and self-possessed woman she was to-day.

"Why, you couldn't bear me out of your sight till you were ten years old," the old lady had often said with a reminiscent pride in the fact; and now as she sank back among her pillows it became clear that her thoughts had taken the same direction as her daughter's. For an instant she lay quite still, taking in the sense of the other's presence as if drawing new vitality from the superb figure beside her. Mrs. Pemberton had relaxed into her chair with momentary acceptance of its comfort. But though she had been on the wing all day, flying from board meetings to committee meetings and throwing in a luncheon and an early tea, there was no hint of fatigue in her manner. The invalid gazed at her with utter content, bassing in her presence as a garden soaks itself in the warmth of the sun.

"I guess I feel a little like you used to," she said. "You don't remember those times when you had to have me day and night. Why, just once you tried to stay away from me. You thought you'd like to spend the night with your little friend, Carrie Spencer. So I let you go, since 'twas only next door; and at eleven o'clock Carrie's pa had to bring you home. My, how you cuddled into my arms, hugging me till you fell asleep! You never left me a night after that—till you got married."

Mrs. Pemberton patted her mother's hand. She had heard the story before many times and her mind was on the problem of how to make a swift, effective exit. The precious moments were going fast. She heard the bang of the big front door and the firm steps of her husband as he passed along the hall on his way to his room. She caught the shout of rapture with which little Eleanor and her small brother left the nursery and flew to greet him. She, too, would have enjoyed the family reunion now in progress, but she hadn't a moment to-day, even for her children, and here was mother ——

Her eyes turned to her mother's face. Over it lay an effect of pale sunshine and the breathless voice was babbling on as ceaselessly and monotonously as softly flowing water. Her faded eyes were on the distant sky line, but her right hand still clung to the fold of her daughter's gown.

"You don't remember that, I s'pose," she was saying. "Sometimes it don't seem possible that you were the little girl who followed me round all day an' slept on my breast all night. Then I feel's if I'd dreamed it. But I am your mother, ain't I?"

"Mother!"

The word broke from Mrs. Pemberton's lips in quick reproach. For an instant she lost the vision of the crowded writing desk in her sitting room. But the sick woman did not hear the exclamation. She was buried in her memories, from which she seemed to send up vivid bits here and there as a conjurer tosses colored ribbons over an audience.

"The change came when you got married," she went on. "I knew 'twould. I used to tell myself that so's I could get used to the idea. I knew your home and your husband and your children would take up your time. What I didn't understand was all the other things you'd have to do. I didn't know about the hospitals and libraries and suffrage work and committees. I thought there'd be time for me just the same—you'd fit me in the corners like."

"Why, mother" — Mrs. Pemberton's voice was again carefully patient—"you speak as if I had been neglecting you!"

There was an odd twitching in the old face before her. Was it a smile, or—what was it? Whatever it was, it passed quickly. She leaned forward and for the first time during her visit looked at her mother with close attention. Was she paler than usual? Was there more of the grayish look she had dreaded at first and had then grown used to? It was hard to tell in the room's dimming light, and now the invalid was speaking again with quivering eagerness.

"Oh, no! No, no! It ain't that. Don't you think it. Don't you get that idea in your head—ever!" And she added, with a little smile that pointed the quotation, "It's just that you ain't got time. Mother understands!"

Mother understands! Here, indeed, was a clear call from the past. Mother had always understood, Mrs. Pemberton remembered, with a momentary realization of the demands she had made on that unfailing understanding.

"I see you every day," she murmured defensively.

"Yes—for how long?" There was almost a gleam of humor now in the faded eyes looking into hers. "Do you want to know, Edith? Two minutes this morning. Five minutes yesterday. None at all the day before. An' that's the way it's been for months. Oh"—as her daughter tried to speak—"I ain't blaming you. It's been other folks' turn. But to-day some way I feel it's my turn again."

Mrs. Pemberton stirred consciously. But for Mary she would not have crowded the second call into this full day. She was glad now, very glad, that she had done so, and she reproached herself momentarily for the brief visits of the past. Then, as if in quick reassurance, memory reminded her of the closing remarks of the great specialist she had long ago called in for her mother, after his examination was over and he and she were left alone.

"What I want you to realize, dear lady," he had said unctuously, "is that you must live your life. Your mother has lived hers. She is past seventy-five, and to put it plainly her heart is almost worn out. She may live for years. She may pass away very soon. Neither event would surprise me. But you can't stand in the shadow of her last moment and wait for it. In justice to your husband and your children and the splendid work you are doing in the world you must go on as usual. Your mother would wish you to. She does not appear to be a selfish woman."

No, she was not a selfish woman. That advice had been offered and accepted five years ago, and since then Mrs. Pemberton's mother had been confined largely to the white-and-lavender bedroom, where she had lived in seeming content. During the first two years she had been able to go out for an occasional drive; at longer intervals

(Continued on Page 89)

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Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 86)

she had been carried downstairs for an evening in the library or living room with the family. She had had the best care, the best medical skill and every possible comfort and luxury; and when more and more the walls of the lavender room closed round her they had not encompassed a lonely spot. The children, as Mrs. Pemberton had said, were constantly running in and out. They were very fond of their grandmother. Dick Pemberton himself, easy-going, good-humored and with much more time on his hands than his brilliant wife had on hers—perhaps, too, with an occasional pang of loneliness that called for understanding—dropped in almost every evening for a chat and to give his mother-in-law the news of the day. The servants in their relations to the invalid were thoughtful and willing

But—yes, it was a fact, and Mrs. Pemberton admitted it now—of late she herself had been the room's rarest and most hurried visitor. She had been very attentive during the first year following the specialist's verdict and normally attentive during the second year. Then, almost unconsciously, her calls had become fewer, had grown shorter.

Under the shock of her abrupt grasp of the situation, she sat for a moment silent and conscience-stricken. Then, on a sudden impulse, she stood up, her heart contracting under the pathos of the protest—almost a sob—that broke from her mother's lips.

"I'm going to take off my coat and hat, dear," she said gently, "and stay with you till dinnertime. We'll forget the letters."

The flash of joy that passed over the wrinkled face was as definite a thing as if a shaft of sunset had struck it through the room's wide windows. In the next instant Mrs. Pemberton experienced a pang of almost intolerable shame. Her mother, old and sick and lonely, was accepting a half hour of her time as gratefully as a starving mendicant accepts food.

Memory was Mrs. Pemberton's kindest friend, and again it threw a life line to her drowning self-complacency. Though she had not found time for long visits to the sick room, she had specially planned every meal eaten there. She had taken pleasure in anticipating her mother's every need. Surely that was something—and then her uncompromising honesty showed her that it was not enough. She drew her chair closer to the bed and sat down again, putting her hand over the wrinkled one that had begun to move restlessly on the counterpane.

"Now we're comfy," she said. "And don't talk so fast, dear. There's plenty of time for all you wish to say."

"And you ain't too busy—you're sure you ain't?"

There was almost incredulous delight in the whispering voice.

"I'm quite sure. There's nothing so important now as to be here with you."

"That's right. I guess the other things can wait. You'll have plenty of time for them."

Again an odd look had passed over her mother's face. For a moment she lay silent.

"I guess I need you most," she went on at last. "I got something to say to you. But—someway—I'm kind of scared to say it."

"Scared! Why, mother!"

From force of habit the familiar note of careful patience had crept into her voice, and in the clearness of her present vision she saw her mother wince under it.

"Surely you know there's nothing you can't say to me," she added in a different tone. "Is it anything about the servants or the children?"

"Why, no, dear—of course not!"

The reassuring, cajoling cadence of the familiar voice was like that which had run as a love motif through the years of Mrs. Pemberton's childhood. Hearing it, she realized anew how long it had been since she had heard that comforting modulation. She knew that she was hearing it now because the wide gulf the recent years had made was beginning to close up; she was drawing nearer to her mother.

"I just want to talk to you—that's all," her mother added. "I want to know you're standing by."

For a moment she lay still with closed eyes. Mrs. Pemberton remained silent, stroking the thin hands and observing again how restless they were.

"I been thinking of you all day," the feeble voice murmured—"feeling's if you was here with me—only not as you are now. Just a little girl in a blue-gingham apron—the little girl with big gray eyes that was always comin' to me to be kissed. But you kept off in the corners and played in the shadows; I couldn't get you to come near the bed."

Mrs. Pemberton's eyes fell. She had not gone to her mother to be kissed for a very long time, though she had frequently laid perfunctory lips on her faded cheeks. She bent and kissed them now with lingering tenderness, and her mother smiled.

"That's good," she sighed. "You know, dear, it's kind of queer—but when you ain't with me I can't think of you as you are. I've lost you. I tell myself you're grown up, but it don't seem true. It's always my little girl I see. Or else it's the baby you was. Sometimes at night when I can't sleep I've felt you again pulling at me with your baby hands and digging your fuzzy head into my breast. I been going over our whole life. It's all come back so clear—the first day you went to school and I sent you down the street with your little lunch basket; and the day you spoke the piece at the exhibition. I bought you a new white dress and a blue sash, and you made me let you wear the bow in front. You said 'twasn't any use having a bow in the back where you couldn't see it yourself."

Mrs. Pemberton laughed a little.

"I remember that," she admitted, and she reflected self-consciously in the candor of the moment that she had retained in later years the same tendency to wear her bows in front—to keep well in view the adornments life had given her.

The light of the outer world faded and shadows filled the room, but the voice of her mother babbled on. Step by step she followed the widening path of her daughter's career; through episodes of schoolgirl days; of early friendships; of her graduation; her triumphant progress from teacher to assistant principal of the town academy; her interest in public questions; her growing ability as a speaker; her progress to larger schools, larger cities; and finally, to crown it all, her brilliant marriage. Once or twice Mrs. Pemberton tried to check her, warning her of fatigue, but the invalid had given herself up to her reminiscences. Seemingly she could not stop.

Many of the early episodes she described Mrs. Pemberton had forgotten. Now as the sick woman talked on they stood out vividly against the dimming horizon of the past. Listening, she realized at last that though she had brought her mother into her new world the older woman had never accepted it. Instead she had dwelt among her memories; and for this hour at least her daughter shared with her the charm of the old days of intimacy and companionship and felt again their pull.

"Mother," she asked suddenly, "you don't love me any less than you did then, do you?"

For an instant her mother did not answer. Then the reply came in the familiar, cajoling tone:

"Why, of course not, dear. I've never stopped loving you for one minute." There was a pause until, as if impelled, the breathless voice continued: "To-night you're my little girl again and I ain't afraid of you. But sometimes these last years I've felt a little strange. I've missed the loving you gave me when we were everything to each other. You see, dear, we need love—all of us. We never get so old we don't long for it."

Mrs. Pemberton's head bent lower. She knew why the white-and-lavender room was filled with the memory of the little girl in the blue-gingham apron, with the big gray eyes. The brusque and executive person she herself had become in the past ten years had not been her mother's daughter. She saw that clearly, and seeing it realized what those years must have been to the invalid. Not once had she missed a comfort she required; not once—oh, yes, Mrs. Pemberton admitted it now—not once had she asked herself if her mother was really happy. For the worn-out body she had provided every care, but she had let the unselfish loyal heart go hungry.

In the hall she heard the bubbling voice of her little daughter and the rush of the child toward the door of the sick room checked by the command of Mary. Evidently the maid would not permit an interruption to this rare interview of which she alone had seen the need. Mrs. Pemberton was glad Eleanor was stopped on the threshold. But the child's speech and the sound of her retreating footsteps lent poignant emphasis to the lesson she had

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just learned. Would Eleanor be too busy for her sometime?

She told herself that it was not yet too late to make up for these years of blindness. In future, whatever was done or left undone, her mother should have an hour or two every day—an hour of real companionship.

The door of the sick room opened and the plump figure of the Pemberton's family physician entered. Doctor Warburton was a jovial person who usually approached a patient as if this special encounter were the fitting climax of an exhilarating day, but to-night there was a change in his exuberant personality. He entered without speaking, went straight to the bed, and nodding to Mrs. Pemberton as if he had expected to see her there laid his fingers on his patient's pulse. Something in his manner as he did so caught at Edith Pemberton's heart. She remembered Mary's words. He had been there at four that afternoon. He was here again at six—and suddenly with overwhelming conviction she knew why. The doctor was addressing his patient.

"Pretty tired to-night, aren't you?" he asked gently.

"Oh, no!" It was the expression of the gallant spirit Edith Pemberton had always known.

"I'm afraid I've let her talk too much ——" she spoke brokenly and her mother quickly interrupted her.

"No, you haven't," she declared. "It's done me good. Why, I've had you all to myself! It's what I been planning for weeks. But, doctor," she added haltingly, "I guess you better tell her. Some—way—I—couldn't!"

The doctor nodded and motioned Mrs. Pemberton to follow him out of the sick room. Looking at his companion's face in the shaded light of the hall he saw that she knew what he would have told her.

"I've brought a nurse with me," he said. "From now on your mother must not be left alone."

"She's much worse?"

The words came out with difficulty. Mrs. Pemberton was reflecting that she was not to have another chance after all.

He nodded.

"There's been a big change in the last twenty-four hours. She knows it, you see."

"You must send the nurse away." Mrs. Pemberton was staring at the sick room with eyes that saw beyond it. "A nurse is mother's pet abomination."

"I know, but she'll need ——"

"I shall take care of her myself. I will not leave her day or night."

The doctor's smile held sympathetic understanding. "She'll like that," he agreed. "And—it won't be long. A few days probably; a week at the most, I think. It ought to be very easy for her—just a gradual slipping away."

Together they reëntered the sick room. The face on the pillow, so gray in the fading light, brightened as they came. Mrs. Pemberton crossed to the bed and sat down beside it, taking the restless old hands between both her own. The training of the last ten years must help her now. She wanted to draw the little shrunken figure into her strong arms and hold it there; she wanted to cry out, to confess her biggest failure, to beg her mother's forgiveness. Instead she spoke in her usual quiet voice.

"Mother," she said, "the doctor thinks you are not so well. I want you to know that I intend to drop everything else and devote my whole time to you. I shall not leave you again."

Once more the light she had seen before flashed out on her mother's face.

"You're goin' to nurse me yourself, Edy?" she stammered ecstatically.

"Yes, dear."

A sigh of content stirred the silence of the room.

"That's what I wanted to ask. But I was kind of scared." The next words came almost sleepily. "Now—I—won't—be—scared—any more"

Mrs. Pemberton bent and kissed her mother. As she did so a great sob shook her. In the next instant she had fallen on her knees beside the bed and she felt herself held close in the circle of two feeble arms suddenly grown strong. She tried to speak, but only incoherent words came till the voice of her childhood spoke to her, holding its old comforting quality and an added note of triumph.

"Don't say a word, Edy," it crooned. "Don't try to say a word. Mother understands."

The door closed softly as Doctor Warburton stepped out of the room. In the hall he pursed his lips for a noiseless whistle. He had seen the splendidly poised Mrs. Richard Pemberton suddenly transformed into a huddled, weeping, almost hysterical woman, crouching helplessly beside a bed—and his eyes had widened incredulously at the sight. He did not realize, as his patient did, that she was no longer the distinguished Mrs. Richard Pemberton at all, but merely a gray-eyed little girl in a blue-gingham apron—equally afraid, in that moment of life and of death, and for the last time turning to her mother for comfort.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1920.

State of Pennsylvania
County of Philadelphia } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit.

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Name of Post-Office Address

Publisher The Curtis Publishing Company
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Editor George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of March, 1920.

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My commission expires January 7, 1923)

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GUILE OF WOMAN

(Continued from Page 29

half past eight, when evening trade fell off, till about half past ten the girl was accustomed to sit favoring her feet in the little back parlor, with only an occasional interruption by a customer. Yal knew that he arrived during this grateful hiatus in a busy day and that he could count on surprising Annie completely, because the Almaden was in port two days ahead of her schedule. It fell in with his plan that the little shop was empty.

As he tiptoed forward noiselessly between the range on one side and the show cases upon the other his mind was enveloped in a sort of golden haze. Ample time for planning had been left to him by the delays at the ship's side. He had decided that they would offer the shop for sale at once and that a week's time should see him owning those three ribs of the Hulda. But it was a by-product of this program that softened and mellowed his heart to happy quivering jelly and gathered the golden haze about his head—it was the perception that with the shop sold and nothing to occupy Annie's time she must inevitably yield to his ardent solicitations to waive those few weeks of waiting before her twenty-first birthday should arrive and consent to wed him at once.

Annie was surprised right enough. Hjalmar arrived unheard at the large wooden swinging door and peered through the circular peep of glass. Annie was there—oh, yes—and her little chef's cap was pushed fetchingly over one ear. But what gave it this attractive list to starboard was a man's arm. The arm was round her neck, and just as Hjalmar looked the arm pulled her face down and playfully he bit at her ear—for Annie was sitting in the man's lap.

For a moment Hjalmar was staggering mentally. Then reason came back to him. It was her brother. He had heard her speak of her brother. But reason is an uncomfortable jade, going right on to argue that sisters do not sit in brothers' laps so very often and when they do brothers do not caress them quite as this arm caressed Annie, nor do brothers bite their sisters' ears with quite that touch of tender playfulness.

Rage swelled in Hjalmar's breast. He smashed through the door with a bang. Annie leaped up, startled, and then recognizing him she burst into silly laughter and covered her face with her hands in token of a proper and maidenly confusion. But the man had also leaped to his feet, and he did not laugh—he scowled and drew back his fist. For an instant of time the rivals measured each other. Then Hjalmar's mind sprang loose at the hinges again. This man who faced him, as totally surprised as himself, was Skole—and Skole was quicker to recover himself. He dropped his menacing hands and opened his mouth in wide, hollow-hearted laughter, with head thrown back, swaying and slapping his knees and then slapping Hjalmar upon the chest and back with the freedom of superior impudence.

"De joke's on us," he panted. "I didn't know, Yal. But den, what I tol' you dis morning?"

Hjalmar passed a mystified hand over the great poll of his tawny locks and for the moment was speechless, struggling for the necessary mental adjustments and for the necessary self-control to comport with that dignity which was in his nature.

"It bane all same if you did know," he declared at length, and without another look at Annie he turned and stalked out of the place. Out—he did not know where, but out. He walked the streets, he sat upon benches in parks, he turned down toward the lonely water front, he abandoned the water front and labored to the top of Telegraph Hill, where above the fog, with stars looking down, he tried to think, tried until the daylight came, and was even oblivious of that. By nine o'clock reason had begun to instruct him once more. All night he had blamed Annie, but with morning light the more manly conception dawned. It was Skole's fault. With his slick tongue and deluges of words he had taken a base advantage of the trusting and inexperienced Annie. Hjalmar resolved that the girl should be rescued from Skole and then—if penitent—she should be forgiven.

Bracing himself with a cup of strong coffee, he pointed once more for the delicatessen shop. Annie was visible in the window, arms bare to the elbows and hands immersed in a great mixing bowl. The very sight of those arms softened further the heart of Hjalmar. He stepped inside hopefully, but found the place full of children. This was surprising. Annie had never betrayed an interest in the neighborhood children. Now children charged about with impunity, in and out the back room as if they enjoyed play with the swinging door, ages ranging from a boy of ten down through both sexes to a child whose tender age made sex undeterminable to Hjalmar, and this toddler actually clung to Annie's skirts as she mixed the dough.

While the distraught man stood uncertainly, shifting weight from one nervous leg to another, Annie went on with her stirrings and mixings and kneadings with the set show-window smile upon her face, affecting not to notice Hjalmar at all.

"Annie!" he proposed timidly, and coughed.

"Out of muvver's way, darlin'!" said Annie to the child, and turned to reach for one of those shining bake pans.

The words hurtled through Yal's brain like a flight of shrapnel. An astounding thought came to him and with strained eyes he searched her countenance for skillfully concealed crow's-feet about the eyes, for signs indicating that Annie might have deceived him far more deeply than he had suspected.

"Dey? Dose is yours?" he asked, pointing to the brood.

A little flush as of anger came to Annie's face—anger at being cross-examined—but calmly she held her sidewise pose and with artist eye directed the work of her hands in arranging lumps of golden-brown dough about pared and cored apples and transferring them to the pan that was presently to produce the irresistible Devonshire dumpling of her craft. Then the cheery window smile curled a little at the corners into the first hint of derision and she nodded affirmatively.

"But you—you bane too young to gat married!" stammered Yal, still wrestling with his mental confusion.

"I didn't want to be a bigamist, did I?" she inquired, looking up bold eyed and waiting till this idea had achieved a certain penetration before adding: "Besides, I don't want to marry you now. I'll get my final next week and then Skole and me will step out."

Skole, who did not believe in matrimony—or in woman! But, after all, there was a kind of craftiness in Hjalmar. He broke out in laughter.

"Dat bane good idea, Annie, for you to marry Skole," he declared. "Skole bane good match for you and you bane good match for Skole. Besides you got time to marry now, for I'm gon sell de store to-day."

Annie took a sudden aggressive interest in his remarks which had been absent before.

"What store?" she demanded, arms akimbo.

"Our store. We don't bane partners no more now. Ay skal tak dat tree touaand dollars I give you for de store to buy me piece of ship."

"Three thousand dollars you give me?" iterated Annie, leaning toward him with a bitter sneering expression that took all her beauty and all semblance of youth away and made her look nearer forty than twenty. "That square head of yours has got a dent in it. This is not our shop—it's my shop! Get me? You never give me any money in all your life, you big cheese!"

The simple Yal stood a moment with a look of horror kindling in his eyes, not at the prospective loss, but at such shattering of an ideal, while his mind wrestled with this supreme perfidy of woman.

"But," he murmured dazedly and rather as if arguing to convince himself, "it bane my money to buy de lease and de ranges and de equipments—de stocks—every-t'ing."

"Got any receipts? Any witnesses?"

Annie's voice was dry and penetrating—the look of her eye was hard.

Now it happens that a lover does not often have witnesses to a girl's promise to marry him nor is it often that a man takes receipts when he gives money to his sweetheart to invest for both of them against the nuptial day. Hjalmar had neither.

Annie marked his demeanor anxiously at first, but when she saw him utterly confounded she laughed.

Hjalmar did not flare up in futile rage. His expression was one of bereavement. Faith in something fundamental in the construction of his universe, faith in the underlying goodness of woman's heart, had been taken from him.

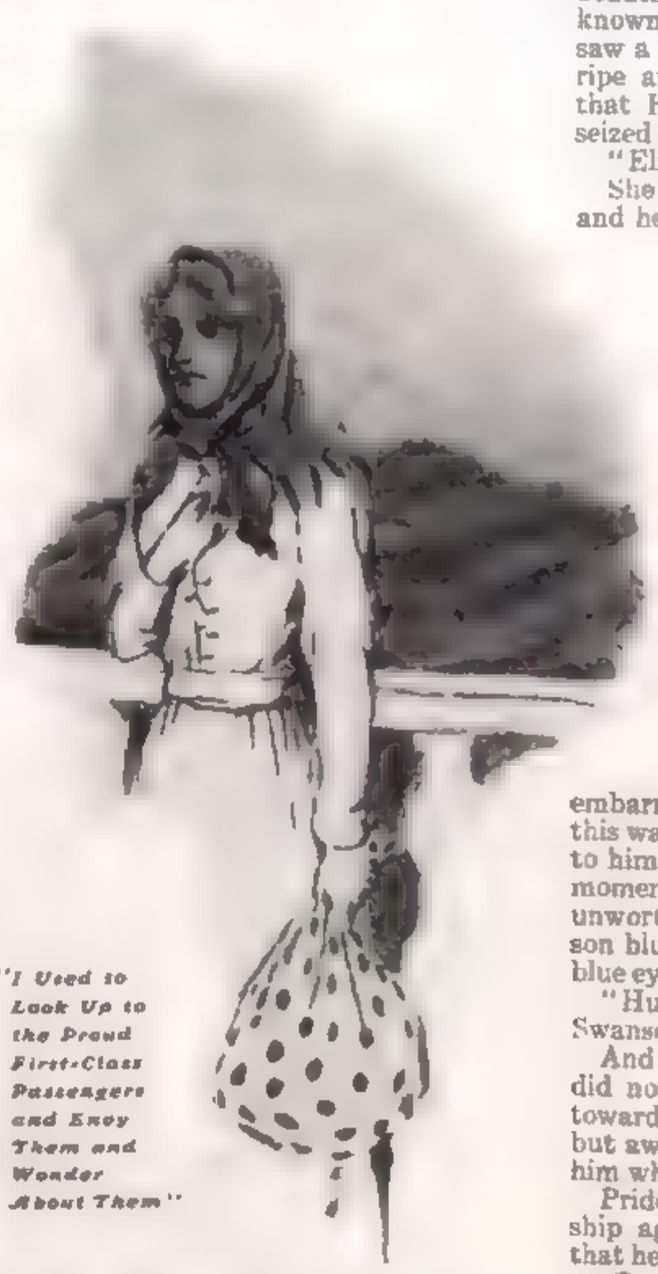
"No-o-o?" he intoned, meekly inquirent, with that hurt bewilderment which was in his face expressed also in his voice. "No?" And then like one subdued by finding his condition hopeless, "Ay gass ay bane movin' along now, Annie."

"That's right, Yal, move along," the girl advised.

The big fellow lurched out of the door. But in fifteen minutes his mood of dazed submission had passed and he took his troubles to Mr. Keane, the lawyer, who listened patiently to the end, then shook his head sympathetically.

"You gave this money to another man's wife," he summed up. "You have no witnesses—no receipts. It is your word against hers. The jury is naturally going to side with the woman. Besides, some of them will be cynical enough to say that a man as careless and confiding deserved to lose his money."

This idea came to Hjalmar as another shock and he sat in seething silence, his great shoulders hunched forward, his hands dangling like links in an anchor chain, his eyes upon the floor, while he mulled the thought in his mind. The lawyer, pretending to be busy with things upon his desk, marked the silent figure with both sympathy and appreciation. The man might have been too trustful, but he was by no means a dolt. Nor was it any sign of stupidity or weakness that he clung to exploded notions tenaciously and gave them



"I Used to Look Up to the Proud First-Class Passengers and Envy Them and Wonder About Them"

up only when he must. It was rather a sign of rugged strength. Hjalmar Maartens, Mr. Keane perceived, was a man and a man worth while.

At length the idea over which the client wrestled was—if not assimilated—at least firmly engrafted.

"Ay bane damn fool!" he rumbled savagely, and rose to go.

"Come again when you've got a real case and I'll be glad to serve you."

The attorney gave Yal a handshake that was meant to be consoling and fortifying, and the latter needed fortifying, for he went downstairs and ran straight into Hulda Swanson—at first without knowing it. At the very nadir of his existence he encountered her.

Standing on Market Street, he looked down Third toward the distant teeming docks, toward where the Almaden lay at her berth and called to him reminding that at four o'clock this morning he had gone A. W. O. L. so far as duty to the ship was concerned. This thought, with a freshening pang, recalled to him these three ribs of the ship that he could never buy. A sense of sickness and chagrin came over him.

"Hulda, ha!" he grumbled. "Dat Hulda bane unlucky ship for me."

The world swam before his blurring eyes. He was not very conscious of things round him, of the people passing, of the limousine waiting at the curb, of the clanging street cars, of the mounted traffic officer weaving the streams of flowing vehicles. But all at once a single speck in the very center of his stage of vision cleared up. That speck was Hulda—not the ship but the woman. He recognized her only when after a struggle his mind could be brought to admit the possibility that she was there, yet the features were instantly identifiable—the same fair clear brow, the same transparent complexion, the same rosebud mouth and hair of spun gold, and then the astonishing dark eyes that in this blond pink-and-whiteness gleamed like set jewels. This was the face that had so ravished the soul of Hjalmar in boyhood.

There were changes of course. The little pigtail was gone and the little black shawl that was always upon her shoulders and served if need be for a hood had disappeared, yet Yal was no expert in woman's apparel. He had never noticed it. Annie in her cheap gingham aprons might have been Annie swathed in silks and he would only have known that she looked more beautiful to him, but he would not have known why. Now he only knew that he saw a glorified Hulda swim into his ken, a ripe and beautiful woman, and he knew that Hulda saw him, for her two hands seized his and shook him.

"Elmer!" she exclaimed. "Elmer!"

She had instinctively Anglicized his name and he saw, too, that everything about her was Anglicized. This indeed was a part of her glorifying, and the clear ice-pure voice rang with the ecstasy of a great delight, proclaiming instantly that Hulda's heart beat true for him, that there had been no lapse from loyalty, no betrayal on her part, but only some wretched blunder—perhaps on his part, who it seemed now was always making blunders. With a true faith that never questioned she took his loyalty for granted, which simple faith reproached him as nothing else could have for his inconstancy.

He could not answer that glad heart cry. He could only look—his surprise, his admiration, his embarrassment—his poignant remorse, for this was a crushing blow of fate to discover to him a more perfected Hulda in the very moment when he had proved himself utterly unworthy of any Hulda whatever. A crimson blush mantled his fair Norse skin, his blue eyes quailed before her gentlest glance.

"Hulda!" he gabbled inanely. "Hulda Swanson!"

And then he turned and ran madly—he did not know where—down Third Street toward Mission at first, and then aimlessly, but away from eyes that had been true to him when he had not been true to them.

Pride would not let him go back to the ship again and confess to Captain Stahl that he could not make good on his boastful proffer of three thousand dollars. He would no longer be third mate of the Almaden. He would never be second mate of the Hulda. He would never—he told himself—be anything. And he drowned his depression in drink. Drunk, drunker, drunkest became Hjalmar. He roared up and down the three-mile horseshoe curve of the wide embarcadero, with on one side the almost unbroken fringe of water-front saloons, cigar stores and cheap boarding houses or shops that dealt in sailors' or shipmasters' needs, and upon the other side docks, nothing but docks. And for days Hjalmar remained upon the saloon side of that wide thoroughfare. Occasionally he used to emerge, as coming up for air, from between the swinging doors of Pedersen's and stand

(Continued on Page 95)

Monroe Clothes

"New York *Styles* America — Monroe *Clothes* New York"

Spring Announcement of Monroe Clothes

BECAUSE more than 500,000 New York men have bought and worn Monroe Clothes, the Monroe Clothed man dominates the great city. He looms large in the country's eye, because "New York Styles America"

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America's Famous Food Confection

"The More You Eat, The More You Want"

"I'll say so"

Whenever and wherever young Americans see the slogan

**"The More You Eat—
The More You Want"**

there is an instant "mouth-watering" longing for Cracker Jack. This desire continues even long after boyhood days are passed.

Cracker Jack is wholesome and inviting—in a class by itself. America's Famous Food Confection consists of crisp popcorn, fresh roasted peanuts and delicious molasses candy. Why not renew your acquaintance with it today?

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10¢ the Package

Rueckheim Bros. & Eckstein
Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and Other "RELIABLE" Confections
CHICAGO and BROOKLYN

Awards In Prize Jingle Contest

Miss Gladys Goodenough, 13-year-old school girl of Utica, N. Y., won the first cash prize of $200 in the national Cracker Jack Jingle Writing Contest for Children, announced last October. Awards were made just at Christmas. More than 60,000 jingles were received; replies coming from every state in the Union; nine provinces of Canada; Alaska, Cuba, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Panama, Italy and Algeria.

Here Is the First Prize Jingle

**No other Confection contains such perfection
As Cracker Jack, crispy and sweet;
It's highly nutritious as well as delicious,
A profit and pleasure to eat.**

Five Other Prize Winners Elvira Czeskleba, Waupaca, Wis., $100. Francis Murray, Cedar Rapids, Ia., $50. Elinor Boody, Portland, Me., $25. Thomas Bishop, Hearne, Texas, $15. James Daniels Parham, Charlotte, N. C., $10. Twenty prizes of $5 each were also awarded.

The Prize-Winning Jingles Sent Free Upon Request

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looking diagonally across to the tall masts of the Almaden, whereon his voice would never bellow in authority again.

When his money and his credit were gone his great brawn found ready employ as a stevedore, for he would not ship again. He was turned against the sea. He made money and drank it and made more money and drank that. But in work his capacity for leadership reasserted itself. He was made foreman of the gang and the wages of stevedores were rising. He made more money with his foreman's wage and bonus than he used to make as mate.

But one day they poked a new ship into his dock—a shining, spanking two-hundred-and-fifty-footer. She was built on the new lines and the new lines were less beautiful than the old lines. Rugged strength, economy of operation, cargo capacity, quickness of lading and unlading—these and not lines of grace were first considerations of designers now. A million and a half feet of lumber this new craft would crash through the stoutest billows with. Yal's keen eyes roved over her critically, exercising their nautical bent unrestrained, till casually he glimpsed her name.

"H-U-L-D-A," he spelled out, and paled. That was the ship he had lost. And then fascinated he spelled again—"S-W-A-N-S-O-N." Hulda Swanson! His eyes stuck out—far out—and a look of pain and reproach and angry resentment came into them.

"To hal wid dis damn job! To hal!"

He jumped his gang, he jumped his job and his dock and started across to Pedersen's place to drink himself into Nirvana, but on the way across his roving tortured eye picked up the figure of a woman with an odd little straw hat with blue cornflowers upon it—a hat that was Americanlike but somehow reminiscent of a hat he had seen paraded proudly on festive occasions in the little Swedish town of Helsingborg. And the woman underneath the hat, of course, was Hulda—Hulda Swanson.

"Ay bane gatting nutty," Hjalmar rumbled, and turned to look where the name gleamed on the prow of the ship. Hulda Swanson there. Hulda Swanson here. Either this was a very odd coincidence or he was seeing things. Yet the coincidence was not so very odd after all. It was inevitable that one day the ship Hulda Swanson should be stuck in at Pier 28 to take her maiden load, and the maiden Hulda Swanson since that day when Hjalmar ran away from her on Market Street had not failed to spend every single afternoon of her life, plodding, peering up and down, to and fro, upon this same embarcadero.

Hjalmar, more critically observant now, had it borne in upon him that Hulda the girl did not look so spick-and-span as Hulda the ship. Her suit was plain and cheap and worn almost to shininess; her shoes were but cheap imitations of the prevailing garish mode; she did not look prosperous. She did not seem so far above him as to his enamored eyes that day on Market Street. This kindled his sympathy and encouraged him to speak, though it by no means abolished that feeling of his vast moral inferiority.

"Hulda!" he called. "Hulda Swanson!" But halted at some distance.

She recognized him with a cry of joy and rushed upon him. He wore his overalls and jumper. His face was dirty, yet she kissed it unhesitatingly and thereby left a spot upon his cheek that burned with a very ecstasy of pain. Hjalmar turned aside his footsteps from Pedersen's and led her into a little narrow bowling alley of a restaurant with a long counter down one side and a long row of tables down the other. At one of these latter they drank coffee and munched cinnamon snails together.

Hjalmar gazed at Hulda worshipfully. In remorse, shame-facedly he told her unsparingly but without detail of a woman who had come into his life and had robbed him. Hulda herself was a woman, not an angel. Her big jeweled eyes grew round with hurt and disappointment, so that Hjalmar felt more unworthy still, yet she uttered no reproaches. If a handkerchief stole up to the corner of an overflowing lid it was a movement executed as unostentatiously as possible. Such nobility refined the Swede like some rare chemical flung into a crucible. When Hulda saw his big hand tremble as it lay upon the table she reached out with her left hand, which she had not ungloved, and patted it. He saw that it was a cheap glove. He resented it that the world had dealt so meanly with Hulda. Not a jewel, not a ring, not a cheap pendant even, not one of those baubles that memory recalled to him were dear to the heart of Hulda, appeared about her person.

No mention was made of their early troth. It was as if Hulda assumed and wished him to be assured that the story of the other woman had shattered that; yet it was clear that she was willing to be a friend, and because it was good to have a friend, Hjalmar went on talking. He told even about the ship, Hulda Swanson, and the girl opened her mouth wide with wonder and went out to stand with him and gaze at the name there upon the bow and to console with him over the three ribs of her that he had lost.

"You could save your money again, Elmer," she suggested hopefully. "Other chances would come."

Other chances! Hjalmar was too far sunk in pessimism to thrill at the word of hope. The old Norse fatalism had got into his soul.

"Ay got to drink," he confessed with stubborn honesty. "Every cent ay make ay got to t'row it over de bar."

"Don't throw it over the bar," the girl urged with gentle impulsiveness. "Bring it to me. I will keep it for you."

It was Hulda who said this, but Hjalmar stopped and stared at her almost brutally.

"Bring it to you?"

He laughed. He had done with bringing his money to any woman. When he drank it up, gambled it, he was sure of it then. He agreed with Skole in one particular now. The money you spend is the only money you're sure of. Hulda affected not to hear the laugh, but gazed still thoughtfully at the ship.

"Wouldn't it—wouldn't it be great to own her?" she murmured in a rapt sort of way, almost as if the words were not speech but were uttered thought.

The very suggestion in the words startled Hjalmar into realizing his pessimism, but he did not agree to bring Hulda his money. He only agreed to meet her the next Sunday night at nine o'clock at the corner of Third and Market streets, where she had seen him first. In their talk she had confided little, but he understood clearly enough. She had lost or given up some position as a domestic and had devoted six long months to searching for him till she found him, which was reason enough why she was without an ornament and why her clothes were tacky.

He was touched by this devotion, but he was also shamed and reproached and could hardly hold himself from running away. Yet he did keep the new appointment. They had supper together and talked of old times. She would not let Hjalmar see her home, but allowed him to put her on a Jackson Street car. At parting he thrust fifty dollars into her hand. It was done defiantly rather than graciously, just to show her that he could save his money and bring it into the hands of a woman if he would.

Next Sunday night they met again. His eyes were clearer, he held his head up more, and Hulda talked to him about the future, suggested that a man like him had talents, that being in free America he should improve his mind, educate himself and reach out to grasp the great opportunities of life. Yet when next time he told her that he had been studying for a second mate's license she demurred to his going back to navigation again and urged that there was more money in stevedoring. This almost frightened him. It might have warned him. More money! There it was—grasping woman again. He was giving her money—money to keep for him—and all the time she wanted more. Yet she managed to make him feel that her interest was impersonal.

In business he was inclined to a forging thrift. Nights and spare hours he studied, guided by the girl. He read books that quickened his mental processes and filled his breast with a yearning for that kind of culture that had mysteriously come to Hulda the domestic in the years when he had been separated from her. She saw him twice a week now—Sunday nights and Thursday afternoons and nights. They spent long delicious hours together and a refining process went forward steadily. With gentle tact she corrected his grammatical errors and rubbed and polished the barnacles from his speech. Skillfully she built again his self-confidence and self-respect. She carefully avoided saying anything to make him recall that he had once been unfaithful in thought to her. From worshiping her humbly he began again to let himself love her wildly, more infatuatedly than he had ever loved her before. This love made him more pliant to her purposes.

And all this while Yal was saving money. A year passed and he had capital enough to begin stevedore operations in a small way upon his own account, the money he had deposited with Hulda being promptly forthcoming when it was wanted, which made him feel that this time the business partnership which was springing up with a woman was bound to be successful. He made money much faster now. He was a skillful handler of men, a shrewd driver of bargains. One day he actually sat down and made a contract with Port Captain Wallace. It was for the unloading of the Hulda Swanson and it was a good contract for Yal. He was beginning to believe that Hulda Swanson was a lucky name for him.

"I've always been sorry you didn't buy those three ribs in the Hulda," said the captain.

"Oh," laughed Hjalmar, "some day I'll own the ship."

That night he mustered face to tell Hulda of his love, and it was hard—much harder than when he told her as a boy. But the very depth and tenderness of his telling assured the answer when he followed up his declaration with a proposal of marriage. Hulda—dear, simple-hearted creature—displayed no guile at all, no coyness. Her eyes wet with happy tears. She lost all in a moment that guise of disinterested friendliness.

"Elmer!" she breathed. "Oh, Elmer!" And she cuddled into his great arms. "I am the happiest woman in the world. Everything comes to me, Elmer—everything!"

And Hulda was just as sensible about her marriage as about her love. She was willing to be married immediately, in that very hour if he wished—only she thought it might be more frugal to wait a few days till they could look round and find a choice little flat somewhere that would be just a perfect dovecot for two. Hjalmar, learning more and more to defer to her judgment, deferred easily in this, for the strong stubborn man had become putty to her touch. He proposed on Sunday; Hulda found the dearest little apartment on Wednesday; on Thursday night she told Hjalmar and he gave her one thousand dollars with which to furnish it.

But one little shock of disappointment came to Hjalmar. Hulda refused to consider giving up her work at present. She was promoted now to parlor maid and people were growing very considerate of domestic servants. She could sleep out, though sometimes she must arrive very late at night and always she must get back betimes, but her wages would pay the rent of the flat and something more—and Hjalmar was himself away all day. True, his business was prospering, but they must save every cent, take full advantage of the flood of the tide while its current bore in toward them and thus lay the foundations of a fortune.

Again Hjalmar might have been warned, but lured as ever by any project that had the golden threads of thrift woven through it he fell readily in with the plan. Hulda getting extra time off from her seemingly most complacent mistress had the little dovecot duly furnished and turned into a bower yearning for lovers so quickly that on the second Sunday night after Hjalmar proposed they stood up in their own home and were married, with one of Hjalmar's gang bosses for best man and Miss Wilson, a fellow domestic of Hulda's, for bridesmaid.

There was no honeymoon—thrift again. But there was enormous happiness in two breasts. On the first anniversary of their wedding, Hjalmar having prospered enormously bolted into the office of Port Captain Wallace, no longer timidly as he had come first into that executive's presence, but boldly as became a man of business.

"I want to buy me now a piece of that Hulda Swanson for my wife a wedding anniversary present," he said. "About ten ribs if I can get 'em."

The port captain seemed to stare at him doubtfully.

"We're putting another ship in commission next month," he suggested.

"I don' care about any other ship," declared Hjalmar. "I want a piece of the Hulda."

"You'll have to see the new skipper about that, I guess," said Captain Wallace.

By new skipper Hjalmar understood that Captain Wallace meant the new president

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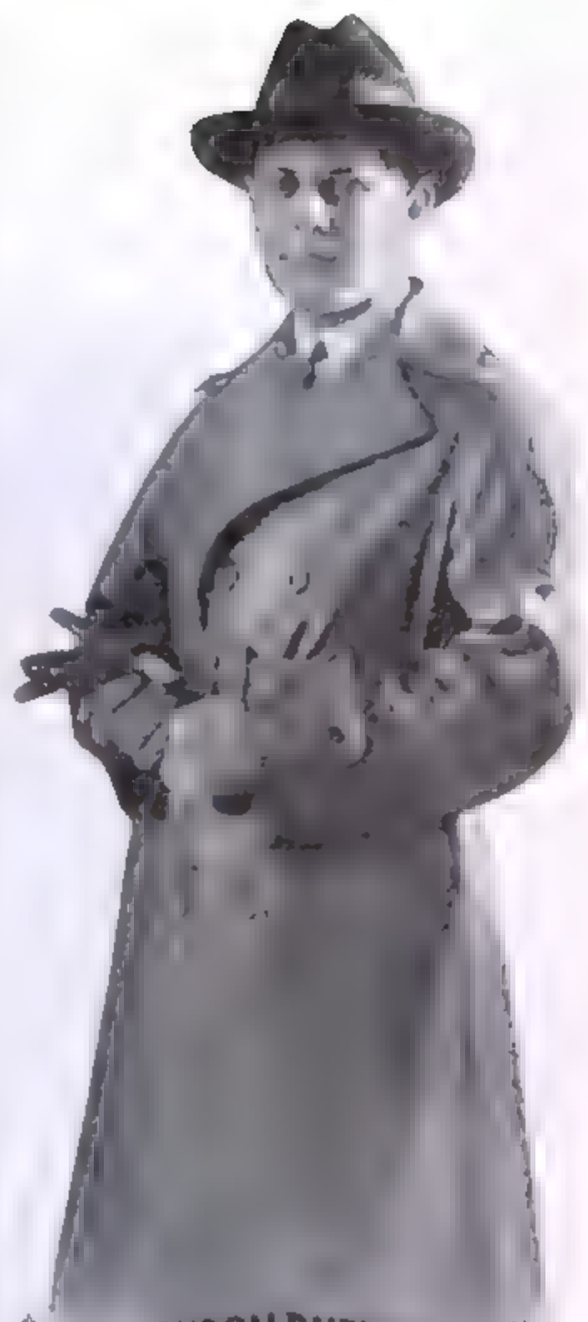

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(Continued from Page 95)

of the White Bear fleet, for Captain Larsen, old and full of years, had died a year and a half before, to the real sorrow of all that part of the water front that knew him at all and honored true moral worth and business integrity.

"You come in round eleven," suggested the port captain.

This meant an interview with the president of the White Bear fleet and Hjalmar felt a little awed at the prospect.

"What kind of fellow is the new skipper?" he asked.

Captain Wallace looked up from his desk with an amused smile.

"The new skipper? What sort? Oh, a good sort—as skippers go."

Hjalmar went back to his little boxlike office on Pier 18. No particular business claimed his attention. His thoughts were on Hulda and the surprising present he was going to make her. He was hummingly happy.

He felt like a holiday, like spending some money on a good time with Hulda, and yet that duty-driven young woman would be putting off in half an hour for a day of domestic service in a great household that might carry far into the night. Hjalmar was making too much money to find this arrangement longer justifiable on any ground. It was only that Hulda persisted and held him so completely under her sway.

He took one hundred dollars from the safe and put it in his pocket. It was only half past nine. By using a taxi he could get home before Hulda left, and try to induce her to demand a holiday. But at the entrance of their little street a collision between a fruit vender's cart and a moving van had strewed the pavement with apples, figs, oranges, children bent on salvage and vehicles bent on getting through, the result of which was that for a time nobody got through. From out of the window of his stalled taxi Hjalmar could see down the street a limousine standing before his house. There were three other families in this house, and curiosity as to what might bring a limousine to one of his neighbor's doors engaged his thought for a moment.

The blockade was lifted after perhaps half a minute, or at any rate his driver wormed through just in time for Hjalmar to see Hulda come out attired in the neatest and most attractive tailored suit he had ever seen on any woman, with a flounce of veiling falling gracefully from the rim of a black straw hat that was as unfamiliar to him as the suit. She stepped snappily toward the limousine, and it came to him that her mistress had sent for her hurriedly, yet clearly the deference with which the chauffeur held open the carriage door was no deference of fellow servant.

Hjalmar put out his hand to wave, he lifted up his voice to call, but Hulda was gone, whisked round the other corner as his own car drew up at the curb. If the husband had been thinking vigorously or quickly he would have thrust a head out the window and ordered his chauffeur to pursue. But he wasn't thinking vigorously or quickly—his brain had suddenly numbed. Some deception was being practiced upon him and he had learned to be fearful of deception.

Discharging the chauffeur, he went dazedly into the little flat. The place was as Hulda always left it—neat as wax, clean and fresh as new pine shavings. But despite its immaculate orderliness he let himself down with a great sigh into a chair, feeling that he sat down in a house of tragedy, and mused mournfully. Yet the restless insistence of his mind upon a solution of the mystery would not let him muse. He must search—search.

He swung open the door of Hulda's closet and there came out of it that faint breath of roses that was almost inseparable from Hulda herself. The dresses hung neatly on their cushioned hangers. They were few and simple. Each told him something sweet and gentle about Hulda, each had some gracious, maddening reminiscence to impart—the gingham house dresses, the dark nicest dress that Hulda wore afternoons or evenings, the white filmy thing in which she had been married, and two tailor suits, the skimpy one she had worn the day he saw her on the water front and one bought since. His eye looked curiously for an example of that superior creation she had worn as she entered the limousine. There was no such example. There were her hats—the one best hat with a hawk's feather in it and the little felt thing the crown and brim of which took shape according to Hulda's moods—these were all. Each cried aloud something fine and fair about Hulda. None breathed a word of dark corroding mystery.

Hjalmar turned to her trunk and hesitated. He had never pried, but he was mad to have an answer to his question. The lock yielded to his hand. He examined the contents of the tray—ribbons, laces, linens—woman's gear merely. He plucked out the tray and plunged into the depths. More reminiscences, more reminders—nothing else until the very bottom. And there in an envelope were two large elaborate photographs—one of a man, a strong yet kindly face with the high cheek bones, the angular brow and the long lean jaw of a typically Scandinavian countenance. The man might have been sixty years of age, and something about the features told Yal that he had been a seafaring man. The other photograph was of a woman—stout, placid, kindly, obviously the wife of the man. It seemed to Hjalmar that these might belong to the mystery, and yet they revealed nothing of it and were possibly no more than mementoes of some kindly master and mistress Hulda had had.

His search was futile. There was no answer in any of these mute things to the questions that stabbed him deeper and deeper.

Hulda! He must see Hulda! He rushed madly out of the house and took street car for that Pacific Avenue home to the servants' entrance of which Hulda had in the last year allowed him many times to conduct her. Now, himself, he made for that entrance, striding along a concrete driveway, passing a garage and some terraced lawn and coming abruptly upon a maid sweeping the back steps of a huge and pretentious residence. As always in moments of intense excitement, his speech lost its polish and was all barnacles again.

"Ay want to see Hulda!" he blurted, and halted, but his manner was intent and aggressive.

"Hulda?" echoed the woman, and gaped with wonder in her staring eye.

Hjalmar elbowed her to one side, stepped across a screened-in porch and stood in the kitchen, while the woman behind him emitted a gasp that was almost a scream. In front of him was another woman, a very consequential sort of woman, tall and of ample girth, with a huge enveloping white apron.

"Ay want to see Hulda!" Yal demanded again with the air of one who would stand no trifling.

The cook's eyes had already flashed indignantly at this intrusion and she became immediately voluble.

"Hulda, is it? Sure and 'tis no Hulda that the likes of you will see, ye big squarehead, come buttin' into me kitchen wid de wild look of the insane in your eye. Retire! Withdraw, I say, or I'll bat ye over the bane wid me rollin' pin!"

But Hjalmar was not to be crossed. He brushed the large woman aside as if she had been a wire dress form, and indeed the cook lady tipped over quite as if she were one—but not so dumbly.

"Ye murderin' big squarehead!" she shrieked as she toppled. "Where is it are ye after goin'? Whoop! Whoop! Jimson! Ye roarin' Bullsheviki, ye struck me, ye did! It's meself'll make ye suffer for that, I will!"

With surprising agility she rolled over, rose in the middle by a sort of mushroom development, stood upon her feet and leaped for her trusty weapon, but the door leading to the back hall came back violently in her face.

Hjalmar had passed on but to be confronted at the other end of this passage by a tall austere individual in a frock coat who eyed him loftily and demanded the nature of his business.

"Ay say ay want to see Hulda!" Hjalmar roared wrathfully.

The austere person frowned his great displeasure at the visitor's manner and bade Hjalmar retire whence he had come. But Hjalmar was getting tired of having Hulda's fellow servants one after another stricken dumb when he asked about her. By a motion of his long arm he folded the butler once and filed him away in a corner, striding on with now a chorus of shrieks and groans pursuing him. Running amuck thus through another hall he came upon a young woman with a frilled cap upon her head and a white apron so absurdly small that it must have been a badge of official

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distinction rather than a garment for service. This young person had a duster in her hand, and startled by the wild appearance of the intruder and the medley of sounds from behind his axis of advance first gallantly flung the duster and then discreetly lifted up her voice in appeal for aid.

"Miss Wilson! Oh, Miss Wilson!" she clamored.

"What—ever!" exclaimed a voice, and from the open door of a roomful of books there entered upon the stage that Miss Wilson who had been bridesmaid at the wedding. She wore glasses and a business-like air, contributed to by the pencil thrust into her high coiffure. She recognized Hjalmar immediately and came forward in complete self-possession as one daily accustomed to stepping into breaches of every sort.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Maartens!" she said, and offered her hand.

It was the first civil word uttered to him, the first rational behavior of anyone in this insane household, and its effect upon Hjalmar was that of an instant sedative.

"Where is Hulda?" he asked, and there was almost a throb in that voice from which the barnacles had so suddenly departed, while he clung to her hand like a drowning man.

"Why"—and Miss Wilson smiled and her coolness and self-possession increased if anything—"Hulda was sent out on an errand this morning. If you would come back at, say, two o'clock Hulda would be here."

Oh, blessed, reassuring words! Miss Wilson was so natural, so perfectly undisturbed—and she had invited him to come back. All at once Hjalmar knew that Hulda was genuine; that there was some perfectly natural explanation about the suit, while the limousine was explained already. The fire had gone from his veins. He was cool now and almost self-possessed himself, which enabled him to realize what an embarrassing thing he had done and heated him up again.

"I guess I don't need to come back," he stammered. "If I knew Hulda was gone I would not have come."

He became conscious that all this time his hat had been upon his head and he swept it off apologetically, then turned to the rear, made aware—at half-opened doors—of staring, indignant faces transfixed by sudden wonder at the sight of Miss Wilson in polite converse with him.

"Oh, Mr. Maartens! Here! Let me show you out the front way!" exclaimed Miss Wilson. Her consideration was unfailing and further soothing to his soul. He followed docilely while the lady piloted him down a fairway that was dotted here and there with bits of statuary and with strangely shaped and sometimes oddly colored furniture. What his eye took account of most clearly and comprehendingly was that the front door opened on a wide veranda looking northward to the blue waters of the Golden Gate, stretching like a turquoise band between the pinkish gray of the city and the emerald green of the Marin County hills. What a view to the sailor eye this, of that ebbing and flooding tide with the masts of the seven seas careening past! The picture held Yal for a moment, attention quite distracted.

"You won't come back then at two, Mr. Maartens?" inquired Miss Wilson.

Hjalmar came back to earth and shook his head.

"It will not be necessary," he said. "But tell Hulda I hope she can get home very early. It is our wedding anniversary."

"It is indeed," recalled Miss Wilson. "I hope—I know you have been very happy."

"We have, but I—I got a scare this morning," he said, reddening apologetically. "I—I guess I know I made a fool of myself!"

As if flying from the memory of it, he hurried down the broad front steps with Miss Wilson's reassurances still ringing in his ears.

But there was another reason to hurry. It was eleven by his watch and he flung himself dangerously upon the steps of a passing car, determined to get quickly to the office of the White Bear, determined to get those ten ribs of the Hulda Swanson and bring them that night in collateral form to his wife. By the clock in the office of the White Bear Transportation Company it was twenty minutes past eleven when he entered, and perturbations—foolish, nerve-destroying perturbations—seized him and broke him down.

Yes, they responded to his nervous inquiries, the president was in. Would he send in his card?

"Yust tal him de stevedore captain, Yal Maartens, want to see him."

The barnacles again. They would not stay away this morning. Yal stood cracking his joints, watching the door through which the messenger disappeared. A fresh misgiving had come to him as he recalled that if—as was quite probable—the president was reluctant to sell him a ten-thousand-dollar piece of his dividend-earning ship he had no argument to offer at all. Sentimental reasons in a lovesick stevedore's breast were not apt to count much with the president of an institution like this.

Yet as he waited with the pulse of loving purpose beating so wildly in his breast Hjalmar almost fancied that with the announcement of his name some kind of commotion had taken place beyond that door. Certainly a clearing out began to take place. First of all Port Captain Wallace came out and—Yal fancied—looked at him queerly. But then he was very self-conscious this morning; he fancied everyone looked at him queerly. Next two men issued from the room carrying rolls that might have been drawings and they were followed by clerks bearing files of papers. Last of all came a cute little slip of a business girl, with a notebook doubled under arm and also carrying files of correspondence which she disposed of in wire baskets at a central desk before turning to him and inquiring in a pleasantly modulated voice, "Mr. Maartens, is it?"

"Dat's right," Hjalmar responded, his voice booming harshly over her head and thus adding to his self-consciousness.

"Come this way," directed the stenographer, and walked ahead of him demurely to the president's door, opened it, ushered him in and backed outside again, after which the heavy door closed slowly but determinedly in obedience to its powerful pneumatic spring.

At first Hjalmar thought himself in an empty room. It was on a corner with light from two wide windows streaming in, with a longish, heavy, glass-topped table in the center. But beyond this table toward his right as he turned half round was a huge flat-topped desk and before this desk, with white hands gripping the sides of the revolving chair, sat—Hulda—Hulda of the jeweled eyes but with the white, startled face of one who had not yet quite recovered from some sudden shock.

"Hulda," he charged wildly, "you make some kind of fool of me!"

"Elmer!" she cried, springing up, fright in her own voice. "Elmer!"

She came toward him with self-reproach and sympathetic concern on her face.

"You? You?" he began, trying to form some kind of inquiry, yet backing off from her as she approached.

"Yes," she said, "I am the new skipper of the White Bear fleet," and smiled up at him archly, as waiting for him to see the joyous humor of the situation and fold her in a bear hug to his breast. But Hjalmar had become a great groping child.

"You—you bane fool me, Hulda!"

He had stopped moving backward. His great arms were extended in a kind of weak appeal, as hoping she could make the matter clear for him and would mercifully do so quickly.

Hulda, seizing the opportunity, walked right inside the open arms and cuddled herself against his breast as she had one year and two weeks ago when he asked her to be his wife, and he seized and held her tight, making sure of one delicious moment at least.

"Yes," she cooed softly, "I fooled you, Yal," calling him by the old childhood name. "But I had to, to—to get you. Tell me, if you had known that I was rich, an heiress to a million—millions they threaten to become—when I finally found you that day upon the embarcadero would you not have run away from me?"

"It bane good job if you let me, Hulda, by golly!" he murmured, feeling a fresh sense of his own unworthiness.

"No!" she exclaimed, and hugged him tighter. "No! I knew the worth of the man I loved and I wouldn't have lost him for anything. Not for the world! I would have become and remained a working girl in fact for as long as life shall last just to win you and keep you, Yal. Dear old Yal! And oh, it was such a lark, wooing you incognito and marrying you! You were such a child! You made it so easy. And how many times you had chances to find out and didn't. I kept leaving the trail broader and broader, and yet postponing the day when I would tell you just because it was so delicious, this living of a double life that way. And you've polished up so beautifully too."

"By golly," blurted Yal, "I don't know about dat! I raise hal out at dat Pacific Avenue house. You gon lose your job out dere and I don't care if you do."

Hulda burst out in merry laughter.

"You dear old puddinghead!" she exclaimed. "You only get part of it at a time. That is my house out there. The mistress I have been working for is me. It is our house. You can be master of it now. I'm tired. I resign. Servants are such a problem."

Instead of getting it, Yal felt his mind reeling again. It was only this anchorage of Hulda, standing there so close and cuddling and comfortable, that kept him from smashing in total wreckage upon a lee shore.

"You better told me all about everything pretty quick, Hulda," he insisted, "or I'm going to jump out dat window just to see if de cobbles is still down there."

"Poor old fellow!" she soothed, and dragging him down into a director's chair and half leaning, half sitting on the edge of the table in front of him, she began. "In a few words, Captain Larsen and Mrs. Larsen—the kindest two people that ever lived. But at the very first, Yal, it was you. You sent me a post-card picture from San Francisco, but you were so slow in coming for me that I decided to come to you. I think I thought San Francisco was just a small city, where everyone may know everybody like our own little Helsingborg, and America not so large as Sweden. I started to come to you here. The rest is just the good God, Captain Larsen and his angel wife."

"You got to make it plainer dan dat," declared Hjalmar gravely.

"I can," said Hulda, also sober now, with a moist light of gratitude in those wonderful jeweled eyes of hers. "I traveled in the steerage, of course, and I used to look up sometimes from the forward deck to the proud first-class passengers promenading and envy them and wonder about them. I did not suspect it, but there upon that upper deck, Mrs. Larsen, returning from a visit with her husband to Sweden, was looking down at me and saying to the captain that I was just like her when thirty years before she came to America. At last Mrs. Larsen came down and talked to me. When I came ashore from Ellis Island they were waiting to take me to their home in San Francisco to be a servant. But I never was. At first they liked me and then they loved me. You couldn't imagine that, could you?"

She asked the question in all seriousness, but it helped Hjalmar a good way through his trance.

"I could," he declared solemnly, "just because it was you."

"Anyway they did," declared Hulda with a sudden smoothing of her brow as if she gave up trying to question why it was. "By the time we arrived here Mrs. Larsen was treating me like a daughter. She wanted me round to chatter Swedish to, to talk about the Old Country, and instead of setting me to work they sent me to school. They gave me everything. Finally they adopted me. I even took their name. If you had looked at the marriage license I helped you get you would have seen that the name I gave to the clerk was Hulda Swanson Larsen, but you big stupid, you didn't look at anything but me.

"And—well, the story becomes sad now. Dear Mrs. Larsen died. Captain Larsen was inconsolable. He wanted nobody round him but me. I came to business with him. I became a sort of secretary to him. The last two years that he lived he did nothing that I did not know about. It was in the first of those that I found you, Yal, the first time, and lost you."

Hjalmar listening open-mouthed ventured no comment but a sigh.

"It isn't that I have a business brain exactly," she went on, "but I'm twenty-six years old and a woman twenty-six can pack a good deal into her head. I have good advisers. Mr. Armstrong, the vice president, is a money-maker. Captain Wallace is a fine executive and little Hulda"—she struck an attitude—"little Hulda watches the wheels go round with the look of a wise old owl and at stated times and places signs her name upon the dotted line. That's all there is to being president and that's all there is to the story—except you. You, Yal, are my proudest, my one worth-while achievement." She hugged him with a violence that threatened to choke him. "Sounds like a fairy story, doesn't it?"

"You are the fairy. It couldn't have been true except with you."

"But it is true, Yal," she said, pinching his cheek, "and I am the president of the White Bear."

A sense of depression came over him as he surveyed her upon this dizzy height.

"But I am only Yal the stevedore," he realized, "falling into broken English every time my temperature goes up half a degree."

"Oh!" she cooed. "Oh, no. What is mine is yours." And round his head she described a playful circle with her finger meant to be a wedding ring large enough for a collar and chanted: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow. And don't worry about your broken English. It's then I love you most, you dear old Norse bear."

But Hjalmar, viewing with admiring eye the picture Hulda's happy animation made, and immensely proud of her, was nevertheless pessimistic still. He felt somehow robbed.

"I have nothing else now to live for—to work for," he complained. "The zest of the game has been snatched away from me. I stop striving and become just a rich woman's husband."

This speech betrayed the real man in Hjalmar, the man Hulda had discerned and loved and stooped to conquer, and she gazed at him a moment dotingly from under the dark fringe of lashes that looked so much darker upon the pink-and-white background of her face. Then she frowned.

"You are wrong, Hjalmar, wrong, when you say you are only a rich woman's husband. You are a self-equipped man who has worked and won his way, who deserves everything that has come to him—even me." And she laughed mischievously. "You are a maker of money, a rare handler of men. You get their confidence, their enthusiasm—there's a big job for you in the White Bear Company, a job so big nobody else can do it, that's been waiting for you ever since Captain Larsen died."

Hjalmar's face lighted.

"A job for me? What is it?"

"Captain Larsen's profit-sharing plan. It was a dream of his last days. Captain Larsen was a good deal of a seer. Personally he met the old conditions and won under them, but he looked into the future and trembled for this corporation and others like it. Democratization of industry was not just a phrase to him. It had a meaning. He believed that the only business organization which would meet the competition of the future, which is now the present, was one in which men coöperated from top to bottom. He wanted no employees in his organization. He looked forward to the day when every man would be an owner, a boss—when no man worked for wages, but for himself. He knew how much there is of waste energy, waste time, waste capital in a wage organization like ours. He had a vision of the most efficient fleet of ships that ever sailed the sea, because every man earned not a wage but a profit and self-interest kept him at his task and made him see to it that everyone else kept at his—a thousand-eyed, thousand-minded organization instead of an organization of a thousand hands and just here and there a brain."

"It was a great dream from the standpoint of business efficiency," broke in Hjalmar, who had been listening in a rapt sort of way.

"But a greater from the standpoint of happiness production," declared Hulda surprisingly. "Captain Larsen tried it in a small way with the Hulda Swanson, but there were difficulties that required skill and time that were beyond his possession. Since his death the project has been in abeyance. Neither Mr. Armstrong nor Captain Wallace was the man to put it into effect and work out its details. They believe in the idea, but they couldn't put it into operation. They are drivers, not leaders. It requires a leader and a leader who understands the worker's point of view and knows how to disarm his foolish suspicions and enlist his cooperation heartily. You can do it. You have done it in a small way in your own business already. That is your job in the White Bear. Do you see it?"

Hjalmar's face kindled like a sunset.

"I take the job!" he said eagerly.

"And now, with that off our chests," laughed Hulda, "let's call it a day in the office and go up to the big house on the hill to celebrate."

You can overcome extreme irritability of your skin, and give it the power of resistance every normal skin should have. Try using the special treatment given below.

Is your skin exceptionally sensitive or delicate?

HAS your skin always been especially hard to take care of?

Wind, sun, dust, exposure—do they irritate and roughen its delicate texture? In cold weather do you have to give it constant attention?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin every day the care it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated on the least occasion. For your skin is constantly changing—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the right treatment you can give this new skin, as it forms, the firmness, the power of resistance that every normal skin *should* have.

The right treatment for a tender, sensitive skin

Try using every night the following treatment for a sensitive skin:

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

If you follow this treatment regularly each night before retiring you will begin to notice in a week or ten days a marked improvement in the firmness of your skin—a power to resist irritation and exposure.

If your skin is unusually sensitive or delicate, it especially needs to be freed each night from the irritating fine particles of dust and foreign matter that accumulate upon it during the day.

Modern authorities now discount the old idea, formerly held by some people, that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin. Dr. Pusey, the famous skin specialist, in his book on the care of the skin, says: "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the skin is a constant invitation to various disorders."

By giving your face its thorough bath at night, you allow it to rest—to breathe—during the eight hours of sleep; you will avoid, also, the after exposure which often roughens a delicate skin.

Every skin needs a special type of treatment

You will find Woodbury treatments that exactly meet the needs of different types of skin, in the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get this famous booklet of treatments and see for yourself how thoroughly the needs of different types of skin have been studied. Find the treatment for *your* skin and begin using it tonight.

Remember—the success of any Woodbury treatment depends on the *regularity* with which you use it. You cannot expect to change completely in a day or a week a condition that has lasted for years. But within a few days you will begin to notice the *improvement* a Woodbury treatment makes in your skin.

The very first treatment will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly treatment with such a soft, clean, healthful feeling that you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today and begin using it tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Would you like to have a trial size cake?

You may have it with the booklet of treatments, or with samples of the other Woodbury facial preparations in addition to the booklet.

For six cents we will send you the trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 605 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND PERTH, ONTARIO

The greatest m in the en

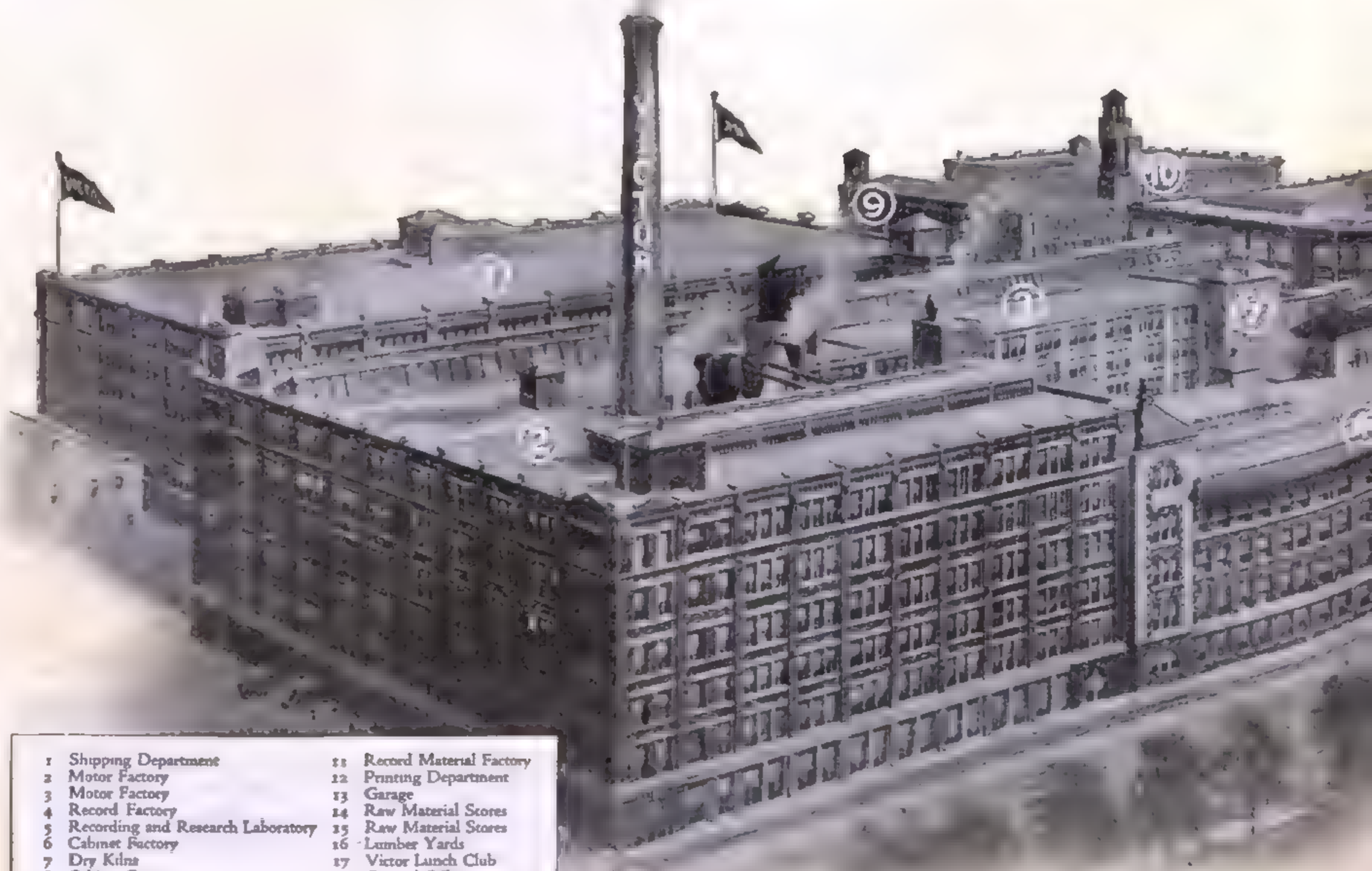
The mighty structures of steel and concrete which constitute the immense Victor factories at Camden, N. J., are a living, ever-growing monument to the pioneers who blazed the way in the talking-machine industry, who developed the talking-machine from a mere toy into the greatest musical instrument the world has ever known.

Their lifework is talking-machines, and all the experience and knowledge gained in nearly a quarter-century devoted entirely to the talking-machine art is summed up in Victor products.

The Victor Company not only completely revolutionized talking-machine construction by the invention of the cabinet-style instrument—the Victrola—but every worthwhile accomplishment in the higher development of the talking-machine art is the result of Victor skill and progressiveness, and its artistic achievements have been one unbroken series of successes.

While thus leading the way in the talking-machine field, the Victor factories have grown from a small one-room workshop into the greatest musical industry in all the

VICTOR TALKING MA



1 Shipping Department
2 Motor Factory
3 Motor Factory
4 Record Factory
5 Recording and Research Laboratory
6 Cabinet Factory
7 Dry Kilns
8 Cabinet Factory
9 Raw Material Stores
10 Raw Material Stores
11 Record Material Factory
12 Printing Department
13 Garage
14 Raw Material Stores
15 Raw Material Stores
16 Lumber Yards
17 Victor Lunch Club
18 General Offices
19 Power House
20 Coal Yards and Docks

musical industry
tire world

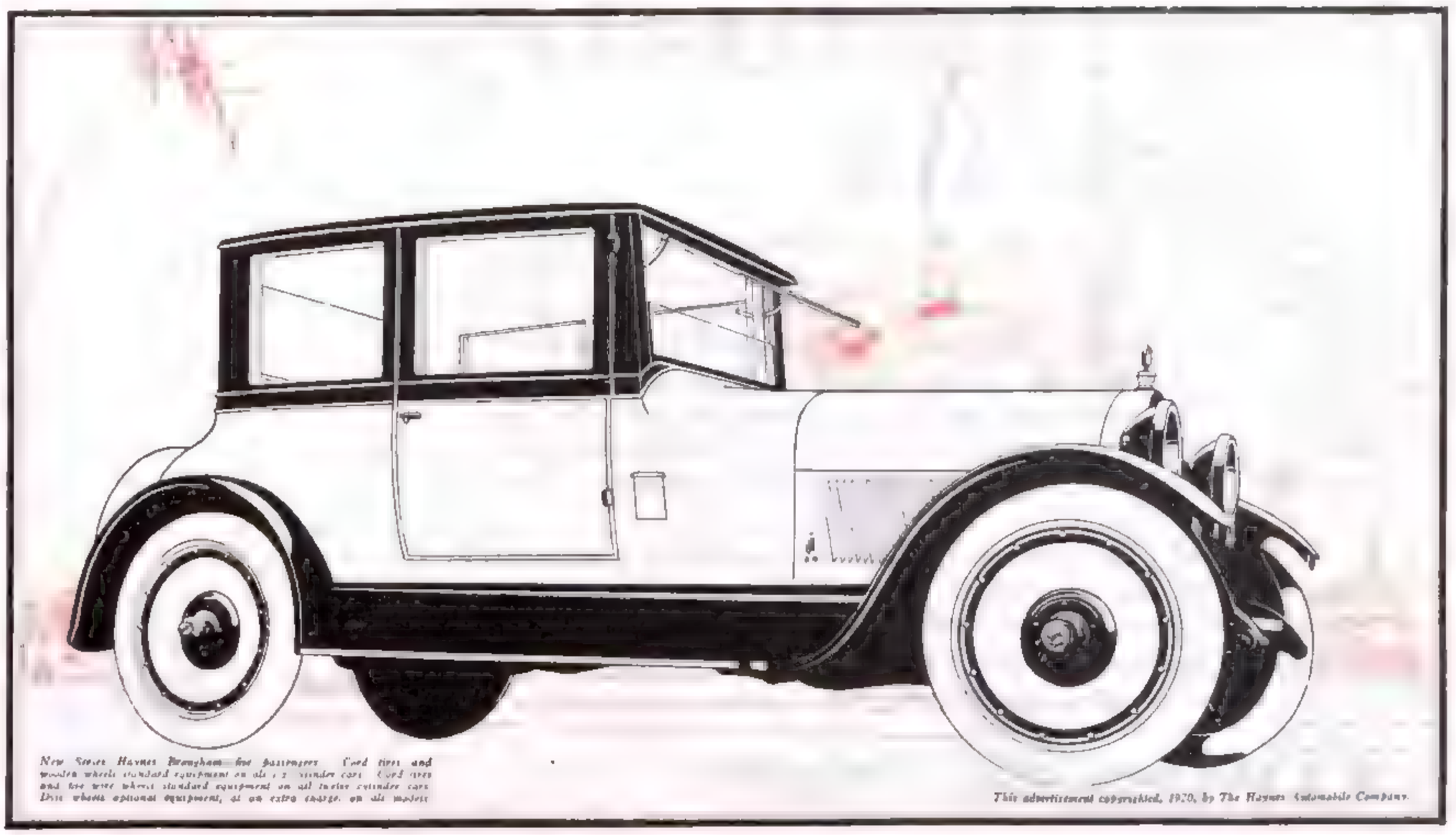
world. They stand absolutely unique in the talking-machine industry. The Victor plant is the largest, the most modern, the best equipped plant in which complete talking-machines are built. Its immense buildings were specially planned and erected solely for the production of talking-machines, and represent an investment of many millions of dollars.

To the music-loving public these facts mean more than a mere statement of size. They mean musical quality. They mean that the Victrola stands alone as the supremely satisfying musical instrument. They mean that the Victrola is made by the most completely trained specialists in the most completely equipped talking-machine plant in the world.

It is due to this experienced, highly efficient organization, and to the perfection of its products, that the Victrola has achieved its world-wide supremacy, that it is universally recognized as the one standard talking-machine.

There are Victor dealers everywhere and they will gladly play any music you wish to hear. Victrolas in great variety of styles from $25 to $1500.

CHINE COMPANY Camden N.J.



New Series Haynes Brougham for passengers. Cord tires and wooden wheels standard equipment on all 6 cylinder cars. Cord tires and fine wire wheels standard equipment on all 8 cylinder cars. Disc wheels optional equipment, at an extra charge, on all models.

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The Haynes, America's first car, now exhibited by the Government at the Smithsonian Institution, National Museum, Washington, D. C., was invented, designed and built by Elwood Haynes, in 1893.

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1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

(Continued from Page 11)

"I think I should like to explore with you," I answered.

She gave me an indulgent look. It was already plain enough to me that she had assumed her rôle in my regard; that of big sister, for which I could scarcely blame her as through some freak of complexion and a life which had never known a single urgent care strangers invariably took me for an undergraduate. Athletics under the easy system of European training had given me a sort of schoolboy physical development, and even some months of flying over the German lines seemed to have failed in leaving any of the imprints of responsibility.

"Very well," she agreed with a slightly quizzical smile. "What shall we explore? Each other's minds or the surrounding country?"

"The latter might prove me a better explorer," I said. "Besides, I don't think that the former would be much of an adventure for you."

"I'm not a bit adventurous," said she. "Leonard absorbs all of that quality in this family. I'm afraid you're going to find us disappointingly tame here in America. We all live pretty close to the ground nowadays."

"The ground is anything but tame for an airman," I said, "especially when he's on his way back to it, and I'm very far from sure that you haven't the spice of adventure in you."

"Then it has yet to show itself," she answered, and again that tinge of ruddy pink glowed through her clear skin to make me suspect that this was not entirely true, or if it were she felt some adventure to be lurking at no great distance. As if to get on more impersonal ground she asked if I felt the influence of heredity by finding America familiar, or as I had expected it.

"I feel at home here," I answered, "but the run from New York rather overwhelmed me. You see, my travels have all been confined to Europe, where nothing changes much. Whereas over here one can seem to see things changing under one's eyes, like the Hindu mango trick. My education made me a sort of professional schoolboy — courses in France and Switzerland and Italy and Austria and England."

"Never Germany?" she asked.

"No. Mother always detested Germany for some reason. She hated their system of kultur long before it became the world's abomination. The war caught me studying literary composition in the Sorbonne."

"It sounds awfully interesting," said Martha. "And yet for all of your experiences you do seem very much a schoolboy."

"I should like to matriculate for the finishing school under your professorship," I said. "Of course you're infinitely older — at least three months perhaps."

She smiled indulgently as if to say that in our case the seniority was intellectual and infinite.

"What particular course do you care to elect?" she asked.

"Social," I answered.

"That's a wide field," said Martha.

"It can be narrowed down to my limitations," I answered.

Martha's clear eyes rested on me thoughtfully.

"Leonard said that you could do with a bit of training," said she. "You are apt to find our customs very cramping after post-bellum Europe. My first lesson may be to teach you to walk the straight and narrow path."

"The narrower the better if it can be trodden side by side," I answered.

Martha raised her eyebrows with a little nod.

"I see that Leonard was right," said she. "He warned me that you would flirt with the motor of your airplane. Well, this is not getting on very fast with your American education. But first I believe you wanted to explore the grounds."

"You might teach me as we walk along," I said.

II

MARTHA took me for a general inspection of the grounds, which were picturesque in a sort of wild and unkempt way and did not seem to match at all with the peculiar finished precision of the family. The Hobarts were of colonial Tory stock, English lesser nobility, I imagined, and it seemed to me as though they were the product of several generations of studied elegance, which they might have found necessary in the face of early primitive surroundings in a national atmosphere of democracy. An English aristocracy would not have felt the necessity of being thus held to form by long-established conventions and surroundings. But it seemed to me in the case of the Hobarts and their kind this guardedness of early tradition had passed from a habit to a type. I could not imagine Martha swerving the fraction of a degree from her established course, and consequently I was not only hopelessly puzzled but decidedly upset by the episodes which immediately followed my arrival.

I had got in the habit of early rising, and waking at six the following morning the brightness of the sun and the distant roar of the surf suggested the idea of going down to the beach for a swim. It was very warm and I went to the open window and looked out. My room was on the top story and I could see the high tumbled sand dunes and over their irregular tops a pale-blue band of ocean going up to the horizon. I could not see the beach itself because of the intervening dunes about four hundred yards away, but as I looked toward these a white figure with a flaming red cap appeared against the green sedge.

It occurred to me then that it might be Martha going down herself for an early dip, and to discover if it were she I picked up my binoculars and focused them. It was Martha in a white peignoir and bathing kerchief, and at that moment a man suddenly appeared between the dunes.

This struck me as a little strange, especially as I discovered through the strong glasses that the man was dressed in white flannels and immediately stopped and took off his hat.

I did not mean to spy, but it seemed so singular that a girl of Martha's unquestionable propriety should care to meet a man at that hour and when going to bathe that I continued to watch them. If the fellow were intruding something certainly should be done about it and at once.

But Martha herself had stopped and the two were, so far as I could see, engaged in friendly conversation. The man was facing me and I was able to observe his face with no difficulty, discovering it to be that of a middle-aged person of gentlemanly appearance with a mustache and closely trimmed Vandyke. I thought it quite possible that he might be the new neighbor, Mr. Malluc.

But this did not improve the situation particularly. Even if they had previously met, which I understood they had not, it was by no means permissible for him to stop and talk to Martha under such circumstances. I could not believe that she would wish it, so not knowing quite what else to do I slipped quickly into my bathing suit and bath robe, went quickly down and started for the dunes.

The path led through some scrub pines and when I came in sight of the place there was nobody to be seen. A moment later I passed between the dunes and saw Martha wading out into the shallow water, for the tide was low. The man had disappeared.

As a Loser He Belonged Really to the Round Table Epoch, and Suzy Impressed Me as Being Perfectly Well Equipped With Modern Arms and the Knowledge of Their Use

I called out and Martha turned quickly, and seeing who it was waved her white, flashing arm.

"May I swim with you?" I asked.

"Of course," she answered. "I would have suggested it last night, but I thought you'd want to sleep after your long ride."

"I've been sleeping most of the way across," I answered, and joined her in the sparkling brine, which was much less cold than on the Channel beaches.

Martha was a good swimmer, which one needed to be for safety here, as there was a strong undertow at high tide, she told me, with treacherous holes after a storm and beyond the surf a set of current offshore with the ebb tide.

"I'm surprised they let you bathe alone," I said as we came out and put on our peignoirs.

"They know that I'm not a bit venturesome," said she, "and there's never anybody about at this hour."

Though obliged to doubt the truth of both these statements, I did not question them.

As we walked back to the house Martha said: "We'll do this every morning if you like, Dick. You see you are to be regarded as a member of the family."

"That is a very great honor," I said. "I shall try to deserve it. But it seems to me that when you go alone you ought at least to take the dogs."

"I always do," she said, "but they went up to visit Len this morning."

Here again was a deception, I feared. Len and I were on the same floor and if the dogs had gone up to his room I should certainly have seen or heard them. The whole affair not only mystified me but bothered me considerably, and the incident which happened later in the day did not help to relieve my mind.

This was at about four o'clock. Len had disappeared and Martha and I were to play tennis when I had finished some letters. I went down to the court, but found no sign of her, so I went to the kennels and found the dogs shut up, which seemed rather strange after what we had been told by the lodge keeper's wife. Then I was struck by the peculiar behavior of the two splendid police dogs, Clairon and Tambour, which were in separate runs. I had made their acquaintance the day before and both were now imploring to be let out as if for some particular reason. They would rush to the door, then look in the direction of the pine grove with low growls. It was plain enough to me that something had disquieted them, so feeling that I ought not to loose them without permission I started off to beat out the place for myself.

The grove here consisted of scrub pines and oaks, and before I had gone far I heard the murmur of voices and came on Martha with a pale, angry face walking between two rather hard-looking men whose manner did not strike me as any too polite. Martha caught sight of me then and stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"These men claim to be detectives," said Martha, "and they want to search the premises for a suspected person whom they say was seen to enter the grounds."

"Hadn't you better refer them to your father?" I asked.

"Father has gone to the country club," said Martha. "They want to search the house. It's insulting. It is an indignity."

"Well," I answered, "since there are said to be burglars about I suppose they have the right."

"'Course we have," growled one of the men. "You folks make me tired. You oughta be glad of the protection."

His rough tone made me angry, that and Martha's face, which looked not only frightened but distressed. I caught her eye and I read very plainly her message to prevent the search if possible.

"It can't hurt you any to be polite about it," I said to the man who had spoken in such a surly way.

"We got no time to wait for an introduction," he sneered. "We come here to overhaul the place."

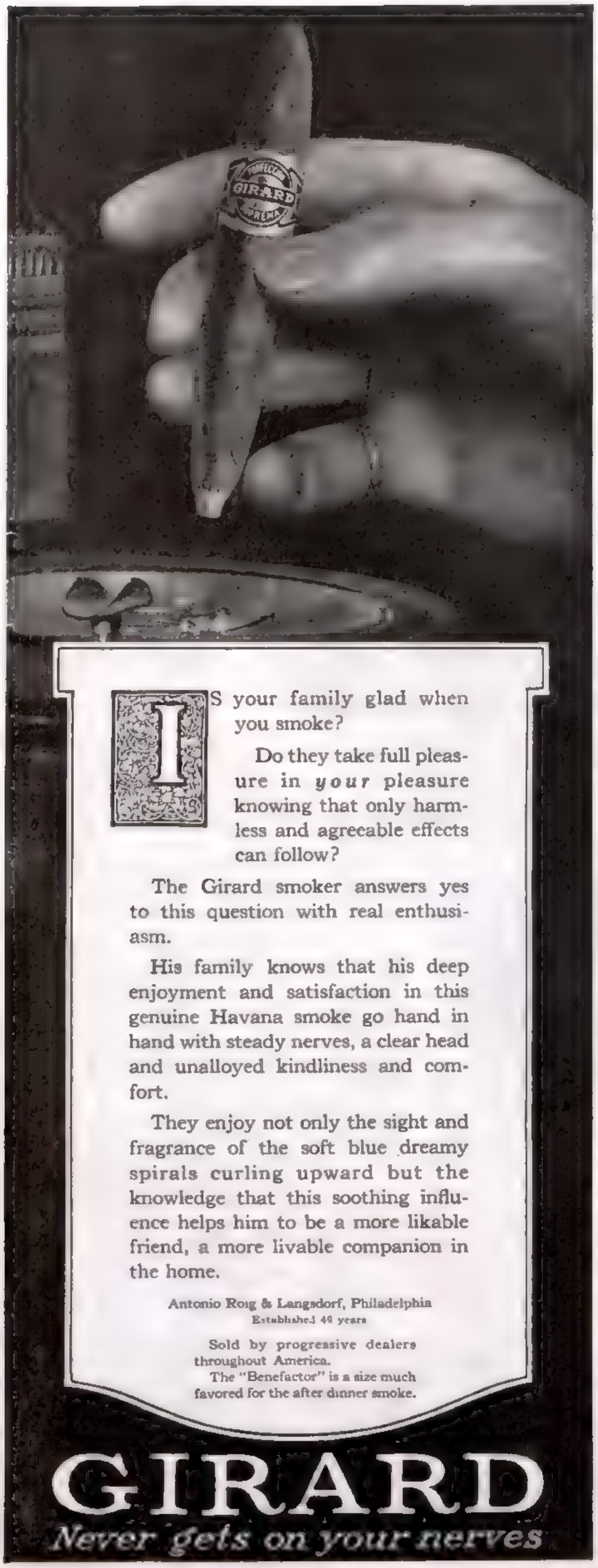
"What's your authority?" I asked.

"This, young feller," said he, and thrust at me a hand with a star-shaped badge on the palm.

"That's only your police badge," I said. "Where's your search warrant?"

Now this was a shot in the dark as I knew absolutely nothing about American police customs and was merely going on the general procedure of most countries, where a special warrant is necessary to force one's way into a private dwelling without permission, and I saw immediately from the expressions of the men that I had scored. But they did not give up.

"Say, who is this fresh guy, anyhow?" asked the second man. "We better put him



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This was a bit too stiff. I turned to Martha.

"Miss Hobart," I said, "please telephone to the nearest police station that there are two men here who pretend to be detectives and who are trying to browbeat you into letting them search your house without any official warrant. Say also that they are impudent and insulting and that you demand the proper protection."

"Very well," Martha answered, and started to walk to the stables. But this move, which was purely bluff on my part, had the desired effect. One of the men began to growl something about the duties of good citizenship, but I cut him short.

"There is no question here of good citizenship," I said. "If you had any sense you would see that no good citizen is going to be accused of harboring a criminal without the strongest protest, and that is what your demand amounts to. The best thing that you two can do is to apologize and get out of here."

Apparently they decided that the latter part of this advice was good, for they turned sulkily and walked off between the trees. As soon as they were out of sight Martha turned and came back to where I was standing. Her face was pale and there was a frightened look in her eyes I did not like, as it seemed to me that she ought by rights to be furiously angry.

"If that is a sample of American police methods," I said, "then I don't think much of them."

Martha nodded.

"Fancy their daring to take such a course with a family like ours," she murmured. But I noticed that her voice trembled and her eyes did not meet mine. "Do you think that they will come back with the warrant?"

"No," I answered. "They knew perfectly well that they were acting without due authority. Do you know where Len has gone?"

"Over to Mr. Malluc's probably," Martha answered.

"Then I'd telephone for him to come back if I were you," I said. "If they should come back he ought to be here."

Martha shook her head slowly.

"I'd rather that nobody knew anything about what has happened, Dick," said she. "It would only upset them and couldn't do any good. Please promise me that it shan't go any further."

She stared at the ground.

"Of course if you really wish it. They'll not come back. It was just a bit of impudent officiousness. Your household is too well known and respected for a search warrant to be issued. Try to put it out of your mind."

"I shall," Martha answered, but she was so evidently upset that I suggested a stroll instead of tennis. She agreed to this and we started through the grove, presently to come upon a little path which led diagonally from the sea beach to the village at the head of the bay. Some distance down this we caught sight of a tall gaunt figure, apparently a native of the place, approaching. It proved to be a bleak-faced old man, poorly but decently dressed, who seemed to be poling himself along by means of a staff with a long fork at the upper end.

"That old chap looks like Father Time," I said, "if he only had a scythe and an hourglass instead of that forked pole."

"This is an old right of way," said Martha. "We've never tried to close it, partly because we believe in ancient privileges up to a certain extent and partly because it's the quickest way to get yourself hated in the community."

The ancient mariner reached where we stood and paused.

"Heh!" he quacked rather like the marsh heron, which he somewhat resembled. "Good evenin'. Hope I ain't trespassin'."

"No," said Martha, "it's only trespassing to go where you're forbidden, and this path is free to all."

"Wal," said the old fellow, "I guess you won't lose nothin' by it. We're all purty honest folks down here on the shore. The door of my house ain't never been locked. Man and boy, I've trod this short cut nigh onto seventy years and I'd sorta hate to give it up. You folks comin' from Mr. Malluc's?"—for we had started to walk back toward the beach. "Better wait and see me do my trick."

"What is your trick?" I asked, but Martha had already guessed his errand.

"I know," said she. "You're Uncle Abner the well-finder. He finds wells," she said to me. "That willow pole is the divining rod. Oh, I must run back and get dad This sort of thing's his hobby."

Uncle Abner ran his hand through a patriarchal beard unfortunately marred by tobacco.

"Don't know as 'twould be worth your while to disturb the squire," said he. "Tain't a very likely place. T'other well was druv like yourn, but if you two hain't got nothin' better ter do you might come along on the off chance of our findin' somethin'."

Martha looked at me doubtfully.

"Come on," I said, "let's go. Len knows them."

So we fell in behind the old seer and came presently to a boundary fence, which we climbed over. A few minutes later we heard the sound of voices and laughter and presently reached a knoll on which stood a low and rather unsightly building all of galvanized corrugated iron.

"That must be Mr. Malluc's laboratory," Martha murmured. "Len said he was building one. It seems he likes to dabble in alchemy and explosives and things."

There were a number of people gathered about the laboratory, a dozen perhaps, and a little cluster of servants. It was such a party as one might have expected to find at any big country house with something unusual of this sort afoot.

But my whole attention was centered on a man who had caught sight of us and started immediately to walk in our direction. I forgot the magic we had come to watch and even the unpleasant clash with the detectives, for I recognized the approaching individual as the one whom I had seen through my glasses talking with Martha behind the dunes early that morning. So it was Malluc, as I had partly guessed, and Martha was acquainted with him and for some reason had seen fit to keep this fact a secret, and I wondered why.

As he drew near I was forced unwillingly to admit that he was a handsome and distinguished looking man, of about forty-five, I thought, though of youthful appearance for this age. His tanned face was fresh and ruddy, his well-spaced hazel eyes clear with a frank directness of expression, and though his Vandyke beard was tinged with gray there was something youthful in the whole physical personality of the man. He was of medium height, but very broad of shoulder and deep of chest and he moved forward with the springy step of a track athlete in training. Everything about him seemed admirably forceful and finished and in excellent keeping and proportion. He wore a fine homespun woolen coat and knickerbockers with dark green stockings and low Scotch brogues which buckled instead of lacing in the ordinary way.

I now watched to see if he were going to acknowledge or conceal a previous acquaintanceship with Martha, but he did neither.

"It's very nice of you to come to see this demonstration, Miss Hobart," said he with a smile which showed a double row of white and perfect teeth. He pulled off his cloth hat, but did not offer to shake hands, then bowed to me. "Lieutenant Cullam, I believe? Very glad to see you, sir. Good afternoon, Uncle Abner. Does your rod feel restless?" He glanced at the forked staff. "That's not hazel—apple, isn't it?"

"Yeah, sweet apple," said the seer. "Some uses hazel and some willer and some slippery ellum, but I git the best results from sweet apple. 'Sides, I got a tree right handy in my yard."

"Got it trained to the job, I suppose," said Malluc, and looked smilingly at us.

I thought that his eyes rested with singular intentness on mine for an instant, as if he were trying to look behind them and take my measure. In that case he must have met a similar scrutiny, as I was trying to get his own. He looked to me like anything but the sort to hold clandestine meetings with a girl. And yet I could not be sure. For all of his apparent frankness of face and manner there was an inscrutable quality about him, a sort of cosmic impenetrability. His voice was singularly resonant, though of a husky timbre—a rich throaty voice which was pleasant to the ears and might be thrilling under certain circumstances.

I glanced at Martha and saw that she was rather pale and breathing quickly as if excited. Then I discovered Len talking to

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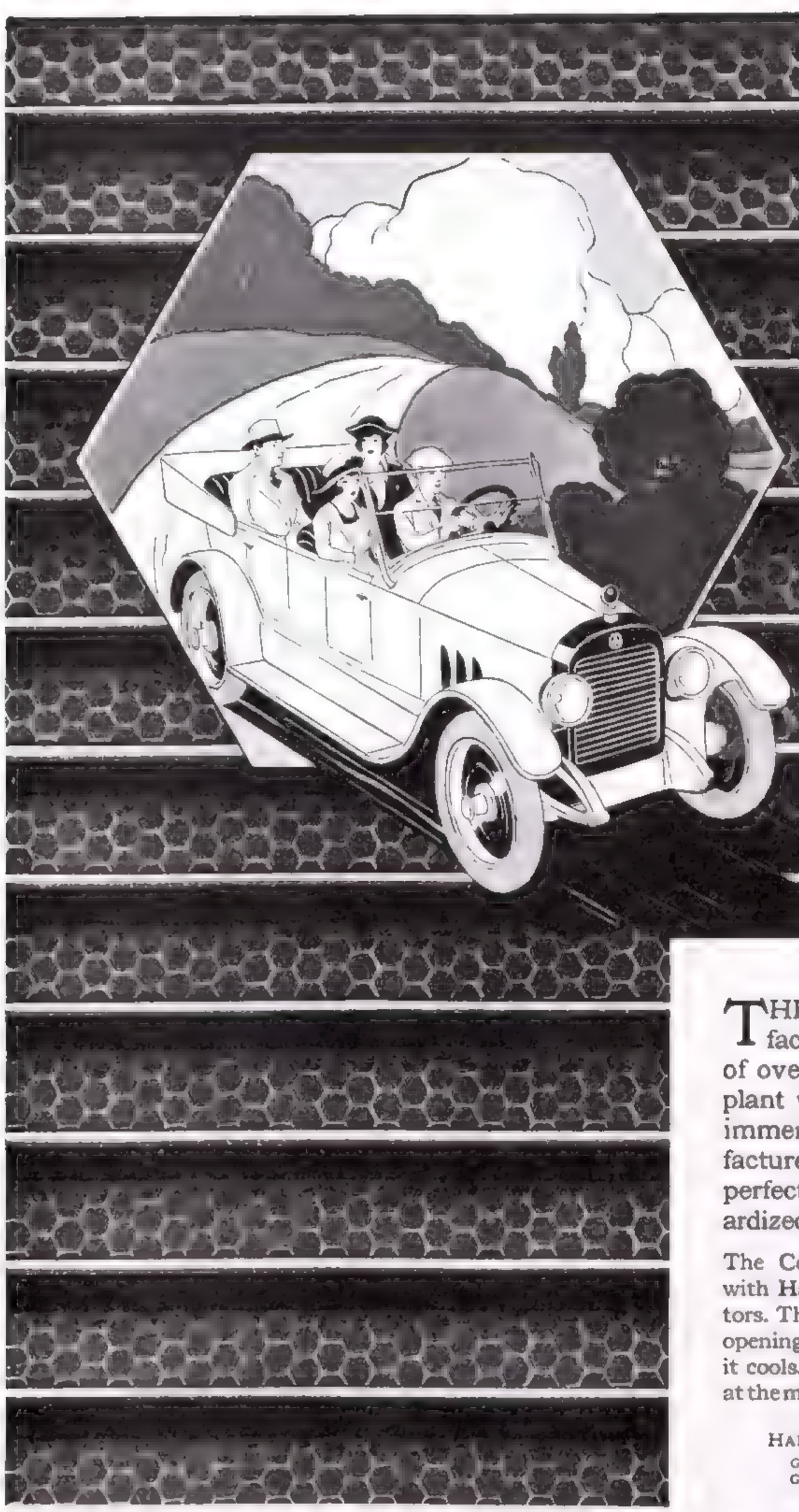

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(Continued from Page 104)

a young and pretty girl in the shade of the laboratory. Malluc began to tell us of his necessity to find water thereabouts to avoid the trouble and expense of piping about five hundred yards from the big tank which supplied the house.

"I stuck this tin box over here so that it shouldn't be an offense to the eye or ear or nose," said he. "The sides and roof are easily explosible, to save me the wear and tear of getting blown through them if I should happen to stumble on some potent and irritable force."

"Are you looking for some unknown force?" Martha asked.

"Yes, Miss Hobart. One really hasn't to look very far, though. Uncle Abner may demonstrate one that takes a lot of explaining in that sweet-apple pole of his. Well, I suppose we might as well start trying to put it in motion."

Uncle Abner nodded.

"Mebbe we'll find it and mebbe we won't," said he, and took the prongs of the fork in his gnarled hands.

Len came sauntering over with his pretty companion, who did not wait to be introduced but greeted us with the polite shyness of a well-bred schoolgirl, which in fact I judged her to be. Suzy had not the slightest trace of resemblance to her father, unless it was in the suggestion of robust strength and high vitality. They were evidently an outdoor pair, not precisely athletic any more than one would think of a deer being athletic, and like almost any deer they impressed one as being perfect specimens of their kind. Suzy had rather a Scandinavian face, I thought, widely spaced eyes, which were gray but much darker in shade than Martha's, almost the tone of wet slate, and heavily fringed. Her hair was very thick; one would have said black at first glance, but on looking closer the black had color in it like ruddy autumn leaves at nightfall. She was rangy of build, but not thin and could not possibly have disguised herself by wearing boy's clothes, which is about as delicate a way as I can think of for expressing her physical traits.

Gripping the prongs about eighteen inches above the fork and holding the pole horizontally in front of him, Uncle Abner had begun to walk slowly in a wide circle of which the laboratory was the center, there being no apparent choice as to where one might hope to find the hidden font. All eyes were fastened intently upon him, the spectators remaining in their places, except for Malluc, who followed a couple of paces in the rear and a little to the side. We all had the same idea, I think, a sort of apprehension lest we disturb the scent, as when a hound is trying to puzzle out a trail.

The old man made one complete circle without anything happening, and started on another lap at a slightly lower level of the gradual slope. He had got a little past us when Martha, who seemed to be still in a state of suppressed excitement, seized my arm.

"Look," she whispered, "it's bobbing!"

This was true. The end of the divining rod appeared to vibrate a little. The old man turned sharply to the right and took a step or two, when it dipped violently downward.

"Heh!"

His heron's squawk had a triumphant note, but he did not stop. We ran closer and to one side, while there came from the group across the open space a murmur of excitement. Again the rod dipped. This time with such evident force that it seemed trying to wrench itself from the knotty old hands. Uncle Abner looked round and gave us a toothless and exultant grin, while the rod continued to writhe and osculate in a most curious living way. One could have sworn that it was being tugged at by some invisible grasp.

"Heh!" squawked Uncle Abner, this time with the falling inflection of successful finality, and let the tip of the rod rest on the ground. "Here's your water, Mr. Malluc, and I reckon it's a good flow and not too fur daown."

Everybody ran up and began to chatter and I found myself talking to a handsome dark-eyed woman with a peculiarly tragic face and a stoutish gentleman in white ducks and a blazer, and then we were all talking together and asking each other what the devil made the rod dip and if it was some occult agency or—under our breaths so Uncle Abner could not hear—if there must not be some fake about it.

But whatever the occult cause, it was not fake. Malluc took the rod, examined it closely about the fork, then held it out for us to see.

"Look here," said he, "the bark is all crinkled just below his grip. That shows how hard he was holding to keep it from being tugged down at the other end."

"Why, yes," said Len, "but what tugged it?"

"There you are," said Malluc, his eyes sparkling. "What?"

Len asked Uncle Abner.

"Some claims it's spirits and others says it ain't," was the illuminating explanation of this seer. He took the rod and jammed its pointed end in the ground, where it stood passively enough. "Wal, sir, all ye gotta do naow is ter dig. Reckon I better mosey along and haul my net."

Malluc asked what was his fee.

"Five dollars," answered Uncle Abner, which did not seem exorbitant compared to the cost of five hundred yards of galvanized-iron pipe and a ditch dug below frost line. Malluc handed him a bill. The old man spread it in his gnarled hands and his head jerked forward at the fifty. He opened his mouth, but the heron's squawk did not come out. This time the air was going in the reverse direction like in an old-fashioned motor horn when you release the bulb after squeezing it.

"Don't drop dead, Uncle Abner," said Malluc. "It's worth a lot more than that to me." He looked at us with his boyish smile. "There's not the faintest doubt in my mind about the water being straight under that stick. I'll get it if I have to dig through to some Chinaman's back yard."

There was an old lady with silvery hair amongst his guests.

"Oh, dear," said she, "how many, many years since I last saw that done! How many, many years"—she kept repeating this as if it was the most tremendous pity—a sort of tragedy of the ages that it had been so long since she had seen a well found by a seer with a divining rod. "On our little farm," she said, and began to sob. One of the ladies led her to a bench and sat there consoling her.

"I always thought this sort of thing was bunk," said Len. "How do you explain it, Mr. Malluc—or don't you?"

"Here's a vague theory. Think of a force in air and water and certain animal organisms which for some reason are surcharged with it. Then think of the hazel or willow or sweet-apple wand as especially sensitive conductors or radiators of it, like the wires of a radio station. Through these it is able to circulate and in so doing establish a magnetism which causes the wand to dip."

"Then you don't believe it a spiritistic phenomenon?" said a tall white-haired man with a face of peculiar ashen pallor—"like levitation?"

"I don't believe levitation a spirit thing at all," Malluc answered. "Such reactions are no more spook stuff than gravity which makes the apple fall or Franklin's drawing electricity from the clouds. If spirits do it, why shouldn't they show us coal and oil and precious minerals? And why should levitation be confined to wooden objects? A few years ago the Paris Matin offered a big money prize for any spiritist who could move a kilo of iron from one table to another by levitation that is without physical support. Nobody could. Iron may be insensitive to this force, or is stubborn about releasing it. Certain individuals, like Uncle Abner, may for some reason be very highly charged with it. But spirits—no! Every unexplained natural phenomenon since science began has been attributed to spirits until somebody found the laws which governed it."

He said some more along such hypothetical lines, but I found myself far more interested in the man than in the argument, which after all was not distinctly new. As Malluc talked he seemed to radiate some sort of magnetism, and I realized how easy it might be for him to make ordinary folk carry out his directions. Looking round the group I saw that everybody was watching him in a fascinated way. Then as my eyes fell on Martha I got rather an unpleasant shock. Her pretty face with its classic Grecian features wore a high flush, her lips were parted, eyes intent and her breathing rapid. There was nothing in Malluc's discourse to warrant this, but I reflected that there might easily be something in Malluc to do so.

He stopped speaking suddenly and walked over to the laboratory with his light springy step. His subdued-appearing guests began to disperse, strolling back to the house in twos and threes. Though we had been mingling together, there had been no introductions between any of us except for Leonard's presenting me to Suzy. She now began to chat to us both in a girlish animated way, to which Martha seemed to listen abstractedly for a minute or two, then strolled over to the laboratory, in which Malluc had disappeared. I was watching her closely without appearing to do so and as she looked through the doorway I heard Malluc's resonant voice invite her to enter, which she did; but they came out almost immediately and they stood in conversation.

Suzy was prattling along vivaciously, while Len listened with a rather silly enraptured look. Here evidently were two members of the same family under the influence of their spellbinding neighbors. I did not worry much about Len, but Martha was quite a different case.

"I must say I don't see the good of discovering new forces," said Suzy. "I think we've got too many already. Don't you, Lieutenant Cullam?"

"I've sometimes felt that way when I've been up dodging high explosive," I answered.

"Since the forces are all about us," said Len with an ardent look at Suzy, "we've got to find the laws by which they are controlled."

"Men and women had better learn to control themselves first," said Suzy. "Especially men."

"Meaning that women are laws unto themselves?" I asked.

"I've usually found them laws unto men," sighed Len.

"Some laws are meant to be broken," Suzy observed demurely, "but, of course, there is always a certain risk involved."

I began to think that Suzy was a bit of a flirt. Then as I caught the gleam of mischief in her jade-colored eyes and the crooked little smile with a dimple at one corner I became convinced of it. She was really very pretty in a dangerous provocative way, like a teasing nymph who invites a rough caress but would fight before yielding to it. Poor Len was the proper quarry for a girl like this, her natural food you might say, because he turned her a soft side into which she could bite deeply, and he was chivalrously devoted and long-suffering and self-effacing. As a lover he belonged really to the Round Table epoch, and Suzy impressed me as being perfectly well equipped with modern arms and the knowledge of their use. I feared that Len was already cut off by her encircling movement.

Malluc and Martha rejoined us and once more I got the impression of being under a swift intense examination. Most of us have experienced this at times when meeting certain individuals and we can usually tell when it is hostile or suspicious. In the present case, though not conscious of any antagonism in Malluc's mind, he roused this sentiment in me and I did not care if he knew it. Martha said that she must be getting back and Len decided to come with us. We parted casually and with no reference to any future meeting, yet pleasantly enough. On the way back Len sustained the conversation without appearing to notice Martha's or my abstraction. Of course I could not form the slightest idea of what was passing in her mind, but my own thoughts were far from pleasant. The Hobarts had a very dubious neighbor, I decided, and though it might not be any of my business I resolved to keep my eye on him a little.

III

LIKE most friendships where relations are definitely established on first acquaintance, Martha's and mine progressed in swift strides to a considerable intimacy. She had not accepted me precisely as a younger brother or other male relative, but more as a square whose warm credentials were quickly indorsed by her own personal appraisal.

Any necessity of chaperonage between us seemed from the start to be set aside by the tacit consent not only of Martha but the others. Len's knowledge of my harmlessness may, of course, have had a good deal to do with this, and so did the peculiarly high opinion in which Martha was held by friends and neighbors. It struck my Continental ideas as odd at first that we should be permitted to walk and ride and swim and motor about the region without the presence of any third person, but I soon got used to it.

I discovered to my surprise that Martha was a splendid athlete in a sort of natural effortless way. She went at the most vigorous physical efforts on land or water as might a deer or a seal, seemingly never hot or tired or breathless from exertion, and emerged from them like a gull from a gale of wind, without a pinion awry.

For a number of days we saw nothing of Malluc's household, though I suspected Len of daily visits there. Martha never mentioned them, nor did I. We saw the swift yacht putting out to sea one day with a group of people aboard and Len told us that Malluc was off to Boston to deposit a party of guests and bring back a fresh installment. It seemed odd that a man of his scientific absorption should care to entertain on such a scale or that Suzy should want to have people who impressed one as so dreary and retiring. I was inclined to think that it might be a sort of charity on Malluc's part, and Len agreed with me. If such were indeed the case it spoke well for the neighbor's kindness of heart.

The local burglar scare was quickly forgotten and we heard nothing more from the importunate detectives. Martha had avoided all mention of them. Len told me that Malluc had asked him to bring me over to see his new laboratory, which was now equipped, but I did not feel under any compulsion to accept this invitation. For some reason I could not get rid of the uneasy intuition that Martha saw him now and then, perhaps when I was off with Len, and that these meetings accounted for her occasional moods of abstraction or restlessness. Yet oddly enough I did not believe that such meetings, if they actually occurred, were of Malluc's seeking. I should not have been surprised to learn that he was an anarchist or counterfeiter or political intrigant, but his wholesome healthy personality had impressed me as anything but the vampire.

Then one morning he came plunging like a comet into the peaceful orbit of our lives. Martha and I had gone down to the beach as usual for our early matinal swim. The sea was smooth, but there was an uncommonly heavy swell from a southeasterly gale which had been blowing for a day or two. The big rollers came walking up to an outer bar in a stately way, then reared and broke with a sort of military precision. The tide was about half flood, so that even after their ranks were broken these reformed sufficiently to hurl themselves against the steep beach and sluice back in a stealthy undertow of which I did not like the look. Though a good enough swimmer in smooth water, I am no Triton, and Martha was apt to lose her sense of caution in a tussle with the surf. In fact I had noticed that recently she had begun to show a sort of eager relish for any sudden physical danger which might present itself.

"We had better not try to swim out to the bar to-day," I said as she slipped off her peignoir.

Martha in her bathing suit was always a surprise which I could not get accustomed to. She seemed to bear some grudge against the grace of her proportions and have her other clothes designed to minimize it. Her preference was invariably for straight-cut jackets and starched shirt waists and long narrow skirts, or for tennis and walking long wide ones of some stiff fabric. Her constant effort seemed to be to kill a curve wherever she caught one. And in her case this was bound to result in a wholesale massacre.

To the unsophisticated masculine eye this girl might have looked slender and a bit rectangular, at which effect she doubtless strove. It must have taken no small bit of doing, but she managed it somehow by dint of the subtle art of dress cutting, so that whenever she dropped her peignoir and stepped out even in the most correct of swimming suits she reminded me of a big butterfly coming out of a small and shapeless chrysalis. It seemed incredible that she could crowd so generous a physique into such stingy garments, and I should have told her that to do so was a profanation and an insult to her Creator but that I was not supposed to be conscious of the change.

Martha stood now staring for a moment at the huge breakers curling high to tumble over the bar, then shaded her eyes with her hand to look directly in the crimson path of the early sun, which was not yet very high.

"What's that thing floating out there beyond the surf?" she asked.

I could see nothing at first. Then some irregular object was boosted to the top of a

(Continued on Page 110)

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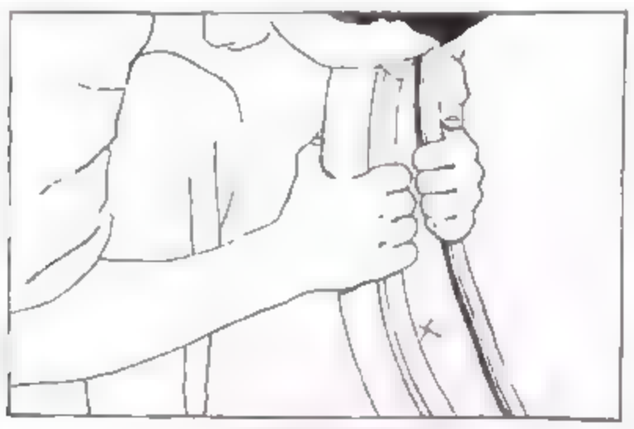
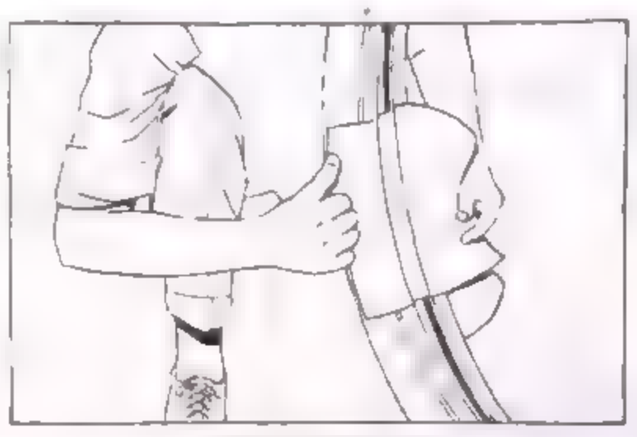


FABRIC BREAK

RIM CUT PATCH BEING INSERTED



REPAIR COMPLETE

A fabric break may be repaired on the road by using the Rim Cut Patch with the cement. It should be vulcanized later. If the tire is not to be worth the repairing, a satisfactory repair can be made by using the Rim Cut Patch and CEMENTING IT IN with Goodyear G-35 Patching Cement. To do this take these three steps. First be sure that the fabric at the break is dry; then clean the inside of the tire at the break with gasoline; after it has dried apply two coats of G-35 Patching Cement, allowing each to dry. Give the outside of the patch the same treat-

EVERY Goodyear Tire Saver, like the Rim-Cut Patch illustrated, is designed to insure that greater mileage which is the purpose of the Goodyear Service Plan.

To the fine quality of Goodyear Tires and the convenience of their distribution, this plan adds effective means of prolonging the usefulness of injured tires.

In the case of a fabric break, for example, it provides in the Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch a dependable emergency repair which protects the tire until a permanent repair can be made.

Applied in time, Goodyear Tire Savers may even add thousands of miles of service to tires that otherwise might have to be discarded.

But in addition to tire savers, the Goodyear Service Plan provides also tire conservation lessons, instructive advertising and the helpful advice of Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

All of this endeavor is primarily in the interest of the tire user, and obviously can be of value only in proportion to the way it is used.

Take full advantage then of the Goodyear Service Plan. Ask your Goodyear Service Station Dealer for the Conservation Bulletins; use his advice; keep Goodyear Tire Savers in your car—these are the means to greater tire mileage.

TIRE SAVERS

REES JACK

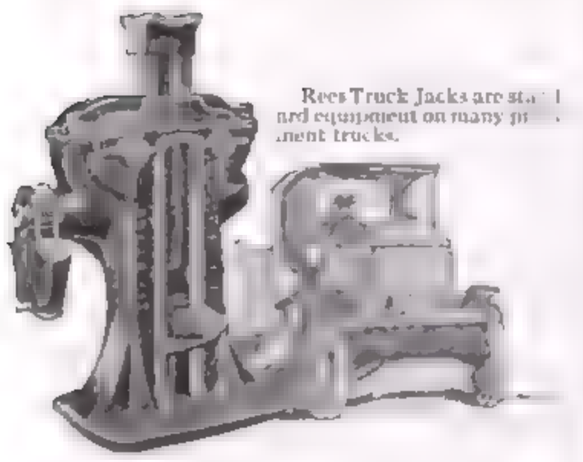
DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

This cutaway illustration shows the mechanical simplicity of all Rees Jacks

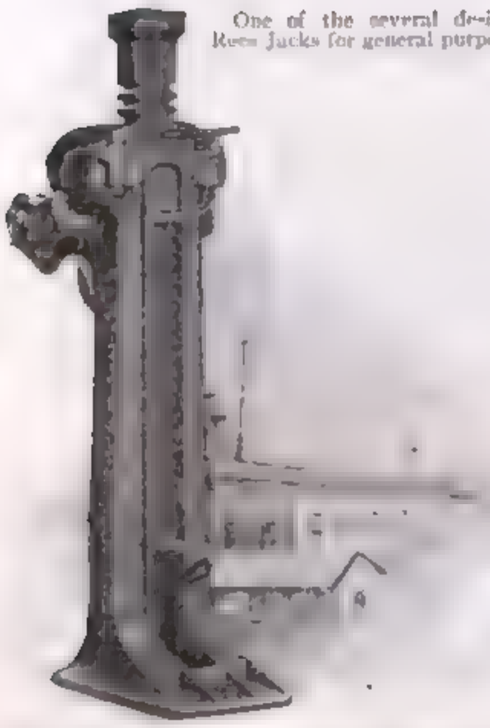
Wherever and Whenever a Jack is Needed

The Rees Passenger Jack has convenient folding handle



Rees Truck Jacks are standard equipment on many prominent trucks.

This railroad model Rees is designed for journal inspection



One of the several designs of Rees Jacks for general purposes.

THERE'S a Rees Jack model that's exactly right to lift every load,—motor vehicle, railway or industrial.

Just the qualities you require in a lifting tool are combined in the rugged Rees Jacks. They are:

Power
Safety
Simplicity
Dependability
Ease of Operation

It's the *double worm gear drive* principle with only four working parts that assures maximum power with light weight plus convenience in all Rees Jacks.

If Rees Jacks are not available near you, write us. Our service is organized to take care of your jack needs whatever they may be.

Exclusive Manufacturers

Iron City Products Co.

Department 15

7501 Thomas Boulevard

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manufacturers of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Railway, and Industrial Purposes

(Continued from Page 106)

big comber which immediately swept out from underneath it and rushed onward to its fall. But in that brief instant I had seen what looked to be an arm thrust upward. It did not seem to me that any swimmer could have got out through the surf over the bar, but then I did not know very much about surf bathing. Neither did it seem as though a swimmer outside it would be able to reach the shore alive, for after toppling over the big swells pushed crumbling onward for many yards to re-form in some fashion and break again in a sharp and spiteful way at the impediment of the steep beach.

But this swimmer was just beyond the outer surf and seemed to be drifting parallel to the shore, and as the next billow hoisted him it was plain that he had drifted to the right. I think he saw us, for his arm went up again and there was something in that pitiful appeal which seemed to paralyze my sense of caution.

"That chap's not out there for fun," I said to Martha. "He's fallen overboard or his boat's sunk or something. He's waving for help. I'll have to go out and lend him a hand."

I said this with a confidence which I did not feel, most of my swimming having been done in still water or at seaside resorts where the bathing was under the direction of a *chef baigneur* who had the authority to order one out and forbid further bathing if disobeyed. On European beaches the sport is pretty well policed, like everything else, as they do not wish their places to get a reputation for danger. In many of them they hoist a flag when they consider it unsafe, and the chief bather in a red shirt plastered with medals walks up and down to see that nobody goes in. But there was nobody here to interfere and it was quite impossible to stand there and watch a man drown, especially a tired man washed off some boat.

It struck me that it would be better to get drowned decently myself than to go through life ashamed to look in a mirror. But I was not quite prepared for Martha's acceptance of the obligation.

"Yes," said she. "We've got to help him." And before I could make any move to prevent she had waded into the sucking backwash and watching her chance dived through a curling wave, and I saw her red kerchief ducking under the curl of the next.

I caught her up just as she got clear of the breaking water and could feel the treacherous undertow tugging at my feet. Then we were beyond the danger of that and heading for the bar in big bland undulations of soapy spume, and at that moment looking back I saw a man running swiftly down the beach and stripping off his coat and shirt as he sped along.

"There's Malluc," I panted. "He's going to help."

She did not answer, though she must have heard. We reached the rim of the bar and were met by another rush of water which swept across it and thrust us back. Again and again we tried to stem this, but without success. Between the surges the water over the bar looked shallow enough to stand in, and once Martha managed to get a foothold, breast deep, but the next brimming gush swirled her back past me, spinning like some sort of floating toy, and I gave up my own efforts at getting seaward to stay by her.

At that moment a head popped up close to us like the head of a seal coming up from the depths and Malluc's resonant voice rang out above the roaring and splashing sounds.

"You two get ashore," he said. "I'll fetch him in."

There seemed nothing else to do. Our attempt had failed and we were both pretty well winded in making it. At least we had had this satisfaction, and there was something in Malluc's voice and presence that gave us confidence. Martha continued to swim straight in, while I kept at her shoulder. A toppling wave flung us forward. The next one broke against our backs and engulfed us, but I managed to scramble up and get a footing in the suck of the receding water. Martha tried to do the same, but lost her balance and was swirling out and under when I gripped her by the ankle. If I had gone down then, for the sand was loosening under my feet, I am sure we should have drowned. But the next wave brought her back against me. I caught her under the arms and lifted her to her feet, when we both managed to scramble out.

Malluc's clothes were spread along a hundred yards or so of beach, rather like the scent of a paper chase. First was a Panama hat, then a blue serge coat, a necktie, silk shirt, white flannel trousers, and near the water's edge a pair of buckskin shoes; these articles all widely spaced and showing his speed by their intervals. It struck me that he might be hardly presentable on coming out—if he did come out alive—but this did not occupy much of my consideration.

Going higher up the beach we watched his progress, a white flashing arm clawing its way rapidly to the bar. He reached this presently and seemed to squatter across it against the sand, then disappeared under the curving blade of a big breaker. As this thundered down we saw the swimmer in distress perilously close to the outer line of surf. Malluc's head bobbed up for a moment to disappear again. He was winning his way seaward less in the fashion of a human than that of a seal or porpoise.

"How does he manage it?" I asked. "Every time we tried we got beaten back."

"He sticks to bottom and takes advantage of the undertow," she answered. "Isn't he splendid, Dick?"

She was standing with hands clasped across her bosom, staring into the blaze of the sun, her pupils contracted by the glare so that her gray eyes were startlingly pale. They were very wide, too, and their double fringe of black lashes gave them a strange inhuman look. It struck me that here was a Martha which nobody had ever seen before, and a very beautiful, unearthly Martha as she stood there straining forward, sending out a perfect flood of such unknown force as Malluc dabbled in to aid him onward. The lash of the waves had carried away her kerchief and her heavy hair was tumbled about her bare shoulders.

Malluc reached the struggling man just beyond the breakers, where they mounted so thinly that we could see the curious writhings of arms and legs kicking in the green transparency through which the sun shone. It looked more like aquatic play than the verge of a life-and-death struggle. No doubt for Malluc, alone out there, it would have been play, to judge from his dolphin method of slipping through what had buffeted back us humans so easily. But he had a tired burden of water-logged clay to tow ashore, and I waited the result with an unsteady diaphragm.

The two were not very far out, so that we could follow Malluc's maneuvers with no difficulty. Almost in the first line of surf he waited until one of the high green hills came hopping in, then seemed to ride for a considerable distance on its curling crest. In the broken water which it left we could follow the head of the rescued, that of the supporting Triton invisible. It came up from time to time to disappear again. They seemed to be making very rapid progress, Malluc using the shoreward thrust of the surface water to its full advantage, whereas in going out he had kept well under it. They swept across the bar, then seemed to be swimming independently in the cobble.

Almost to the beach, Malluc shifted the man onto his shoulders. Martha and I rushed down and out as deeply as we could stand, she higher up and I gripping her wrist, ready to receive them. But this childish aid was really not necessary. Malluc suddenly foamed out with the man on his back, and so bearing him strode up the beach, laid him down, then looked at us with a laugh. He was in sleeveless shirt and the sort of drawers track athletes wear at a meet, and if it had not been for his spiked beard and mustache and curly grizzled hair would have looked like a college boy, for his big muscles were round and smooth, his waist small and his skin dazzlingly white and clear.

"What fun!" he said, then looked down at the limp figure on the sand. "How do you feel?"

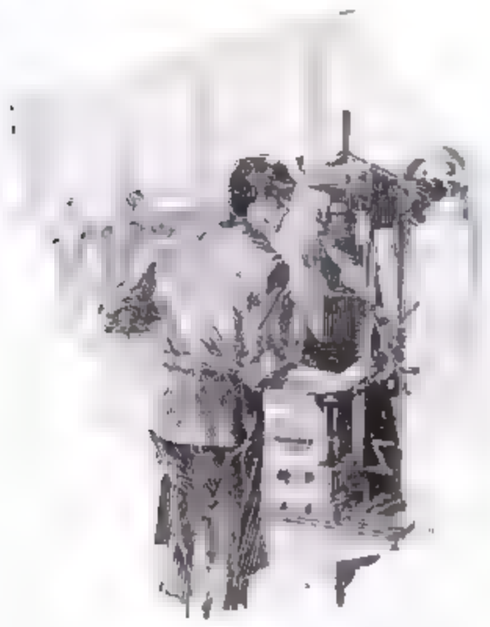
It was a young man of good physique, whose face struck me immediately as perfectly familiar. He did not seem much the worse for his immersion, as he had drawn himself up and sat with bowed shoulders and hands clasped round his knees, which were encased in snug-fitting soldier breeches. These with a light khaki shirt, the sleeves chopped off at the elbow, constituted his costume.

"I feel," he said, "and that is about all a fellow in my fix can reasonably ask. I might add, however, that I feel grateful."

We all laughed. There was not only something intensely droll about the way he

(Continued on Page 113)

New England Craftsmanship lives on



SO long as there are people who honor the skill of the Chippendales and Herreshoffs, the violin-makers of Cremona, the weavers of Bagdad and Bokhara, the watch-makers and gunsmiths of our own New England, there will be an insistent demand for the handiwork of the master-craftsman.

We Americans are proud of the unique achievement of standardized quantity production which has done so much to raise the plane of living all over the world.

Foreigners, and often we ourselves, stand amazed at the sight of machine-made automobiles, ships, shoes, fiddles, furniture, rugs, watches, tumbling out of our vast factories as from some great horn of plenty.

But we are equally proud of our achievement in hand-craftsmanship. It is good to know that there is still a group of men in America who lavish upon each individual product the whole attention of creative minds and the constant care of supple and intelligent fingers.

These men are essentially a gift to the nation from old New England, where the first American craftsmen, their ancestors, lived and worked.

It is this group that makes possible Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars.

This most modern product of their unique skill represents a tradition, three hundred years old, which has been distinguished at every stage of its growth by the highest contemporary development of New England's native mechanical genius.

STEVENS-DURYEA · INC.
Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts

Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars

Radiator Cement

In liquid form and easy to use. Will ordinarily seal leaks in from two to ten minutes.

Carbon Remover

An occasional dose will stop that knock—quiet the motor—and save the batteries. You can do it yourself in ten minutes.

Keep Your Car Young

IT isn't fair to yourself or your car to run it without any attention and then sell it at a big loss. With but little effort you, yourself, can keep your car in such condition that the depreciation will be very slight. We offer for your use **Johnson's Car Savers.** No experience is necessary for their use. They can all be applied by the amateur with perfect satisfaction.

Start today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two every month and **Johnson's Car Savers** will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car.

JOHNSON'S Car Savers

Johnson's Car Savers are of the very highest quality that can be produced. You will find cheap makeshifts on the market, but when you insist upon **Johnson's** you are taking no chance, for all of our preparations are fully guaranteed.

There's a Johnson Car Saver for Every Purpose

Representative dealers and jobbers all over the world handle **Johnson's Car Savers.** Don't accept or handle unknown substitutes. Write for our booklet "Keep Your Car Young"—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

Racine, Wisconsin U.S.A.

Top Dressing

Johnson's Black-Lac is the ideal top dressing. One coat imparts a rich, black surface just like new.

Auto-Lak

A splendid elastic varnish for bodies, hoods and fenders. A coat will increase the value of your car from 10% to 35%. Dries in 24 hours.

Hastee Patch

A quick, permanent, inexpensive repair for tubes and casings. Can be applied in three minutes at a cost of 2 cents.

Valve Grinding Compound

Will remove pits and foreign substances from valves, giving a velvet seat. Will not cut grooves.

Cleaner and Body Polish

Johnson's Cleaner and Johnson's Prepared Wax will enable you to make the body, hood and fenders of your car look like new. Easy to use.

Stop Squeak Oil

It seeps between the springs, thoroughly lubricating them. Makes your car ride easier, reduces the liability of spring breakage.

(Continued from Page 110)

spoke but the mere aspect of him was enough to make one laugh. His face was like a caricature by reason of a very thin nose, which though short was amazingly high of bridge, like the keel of a little boy's toy sailboat or the half of a small saucer. One of his eyes turned in as if astonished at this nasal ornament and he had large ears which stuck out straight, round, thin ears like those of a bat. I had never seen a funnier face, but what struck me more than its ridiculous aspect was its familiarity.

"Where did you come from?" Malluc asked.

"Out of the everywhere into the here," he answered lugubriously. "What part of the North American coast is this?"

Malluc told him.

He appeared to reflect for a moment, then said: "Since you have so kindly saved my life, perhaps I may as well 'fess up. I slipped off an incoming steamer last night and struck out for liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which is the birthright of every freeborn American."

"What had you done to jeopardize it?" Malluc asked.

"I fell asleep at a listening post. I warned them that I could not keep awake, but the lieutenant put this down to funk and sent me out there because Nature seemed to have fashioned my ears for the especial duty. The result was we lost the trench and quite a lot of men. The boches passed me by, no doubt thinking me dead. Pity I wasn't. Our reënforcements chased them back again. I was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. The President reprieved this sentence and I was brought back to be guest of the nation for twenty years at Leavenworth."

Here seemed a tragedy instead of the prevention of one—risking our lives to save a man from drowning only to have him stuck into a military prison for twenty years. I looked at Malluc. There was a straight line between his eyes and a peculiar gleam in their hazel depths.

"Why are you so foolish as to tell us this?" he asked.

The young man shrugged.

"Why not?" he asked. "If you haven't recognized me already the chances are ten to one that the first person I meet will do so. Don't you people ever go to the movies?"

Then, of course, I knew him. It was Jeannot, as the French call Johnny Jones, just as they call Charlie Chaplin "Charlot." I had seen his comedies hundreds of times, aquatic extravaganzas mostly, for he was a clown diver and long-distance swimmer, a gymnast. The last film of his which I had seen was outrageously funny. It was German-spy-secret-service farce, Jeannot being the spy, and he walked in from the cross trees of a wreck on a rope carrying a kicking girl, the heroine or spy, I don't remember which.

I now explained this to Malluc and Martha, neither of whom was a movie fan like myself.

"Well," said Malluc, "I don't know how you two feel about it, but I'm inclined to go on the Chinese ethics that preserving a life to this world entails the same responsibility as bringing one into it. I am disposed to help Jeannot out of his fix if it can be managed."

"It can't," said Jeannot sadly. "I am too famous—also too grateful for your kind endeavor. You would only get yourself in trouble."

"We can talk about that later," said Malluc briskly. "Suppose now you come to my house before anybody is up and get a drink and a feed and a good rest." He looked questioningly at Martha and me. "Of course I can count on you two not to say a word about this."

"Of course," I answered. "Jeannot is a world-wide benefactor. He's not only the funniest chap I've ever seen but a good actor into the bargain, and they are too rare to lock up."

I looked at Martha, who was staring at Malluc with a most peculiar expression. It was not entirely admiring or loving or even precisely approving, but it held a volume of eager understanding. She glanced at Jeannot's face, then up at Malluc's, and for a moment as their eyes met I thought that he was going to laugh. In fact, it was plain enough that he was having some difficulty to hold back a mirth which the unfortunate actor might have found out of place. For that matter I could not see myself where there was anything amusing about the situation. To be sure, Jeannot looked comical at all times, even sitting there with his shoulders drawn up. He reminded me of a parrot which had just been ducked. But he was more pitiful than funny, especially with every prospect of getting nabbed at any moment and locked up for twenty years.

It struck me that there must be something more in all this business than I could understand, for again Malluc and Martha glanced down at Jeannot, then at each other with unmistakable significance, and Martha bit her lip and looked away. I was deeply mystified. There could certainly be no collusion involving Jeannot, because he had just paddled in from open sea. He now looked up at me and sighed.

"I really couldn't have kept from falling asleep if I'd been covered with a gun and told that the first nod would get me drilled," said he. "If I'd felt it coming I'd have sat on the point of my trench knife or swallowed my chaw or something. It hit me like I'd been sandbagged. I wish I had been. That might only cost me my wad, but this is worth twenty years. And I enlisted the day the country went to war and chucked a thousand a week to make this country safe to live in. Well, it looks like it would be safe enough for me."

"You bet it will—when you leave my house!" said Malluc with such savage emphasis that I stared at him astonished.

Then I looked at Martha and my astonishment was even greater, for her face showed not the slightest trace of surprise or shock. Instead its expression was warm and glowing and her gray eyes were resting on Malluc as though he were a god. He did suggest some pagan demigod I thought, with his handsome, clean-cut features and his splendid, bulging chest and powerful arms and shoulders with their huge, smooth muscles rippling under his fine ivory skin as he stooped to pick up some of his things. I could scarcely blame the girl if she were fascinated by him.

"Well, come on, my friend," said he. "Don't you worry about their shoving you into any damned prison." He said the last two words between his teeth. "You shall walk out of my house as free as air to go where you please and do what you like. And may the Lord help anybody that tries to lay hand on you in the meantime!"

Jeannot took his outstretched hand and rose, or was rather lifted, to his feet. Malluc gave us a brief nod.

"Mum's the word," said he, and taking Jeannot by the elbow he led him toward the shelter of the dunes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dreams

NOT of hepaticas I dream—
When thus the spring breaks still and cold—
Blue-eyed beside the shining stream,
Stirring the dark and fragrant mold;
Nor is it of the hooded clan
That break the cloisters when the wet,
Wild winds of March drive down a-span
To woo each purple violet.

But of a young year long ago
Beside a tranquil summer sea;
A white road winding up. Below,
The waves like lapis lazuli.
And whitely warm and sweet as May,
And sifting, drifting like to snow,
The orange flowers along our way
That April morning long ago.

Out from Sorrento, where the sea
Still gleamed and sang below the rocks,
And every crevice cannily
Distilled the sweet from flowering phlox;
But all the road was deep in drift
Of sweetness like a bridal bed,
Where through the bending thorn trees' rift
The showers of scented bloom were shed.

The terraced vineyards, darkly green
Against white fields, stretched in the sun;
The goats high on the cliffs; the screen
Of latticed windows wrought upon
By filigree of leaf and vine;
And always, falling, drifting so—
The while your hand lay fast in mine—
The orange flowers wan as snow.

The flower of love—the flower of death?
Who knows? The years lie bleak between,
But even yet the spring's first breath
Blurs out the hours that intervene.
Again the star-while petals gleam
In banks of scented summer snow—
Oh, love, to find again the dream
We lost that April long ago!

—*Mary Lamer Magruder.*

Compare the Two

Learn How Baked Beans Differ

Home-Baked

Some beans crisped. Some mushy, some broken. Skins are tough. All under baked. Hard to digest. No zestful sauce.

Van Camp's

Every bean whole. None crisped, none broken. Mellow and mealy. Tender skins. Perfectly baked. Easy to digest. All flavor intact. A zestful sauce.

Baked Beans, for many reasons, must be baked in scientific ways.

Compare the home-baked with Van Camp's and you will see the reason.

We select the beans. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

Our boiling water is freed from minerals. Hard water makes skins tough.

Van Camp's are baked in modern steam ovens. There we bake them for hours at high heat without crisping or bursting the beans. This high-heat baking makes beans easy to digest.

A Studied Dish

Van Camp's are baked under scientific cooks—men with college training. They have spent years in perfecting this delicious, hygienic dish.

They make a sauce which is the final result of testing 856 recipes. And that sauce is baked with the beans.

They bake beans in sealed containers so the flavor can't escape.

A Domestic Science expert watches every process.

Such beans were never baked anywhere outside the Van Camp kitchens. We have the facilities, the skill, the experience.

Don't spend all those hours in boiling and baking. And don't buy a lesser dish. Baked Beans are too important.

VAN CAMP'S **Pork and Beans**

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce — Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups, Evaporated Milk, Spaghetti, Peanut Butter, Chili Con Carne, Catsup, Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Tomato Soup

A famous French recipe perfected by our scientific cooks

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The prize Italian recipe, but made with ideal ingredients

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended nuts, with every skin, every bitter heart removed

Style Permanency Enhances

Hudson Super-Six 7-Passenger Phaeton

Hudson's Famed Endurance

Lasting Design is the Natural Complement to the Durability of the Super-Six Motor

HOWEVER mechanically good, a vast satisfaction is lost to the owner if design changes in succeeding models mark his car out of date.

Thus style permanency must be a major factor in a car that serves for years.

Its value is exampled by the earliest Super-Sixes, built five years ago. In all essentials they are modern cars today. They are modern in appearance. They have lost none of their operating smoothness, flexibility or power. Their performance is characteristic of all Hudsons. Few would see in their looks or performance anything but a car of recent production.

Think Ahead When You Buy a Car

TIME will bring you, too, the keenest appreciation of Hudson's mechanical endurance and style stability.

Usually, you will find new worthwhile ideas first in the Hudson. But they must earn their place by merit. They must effect a real improvement.

Hudson design has never undergone radical changes. Each successive Super-Six model has added to Hudson's leadership. But the development has been along lines that call for no wide departures. Details have been changed. Improvement has come through raising other units to the standard of the Super-Six motor. That is unaltered. We have found no way to improve it.

Undoubtedly, thousands of Hudson owners chose it primarily for its beauty of design, its luxury, and distinction of appearance.

But let nothing blind the real issue. It is performance; and endurance is foremost. Speed and power have their place. But they are secondary. Hudson has no cause to underrate them. For it holds the stock car speed and power records. And the Super-Six motor has beaten the world's fastest racing cars, not once but many times.

In official tests the Super-Six has outperformed all other types of motor cars in speed, endurance, acceleration, and hill-climbing.

Can Any Other Car Give These Proofs?

THE records prove it is open champion; It draws no distinction of type, size, cylinders or price. It has won against the field.

But Hudson could not hold such supremacy without some basic advantage that others cannot use.

Its dominance lies in the Super-Six motor which controls vibration. Perfection would mean a vibrationless motor, free of friction. No machinery is that. But the Super-Six motor comes within 10% of it—closer to the ideal than any other type. Nearer approach seems impossible.

Why The Super-Six Principle Gives the Mastery

IN the exclusive Super-Six motor power is increased 72%, and motor efficiency 80%. Endurance is practically doubled.

The new car qualities of performance are retained through years of service.

The outstanding fact is not merely that Hudson is faster and more powerful. You do not need direct application of such speed or power. But it is important that these records result from absolute smoothness. That you do want.

And the over-capacity of speed and power means reserve ability and freedom from strain in any task. It makes for a long life car. It means minimum wear, fewer repair needs. It means easy riding, without fatigue.

Naturally such a car is in demand. Since it was brought out five years ago, it has been the largest selling fine car in the world. This year, as in all years previous, many who want Hudsons will have to wait for delivery.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE JOKE

(Continued from Page 13)

"I think I'll have to go," she said at last in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Go? To Curry Harbinger? Linda, have you lost your mind?" Then with a sudden rush of maternal affection: "Oh, my darling! Let it be as it is! It means nothing to you whether he lives or dies. You know that. Don't you see what a laughingstock you might make of yourself?"

The mother had come over and was holding the distracted child in her arms, but Linda's eyes were still fixed on a point two hours by rail from Philadelphia.

"I wasn't thinking of that," she was saying in an emotionless tone. "It's just a question of what I ought to do."

"What do you owe him, Linda? It can't be possible that you really care ——"

"Mother!"

"Then what reason can you have? It may seem cruel of me, darling, but if he dies now and expects you and you don't come—Linda, there's no harm you can do him that will half pay him for what he's done to you."

Life had stepped in again. The two women sat cheek to cheek, speaking softly, ignoring their duty to the drawing-room.

"I wish I could explain what I think," said Linda helplessly. "I must have married him in a sort of fog; I don't think either of us cared much. But it was such fun at first—his crowd and mine and the life we led. I realize now what a rotter he was; I've realized that for a long time. But he wasn't that way at first. It was Hervey, I think. And a lot of the fault was mine. I'm not worth much, mother—not much. I know he was awful, but ——"

She paused again and seemed to forget the disconnected chain of her argument.

"But what?" asked her mother gently.

"Death," whispered Linda. "It seems to make all the sin and weakness and hatred seem so paltry. It's so final, mother—so awfully final."

"His death has nothing to do with your life," declared Mrs. Wingate, loosening her embrace and standing stiffly upright.

"His life was nearly seven years of mine," replied the daughter. "And I've got to go, mother."

"You've got to go back and finish your hand and be sensible," declared Mrs. Wingate, leading the younger and weaker member of the family to the game she was trained to play according to Hoyle and the best traditions of polite society.

"The maddening child!" thought Mrs. Wingate, struggling with her tears as she chatted gayly with her guests. Linda had married Curry Harbinger in a mood as perverse as this. Linda's Uncle Henry, the lawyer, must be called upon at once; or wouldn't Crane Hereford, her ministerial cousin, do better by the odd case? Thus the subconscious mind was fighting its battles while the conscious mind was making merry in the room. How Mrs. Wingate, social soul though she was, wished that this highly desirable company would depart. They lingered and lingered over *post mortems*, apparently determined to stay forever. Then the two elderly philosophers of the library engaged her attention, reminiscing even three generations back.

When the door had slammed upon the last of them she turned her attention to her private life and its abundant troubles. Linda must be spoken to, sensibly and at length. Mrs. Wingate went rapidly through the drawing-room, the dining room, the library, in pursuit of her impetuous daughter. Where had Linda gone? Upstairs, probably, like a sensible girl. Her mother mounted to the second floor and called Linda's name, quietly at first, then with shriller and shriller intonations.

Now from Philadelphia to New York is but a short mushie shot as Fate plays the game; but what is the use of calling out to Fate's poor plaything, once it is on its way? Linda had been gone a full half hour before her mother was aware of her absence. Almost as soon as Mrs. Wingate's guests had risen from the tables and rearranged themselves in knots round the room she had taken her hat and coat from a closet upstairs and had glided out by a rear passageway and a servants' door leading into the street. She had hesitated just a moment, considering whether to go by street car or to seek a wandering taxicab. In front of the house she saw her mother's town car waiting.

"Wilder," she said to the chauffeur as she opened the door and stepped in, "take me to the station. You'd better hurry, as mother will be wanting the car."

"Yes, madam," replied the driver, and made haste accordingly.

It was ten minutes of six when she joined the long line at the ticket window. No doubt many traveling Philadelphians recognized her as she wriggled her way through the gate and engaged a Pullman seat from the conductor's card. But Linda looking neither to right nor left found herself a plush chair and buried her unseeing eyes in the newspaper, which, aside from a silly little silken bag, was all the equipment she carried for her journey.

The train started noiselessly eastward as if in league with her swift plans. She had given herself no time for reflections, no chance to be ashamed of the unworthy trick she had played upon her mother. She had but one impulse, the unreasoning impulse of woman's chivalry. Curry Harbinger, who hated her and whom she hated, was calling for her with his dying breath. What was it he wanted to say before the great cloud fell, blanking everything in silence? Death is so final!

She associated that life—which had been almost seven years of hers—with those midnight orgies of sound, that profanation of tune which the world, dancing toward its ruin, calls jazz. Jazz! Half-drunken Africans uttering zebra brays, creating ingenious disharmonies through silver horns with cotton stuffed into their bells, making time timeless, night sleepless, torturing the nerves to a Bacchic hysteria; the sort of noise which Beelzebub created and bad boys worship on Election Night. How could people live in such an atmosphere without quarreling? Even as clear water is poison to the mud-loving catfish, so is harmony a blight to those who live in Pandemonia.

Jungle dances seemed echoing in Linda's ears from the smooth roadbed as the train shot Manhattanward. Her life had been quiet since the separation; even Reno had seemed lyrically simple, and Mrs. Wingate, since Linda's return to Philadelphia, had kept her hedged about with convention. If only someone besides Fred Hervey had gotten hold of Curry he, too, might have been saved. Linda had a right to call fat, dissipated Fred her husband's evil genius. Fred had resented the marriage as an unnecessary interruption to a jazz companionship. His sarcastic laughter beat in her ears among the raucous intonations of the jungle music.

But that, too, was ending. Was Fred with Curry now? How much had Hervey been responsible? Probably he was still laughing, that horrible laugh of the self-proclaimed humorist. What was it that Curry wanted to say? And would Fred laugh, even at that?

Death is no laughing matter, say what you will. It comes out of the majesty of the storm to plunge its blasting sword through the curtains of blackness. The little mean thing that was a man becomes noble for a moment, noble and still. The worm has touched the eternal. The farce ends in midact. The king will have no more of weak clowning. Death is so final!

III

AS LINDA'S taxicab was turning in from Fifth Avenue toward a trim brick-and-marble apartment house in the upper Seventies the divorced wife broke the thin gauze of time and imagined herself returning, as she had so often in the past, to find a flimsy note from Curry conveying a flimsier excuse for his absence. Perhaps she would call up two or three fashionable clubs, to be told that Mr. Harbinger wasn't in; or perhaps she wouldn't take the trouble. She might have to wait two days or a week.

But there would always be Jim Ransom. Jim would be bound to show up with a dull book or theater tickets or a fund of information on subjects which interested her not in the least. Handy Jim! Had you seen them in those lonely days walking together you would have thought of the typical woman who promenades with the little dog—a companionship that doesn't count for much, but is, after all, companionship.

Getting out of her taxicab to-night Linda felt no strangeness in the situation. It was as though she still belonged to Curry Harbinger; less than the lifetime of an apartment lease had passed since she had been living in this house. Nothing had changed. The same green-and-white awning ran from the door to the curb. The red-faced doorman bowed to her and said, "Good evening, Mrs. Harbinger," naturally, as though she had just returned from a week-end. Diplomat of the sidewalk, how well he knew this business of showing no curiosity at the ins and outs of matrimonial relations!

She knew every pattern on the Bokhara rug which lay upon the floor of the entrance hall; the same carved chair with the specious crest on its velvet back stood stiffly against the wall. There was a new boy at the switchboard—she rather resented that—and she resented his impertinence when he asked her to repeat her name.

"Mrs. Harbinger. Announce me, please."

Up the familiar elevator to the familiar fifth floor she was smoothly lifted. An unreasonable indignation possessed her as she stood, her finger on the pearl button by the door. Why should she be made to wait outside upon the whim of a strange servant? Hadn't she planned and furnished the place? Wasn't her personality in every stick and thread of the interior where Curry Harbinger had been keeping bachelor's hall to his swift undoing?

A little Japanese man confronted her at last, bowed, hissed and smiled the smile of a mechanical doll. She put her foot on a camel's-hair rug in the narrow entryway—the rug she had bought four years ago and gloried in the bargain. The Italian marriage chest by the wall and the rococo mirror over it had been of her choosing. The place was hers, and Curry had been turning it over to strangers.

The glass doors of the big living room stood ajar. Morbidly she gazed through the paradise she had created and found unworthy. The tall Chinese lamp stood on the very table top where she had ordained it should stand; she had arranged that strip of tapestry to hang above the Florentine desk with the samovar on it. But there were signs of neglect and shoddy housekeeping everywhere. The rugs were curling at the corners, the glass of the pictures showed greasy smears. Her first instinct was to take the impertinent Japanese by his little collar and compel him to dust round the doors.

Someone in the big room was talking, talking, a monotonous, fat, guttural sound. Someone actually laughed, a thick laugh like the boiling of sirup in a stone kettle. Cigarette smoke of a familiar spicy odor came to her nose; it was disagreeable and distinctly recognizable. The sirupy laugh ended with an asthmatic wheeze.

"You like to see Mr. Harbinger?" the Japanese servant was asking, his black eyes unfriendly and as opaque as lacquer.

"Please."

She sat on the marriage chest—her marriage chest—and waited while the small imp went up the stairs to the second floor of the duplex apartment. All curiosity now, she craned her neck toward the opening in the glass doors. In front of the high white mantel she could see the impious watchers drinking and inhaling drugged smoke in the very presence of death. There was no question about it now. The figure with the broad back and raw red neck bulging over the collar was that of Fred Hervey. The flourish with which he raised his glass, the jellylike shaking of his shoulders to the cadence of sirupy laughter proclaimed the overfed Mephisto in Curry's disgraceful fall.

She could just see the toe tips of the other man, whose body was sunk deep into the cushions of a winged chair. Fred Hervey leaned forward and set his glass beside a decanter which stood convenient on a taboret. The visible toes beyond the winged chair seemed to move nervously to Fred's continued wheezes.

"I told him it would kill him!" were the shocking words she heard. "Boil his old liver, it'll do him good!"

"What sort of a game do you call that?" asked a voice that became suddenly high and shrill as two insignificant feet came squarely down to the carpet.

"Aw, go back to your bridge work!" commanded Hervey, but his tone had lost its humor.

"I just want to know, that's all."

A thin white hand was now visible on the arm of the chair.

"I didn't ask you in on this."

Fred Hervey was scrambling clumsily to an upright position, but the mysterious feet opposite where he had been sitting did an unexpected thing. They came down with a bang, and above them a wiry little body appeared. It was an unfashionable little body, but it seemed to bristle like an enraged terrier. Linda, too, had risen in the excitement of the drama she was spying upon. For in that instant the small man had snatched a half-empty whisky glass from the taboret and had dashed the liquor in the fat man's face.

"Get out—rotten little cad!" shouted Hervey, spluttering and wiping his face with his sleeve.

"Is this your apartment?" asked the rotten little cad.

In the turn of his head Linda recognized Curry's poor relation, Jim Ransom. Linda sat down again, for she could see the Japanese coming down the stairway.

"Mr. Harbinger see you," he hissed.

"Shall I go up?"

"Yes, please."

"Is he very ill?"

"You see him," agreed the puppet, opaque eyes telling her nothing.

"Linda!"

She looked round and saw Jim Ransom's straw-colored puckery face gazing at her between the glass doors. She would have spoken, but her voice had gone.

"Linda!" he insisted, stepping toward her and laying a hand on her arm. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you mean?" she found herself saying coldly. She should have been ashamed of that, but the mystery and the excitement were driving her mad.

"Don't go up there!" he commanded. "Just don't do that ——"

"I haven't the remotest idea what you mean," she said, starting up the stairs.

"Wait a minute! Let me tell you!"

Jim's inadequate voice was shrilling behind her as she mounted swifter and swifter toward the first landing.

She needed no guide to Curry's door. It was the second one on the right. That which had been hers lay just beyond. The white-enameled panels stared at her with the blankness of wood concealing tragedy. She paused a second, her hand on the knob, then took one of those full breaths which are meant to fortify us against the ordeals of life. All the way on the train she had thought of what to say, of how to forgive and be forgiven. But everything went from her now. So much depended on what Curry wanted to tell her.

She opened the door softly and went into the bedroom. One light, shrouded in paper, cast a ghostly glow over the grayish walls and drapery. Everything was as it had been. No—there were several framed photographs, photographs of women, on the high dresser beside the light. The room smelt of stale liquor and tobacco. Linda associated these smells with Curry.

It was a full minute before she dared to look at him, but she heard his breathing, heavy and labored. She was struck at first by the length and thinness of the body outlined under a white coverlid across which his bony hands were folded. In the obscurity she saw his face framed in the fine linen of a pillow. His silky blond pompadour was disheveled into a shock; his large loose mouth hung half open, gasping for air; the big nostrils of his hawklike nose distended with every breath. The dark circles under his eyes gave the effect of a cavernous stare.

She came a step nearer and stood hesitant as watchers will upon such occasions. Should she wake him back into his troubled world or let him sleep away his little inch of life? The pathos of it all came creeping upon her and brought tears to her eyes in spite of herself. What had he been but a bad boy, utterly regardless of his playthings? And he had been caught now in one of his own pranks.

In the half light she thought she saw his eyelids move; leaning closer she found that it was so. His eyes were wide open and he was looking at her.

"Curry," she said softly, "it's Linda."

"Yes. Linda."

It sounded like another voice, it was so faint and far away.

(Continued on Page 120)

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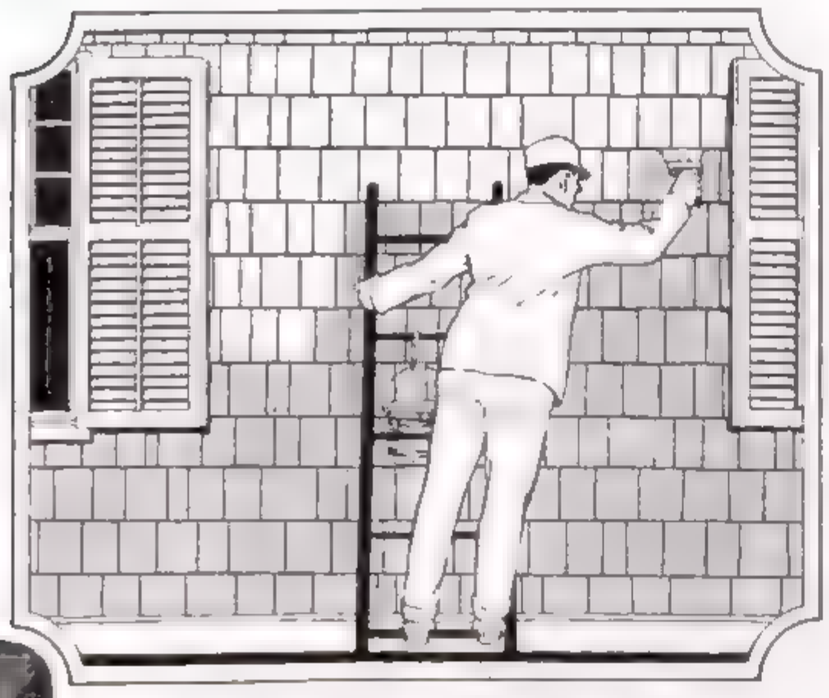

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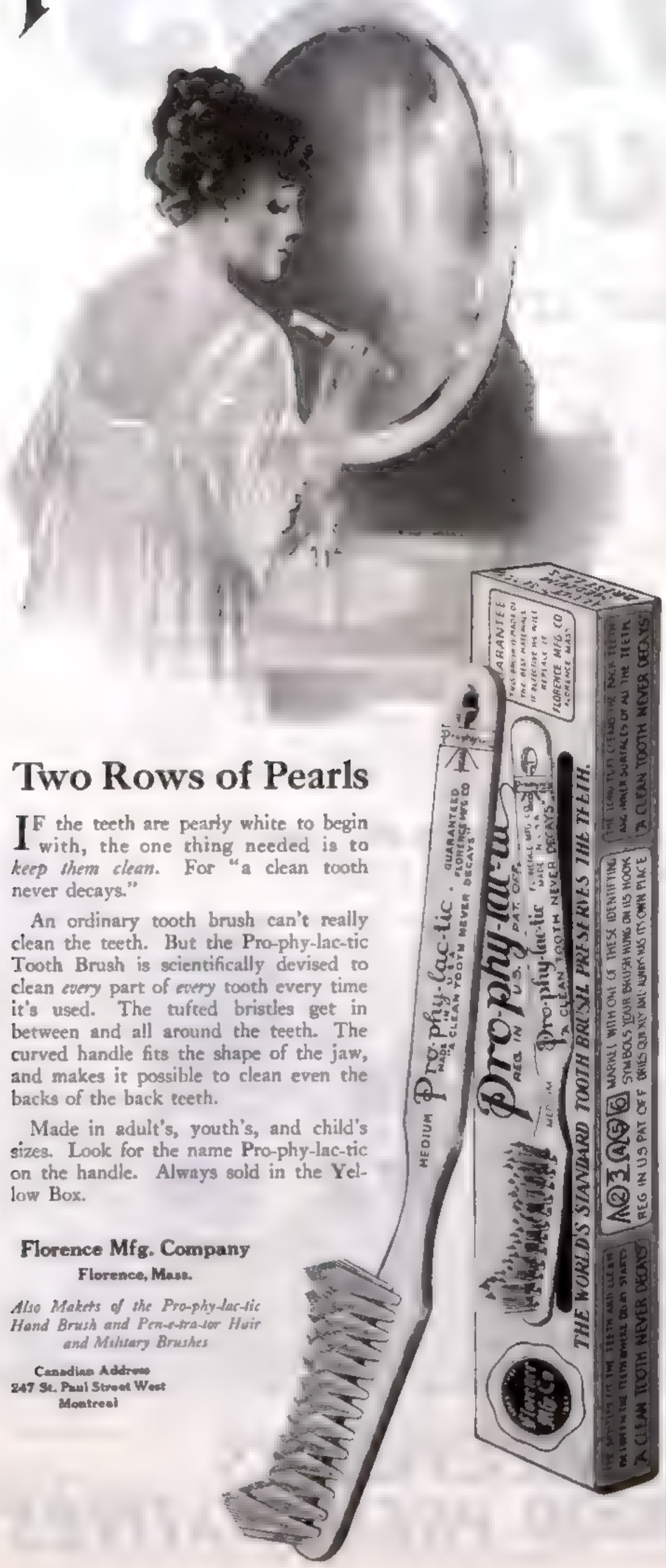

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(Continued from Page 116)

"You've come all this way to see me?" asked the impersonal voice.

"Yes, Curry."

"As soon as you heard?"

"Yes, Curry."

"In spite of your mother?"

"I didn't ask her. I just came."

"Oh."

He closed his eyes for a moment, then when he opened them he groped for her hand.

"You wanted to come, Linda?"

"Of course I did."

This is one of the lies we tell the dying to carry with them into the light where truth is.

"Why?"

In that monosyllable it seemed to her that his voice had become a trifle stronger.

"I don't know. It's so final, Curry. There seemed to be so many loose ends—so many things we could say."

She was wandering now, wishing that it would be over with and that she could make her escape. Even in his death scene he seemed to be trying to make things hard for her.

"What, for instance, would you say?" asked the ever-increasing voice.

"There are so many things to forgive, Curry. Everybody knows that you weren't good to me. But they don't know how much circumstances had to do with it. I might have made you better where I made you worse."

He had closed his eyes again, and she asked falteringly, "Can you hear me, Curry?"

He nodded his head faintly.

"We were just a bad match, Curry. Nobody was to blame for that. Only we might have settled it a little sooner than we did."

His eyes were still closed, but a wide smile seemed to have formed upon his drawn lips. It was a smile that made her terribly afraid.

"But there was one thing, Linda."

He had opened his eyes wide and wild; the hand which held hers was cold and hard as steel.

"What was that?" she quavered, trying in spite of herself to break away from his clasp.

"You cared enough to come to me. Didn't you? Tell me that. Didn't you?"

"You see I came, Curry."

"Ha!"

The wide-open mouth made the sound, a scream of indecent mirth, repeated into a volley of terrific laughter. Curry Harbinger cast down the hand he had been holding and sat bolt upright in bed. His narrow chest heaved in convulsions of joy as he spatted his sides and issued roar after roar. Linda stood there, praying for strength to run, but was held back by the weakness of her knees.

"Bully!" spluttered the man. "Then I win! Run down, will you, and tell Fred Hervey that the case of Scotch is mine."

She stood blank, making idiotic attempts at speech.

"What are you standing there for?" he bawled. "Go back to Philadelphia. I've finished with you."

"Curry!"

She had knocked over a chair in her first feeble effort to escape. She would have screamed, but her throat had turned to ashes.

"I guess you're sicker than I am at this minute," he howled. "I hope you are!"

He got half out of bed as he reached out a long arm and snapped his fingers under her nose.

"Pretty good, Linda, wasn't it? Scotch is getting scarce now, and I win a whole case of it. Get me, Linda? I bet fat Fred that you'd come if I sent for you. And you took the first train. Oh, Lord, you're easy!"

She screamed as people scream in nightmares, an inarticulate sound that means nothing and carries nowhere. Then she found herself out on the first landing, wringing her hands and mumbling to herself. The stairs below seemed to crook and sway like a trick stairway at Coney Island. Everything was a trick. She grasped the balustrade and was starting down, then sprang away as someone touched her on the sleeve.

Little Jim Ransom stood beside her, his insignificant face grown strangely significant.

"Didn't I tell you?" he was muttering in a pointless sort of way; another figure he seemed in the surrounding nightmare. "Didn't I tell you to keep out of that?"

She only shrank a little farther away. Jim Ransom's pale spectacled eyes seemed to be regarding her with the impish cruelty which marked that sodden comedy. The place was going round and round. Somewhere in the vortex she saw Ransom disappear into Curry's room. She heard the door slam after him.

"Take it—take all of it."

The stuff, aromatic and tart, strangled her, got into her nose. Out of a vast blank she opened her eyes to see the Japanese man's masklike face leaning over her. He seemed to be holding up her head while Jim Ransom, on his knees, was tilting toward her a glass containing cloudy liquid. She tried to force the glass away, and in the clearing fog she realized that she was lying stretched on the camel's-hair rug in the entrance hall. It *was* the entrance hall, she concluded, for she recognized the rococo mirror over the Italian chest.

But how had she come there? What were Jim Ransom and the ugly-faced Japanese doing, coaxing her with that nauseating stuff?

"Aromatic spirits," persisted Jim soothingly. "It can't do you any harm."

"Ugh! Take it away."

She closed her eyes, but her ears were keen to Jim's next remark:

"Shima, have you called up Doctor Weyler?"

"Yes, I call," squeaked the other voice.

"I don't want a doctor," declared Linda. "I only want to get away. Oh, Jim ——"

Realizing everything now she was struggling to her feet and had made a dash for the door. But again Ransom laid a hand upon her arm.

"Where's Mr. Hervey?" the dentist was asking of Shima.

"He a-sleeping."

"All right. That's the best thing he does."

"I want to get out!" clamored Linda like a restless child as she struggled away.

"Do you think you're strong enough ——"

Jim was making a show of detaining her, but she opened the door and walked out to the elevator landing, where she stood ringing the bell desperately time after time. Feet were scuffling beside her. She knew that scuffle; her faithful little dog was not to be left behind. He didn't matter. He never had. But the presence gave her just such consolation as lonely and defeated women must feel when their little woolly hybrids trot beside them at the end of a leash.

The feet scuffled nearer as she entered the elevator; her eyes were averted, but the crook of his elbow obtruded itself upon her range of vision. Out in the open street the clear bracing night gave her new strength—new strength with which to feel and suffer—as she walked rapidly toward Fifth Avenue, the footsteps of that patient uncomplaining animal pad-padding behind her.

She was trying not to think. Jim Ransom seemed a harmless spot upon which to focus her attention, just as an invalid finds relief in fixing his tired eyes upon an ugly design in the wall paper. Poor Jim! How comical he had looked when he had dashed the glass of liquor into Fred Hervey's face! Little Jim, commonplace, inoffensive, playing the knight-errant, eating fire and observing the rules of the Code Duello!

Linda stopped and laughed aloud. They were standing at the corner of Fifth Avenue, and her self-appointed escort drew closer to her as though attracted by her laughter.

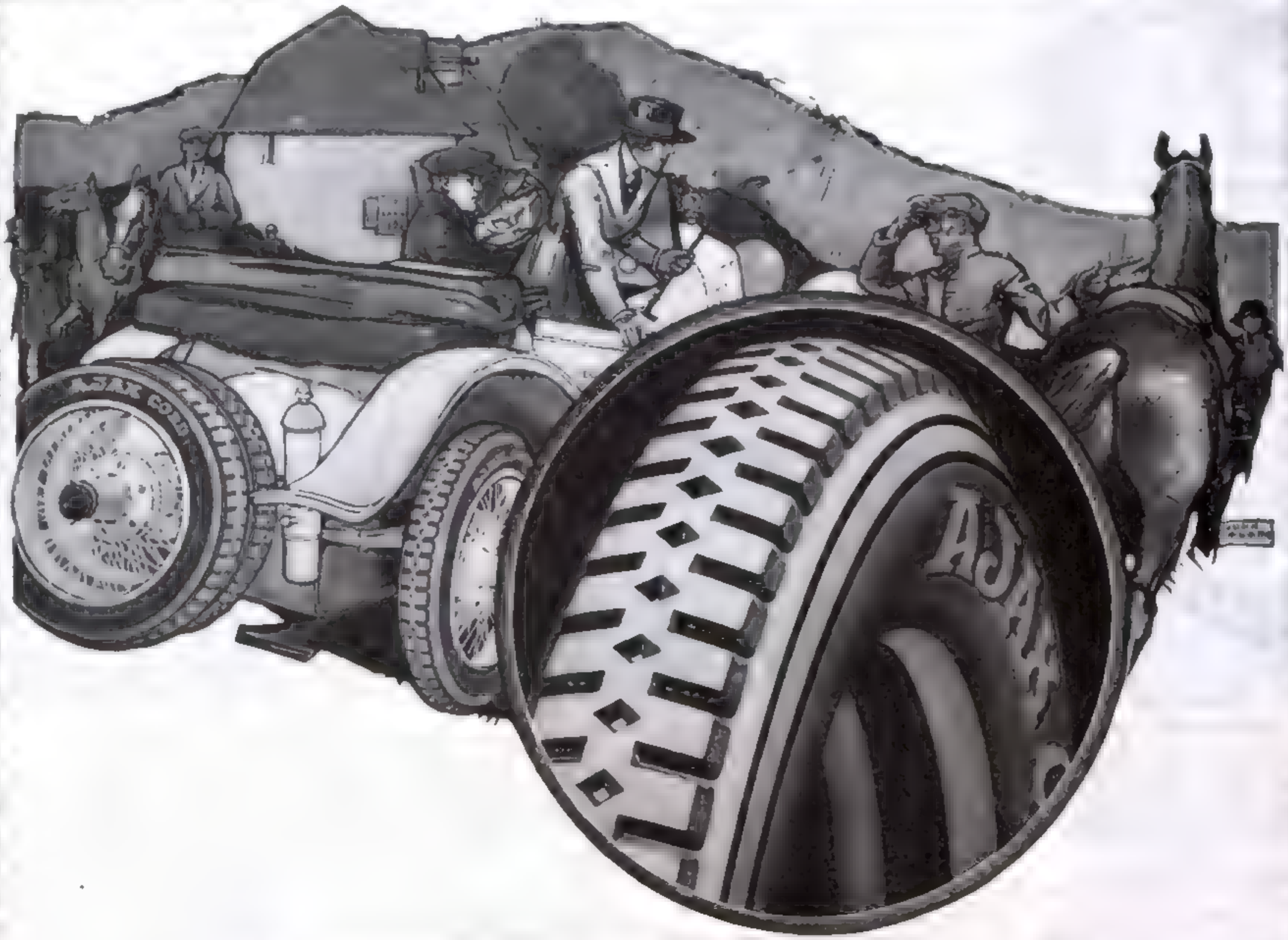
"Look out for the cars," he cautioned. "They run pretty fast this time of night."

Yes, there were cars—several of them going at law-defying speed. Across the avenue the park loomed, its trees all lacy in the nakedness of late fall. Wounded animals hunt the woods; even New York's seared strip of municipal woodland has comforted many sore hearts. Linda wanted to be among the trees, to be as near Nature as the roaring city would permit—as far as possible from the humanity that had betrayed her with a laugh.

"Easy now!"

Jim Ransom's voice was in her ear. He had laid a guiding hand upon her arm, checking her in time to allow a yellow-eyed limousine to go grumbling by. Then they were on their way again, trudging doggedly toward the park entrance. Linda walked a pace ahead as she charged blindly along the crooked footpath.

(Concluded on Page 122)



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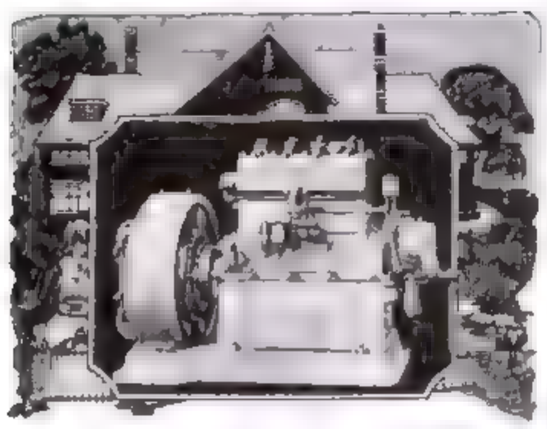

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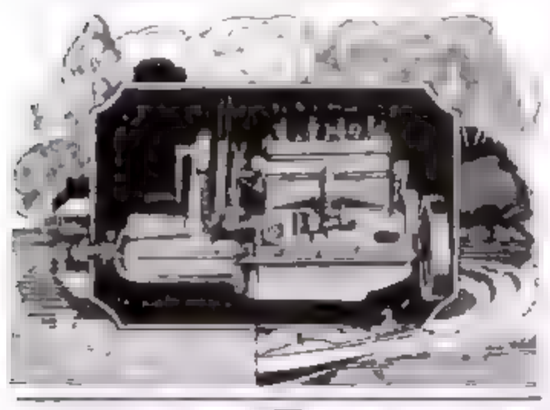

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(Concluded from Page 120)

"Round the reservoir," she heard Jim saying over her shoulder, "there's a good walk for a mile or so."

She paused and let him catch up with her, but she was still looking into space. He clung to her side, guiding her to the steep path up the reservoir bank. He talked along cheerfully, employing that impersonal, almost editorial tone which we use upon occasions too human for human utterance.

"Round the reservoir is always a nice walk. The air is fine up there. I think it must be the water that purifies it."

Purified by water!

The thought went raging through her brain. What Niagaras, then, should pour upon the black heart that had planned this trick upon her!

They mounted the steep bank and came to the iron fence that surrounds the broad oval lake.

A pure sky arched overhead, a sky untroubled by clouds, undimmed by the specious brilliance of the moon.

"Linda," said Jim, "look up!"

She raised her eyes and saw the procession of the night, jeweled grains of dust, each grain a solar system pathetically important to itself, yet insignificant to that soundless dome of blue where time is naught, life itself but an accident.

"I used to look at them," she said after a pause. "I forgot they were here."

"In the city?" He laughed.

She stood for a time oblivious of earth, her eyes following the whole bright arch which is sown with the seeds of eternal majesty.

How long it was since she had looked at the stars! There, his head in the zenith, his jeweled knees pointing toward the eastern horizon, the giant of constellations poised his enchanted bludgeon. She had forgotten his name; her father used to tell her about the stars when she was a little girl. Across the dome the Milky Way divided the heavens with a phosphorescent strand. How, how could she look up into that awful deep, she who had come here on the one big impulse of her life, only to be mocked and dashed underfoot?

"They mean nothing to me," she said bitterly.

A patch of white with burning eyes, Jim Ransom's face in the starlight took on an elfin look.

"See over there," he said.

One of his short fingers was pointing toward the south, where, glaring like a crown of impure diamonds above the city's nimbus, the upper stories of a modern hotel reared skyward.

"That's the Plaza," he said, "and it looks a lot bigger than the Pleiades. It's all a matter of where we stand when we look at things."

"And how we look."

"And how we get used to things."

"Do you get used to things, Jim?"

"I don't matter," he replied in a peculiar tone.

It was a minute before he resumed: "We stand under the starry firmament, but the thing that attracts our human eyes is the top lighting of a modern hotel. But that's a miracle too," he went on. "A little one, maybe, but a miracle just the same. The chaps who built the Great Pyramid—just to show the Pleiades and the Milky Way how important a king could be—would grovel and worship a modern hotel. Two or three dozen stories of imperial vanity illuminated by a power that man can't understand—more service on every floor than Rameses could get out of all the priests of Isis and Osiris. With millions on millions of candle power shooting heavenward from our advertising signs every night, why should we look at the stars? We live by candle power."

"And die by it," she said.

"Moths usually do," he informed her in his peculiarly gentle voice. "But is that important?"

"Death always is," she whispered, coming back to the subject that obsessed her.

"From a newspaper point of view, yes. I put on a uniform, you know, and practiced dental surgery in France. Death was in the air everywhere—death and stories of death.

"Sometimes when a man would come to me and tell of companies and regiments blotted out in an afternoon I'd see the drama of it and say, 'What a newspaper story that would make!' But it wouldn't, really, because when all the world is marching toward death a hundred or a thousand don't count. Everything's relative. On the Judgment Day, when the heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll, the earth will be worth only minor mention—under the head, perhaps, of Missing. I doubt very much whether the Engineer who designs, orders and runs a universe bothers himself with reports of individual planets—let alone individual humans."

"What a pagan you are, Jim!" she said, looking at him perhaps for the first time during their long acquaintanceship.

His homely little face, bunchy of feature and signifying nothing that the world calls romantic, gazed at her with round burning eyes—a peculiar face framed in starlight. The light-reflecting waters beyond the iron rail lay flat and still; the stone towers of a water gate, silhouetted against sidereal lights, loomed mysterious and medieval. Distantly a horn sounded, a bell rang. Otherwise they were out of the common world.

"I have always worshiped you," his queer changed voice was saying.

"Jim!"

"No—don't take it personally. I'm an impersonal sort of a philosopher. But why shouldn't I tell you, since it can't matter to either of us? I've followed you about like a stray dog, and you can't imagine, Linda, how grateful I've been for a pat on the head.

"I like to think of you as much too good for me. Like all pagans, you see, I'm an idol worshiper. It might ruin everything if you stepped down from your shrine and met me on my level. But you'll let me look at you and philosophize, won't you, Linda—just as the stars let me look and philosophize?"

"I'm no star, Jim. I'm so poor and ashamed."

"I don't want you to be that, Linda," he said hastily. "You're not—you can't be. It was my carelessness ——"

"Yours?"

She was studying him with wide eyes.

"I should have prevented your seeing him. But I didn't know what they were doing until the last minute.

"I had been with them since five o'clock; I was afraid Curry would get into trouble again."

He was saying all this apologetically, as he usually spoke with reference to himself.

"They were roaring and laughing about something I couldn't understand. Finally Curry insisted upon going to bed. I helped him upstairs, because I knew he'd be safer in bed. I hadn't the remotest idea about you, Linda. Not the remotest, until Fred began to roar again and told me what they had planned to do."

"I saw what you did then, Jim."

"Did you?" He cleared his throat. "Then I came out in the hall and found you there. I tried my best ——"

"Why didn't you stop me?"

She stood there wringing her hands, asking the question over and over.

"He's had his joke," said Ransom grimly, his eyes turned toward the starlit lake.

"Joke! Jim, how can you call it that? Are you laughing too?"

"A little," he agreed, but showed no mirth. "Since the joke was on him."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Would it have made any difference, Linda, if he had kept his word?"

"And died?" she asked. "Yes; it would have made all the difference in the world."

"Then you can go away with that satisfaction, my dear."

She studied him again, confident of nobody now. But there was no hint of humor in the Pucklike face.

"Jim, what do you mean?" she queried sharply.

"He's dead."

"Jim, please don't fool with me now. How can he be dead?" She grasped his sleeve feverishly. "He was alive—laughing at me—when I left him."

"I know." He seemed to be discussing the case with a third party. "They usually go that way. Overstimulated heart. He's had sinking spells for a period of months."

"Jim!" Her fingers tight in his sleeve, she shook him back to attention. "How do you know? When did he die?"

"I went into his room. You remember that? You must have fallen partly downstairs when you keeled over. But I went into his room. He was sitting up in bed, still laughing, but he wasn't making a sound. I couldn't bear that laugh, Linda. I saw his cane hooked over the foot of the bed ——"

"You didn't do that?"

"No. The Engineer who runs the universe does attend to an individual case now and then. Curry saw me and started to get up. Then his lips turned violet, his eyes rolled up, and he went like a diver, head first on the rug. Scared to death, I suppose you might call it."

"Are you sure, Jim? Sure that ——"

"I think I know a dead man when I see one," replied Ransom tartly.

Linda held her silence just a moment, then she laughed. There was neither beauty nor mirth in that sound. Why should there have been when such a joke had been turned against its perpetrator?

"He kept his word, Jim!" she shrilled hysterically, holding the iron rail and turning wild laughter toward the stars. "He kept his engagement—for the first time since I've known him!"

"Somebody kept it for him," muttered Ransom.

Then she leaned upon her hands and began to cry. She cried long and softly, her slender shoulders heaving under the suns that have no time for such poor phenomena as human tears.

Jim Ransom, who had been pacing the walk, hands in pockets, overcoat crowded back under his elbows, came over to her as soon as the gust was past and she had raised her head.

"Time to catch the ten o'clock train," he told her, making a show of consulting his wrist watch. "We'll walk over to the Avenue and pick up a taxi. It's more comfortable than a bus."

She followed him without a word.

He was ever so useful at the station. He got her a ticket and a Pullman seat; he selected a magazine for her at the news stand and telegraphed her mother announcing her hour of departure. Perhaps sometimes you will see other young men do as much for slender and pretty ladies just before shaking hands at the gate. If so, pause and wonder, because tragedy and romance walk forever in that high temple of greetings and farewells.

"You've been so good," she said, just as many another sweet lady would have said it.

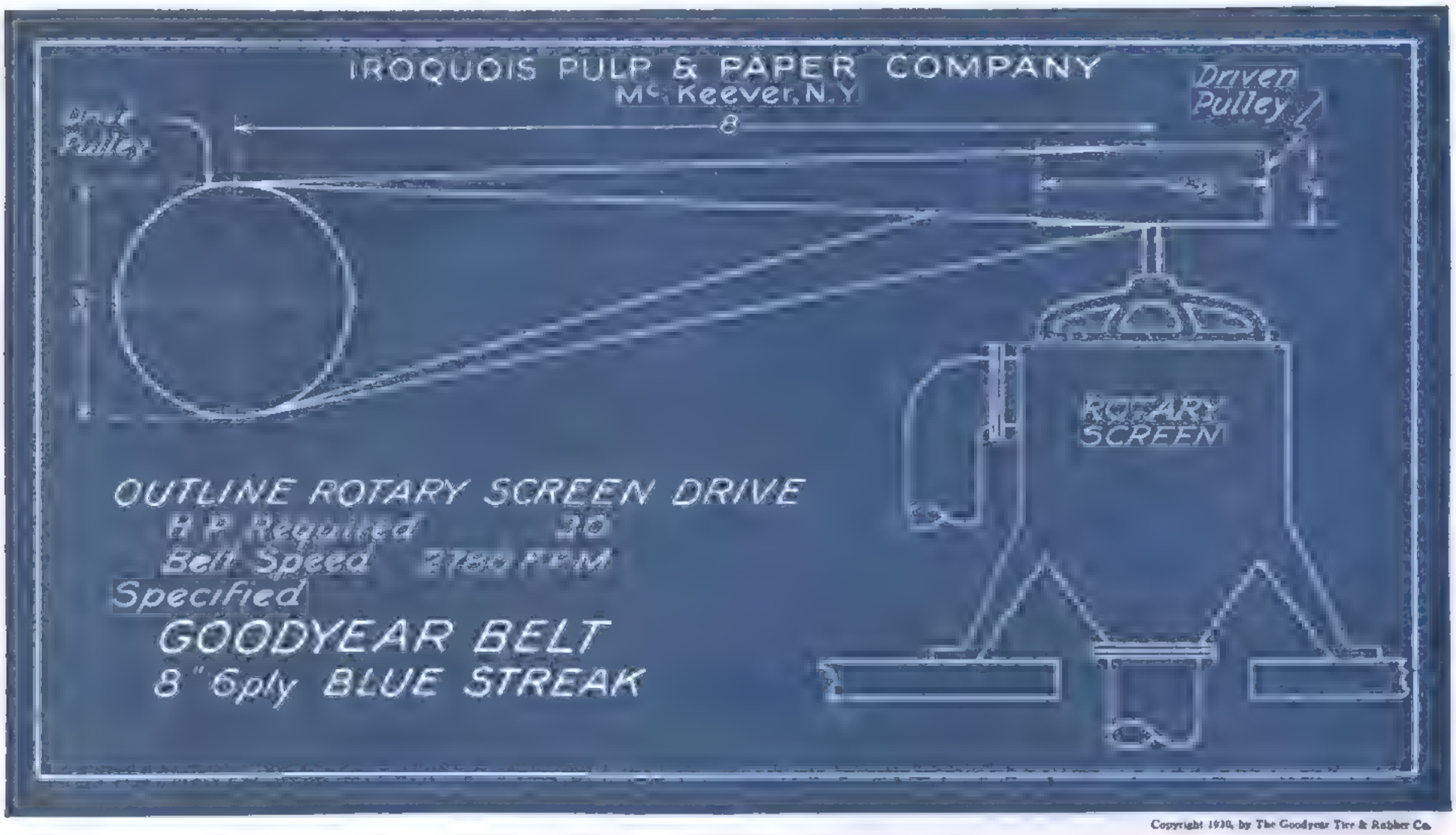
"Not at all," he replied, not to be outdone in the restrained style. "And if there's anything more I can do for you ——"

"You've been so kind!" Then with a certain hesitation ere her swift departure down the stairs: "I'll write and tell you—good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Jim Ransom raised his odd hat and went back to do what he could do in the case of Curry Harbinger.

It made a dignified item in the morrow's papers; they said no evil of the dead and much good of a family which, on the whole, has always been an adornment to Manhattan society.



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20% More Production—and the G. T. M.

A quarter turn on short centers, a heavy crown pulley, and the presence of considerable moisture where the belt had to work, kept the Iroquois Pulp & Paper Company, of McKeever, New York, buying a new belt every 30 days for their rotary screen drive. That was before the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—analyzed the drive to determine what belt would do the best work and last the longest time on it.

The G. T. M. based his recommendations not on the fact that he was a Goodyear man and had belts to sell, but on his practical knowledge of belting plus a careful study of every feature of each drive. He figured in all the factors that affected belt performance and life—30 horsepower to be transmitted, a drive from a 24-inch pulley on a line shaft to a 23½-inch pulley on the rotary screen, a quarter turn on short centers—only 8 feet—a speed of 2,780 feet per minute, and a heavy damp prevailing all the time.

An 8-inch, 6-ply Goodyear Blue Streak met the requirements. Its friction surface held the pulleys in a firm grip that prevented slippage and transmitted full power. Subjected to the heavy moisture, it did not stretch. To the severe strain imposed by the duty on the quarter turn it responded with inbuilt strength and flexibility.

Four months of Goodyear Blue Streak service—you will recall that previous belts wore out at the rate of one a month—not only cut belting cost by 50% but also established an operating record of 20% increase in production. The men and machines were going on with their work instead of waiting while the rotary screen had its belt taken up again.

A plant analysis which included a detailed study of every drive in the Iroquois plant was made at Supt. Archie Brown's suggestion, when the G. T. M. dropped in to see how the Goodyear Blue Streak was working. In line with the same scientific method of conserving and utilizing the full energy of the plant, the Company has installed Goodyear Hose and Goodyear Packing, confident of the same economical, long-lived service from them as from their Goodyear belt.

If you have a belt problem, involving either a single drive or an entire plant, there is something of value for you in the Goodyear analysis idea. The G. T. M.'s time and experience are at your command without charge. If he specifies a Goodyear product, you may rely on its ability to do more and better work, over a longer period of time, at lowest final cost.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Offices Throughout the World

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

ADDING

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ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

SERVICE TO SERVICE

Maximum Reliability Plus Maximum Usefulness from Every Burroughs Machine

Burroughs Machines have such an extraordinary reputation for long life and continuous operation that some folks have wondered if Service—in the ordinary sense of the term—was a large part of the Burroughs Idea.

It is—a most important part—and has often been mentioned by purchasers as one of their reasons for selecting Burroughs Equipment.

Burroughs Service is fourfold, thus:

Before Purchase: 1. Engineering Business into the Machine.
2. Engineering the Machine into a Business.
After Purchase: 3. Applying Modern Practice to your Machine.
4. Keeping your Machine up to 100% Efficiency.

Burroughs Maintenance Stations dot the United States and Canada. They are located in centers of business population, where they are convenient to all Burroughs users.

Putting the Best Possible Machine on the Job

1. Burroughs engineers and workmen invent, construct and develop new features to meet the developing needs of business, and incorporate these into Burroughs Machines—through continuous study of all types of modern business operation.
2. The Burroughs representatives in the field assist you in selecting that particular Burroughs Model which will best fit your accounting needs.

Keeping the Machine on the Job

3. The Burroughs organization is constantly gathering practical information for the benefit of Burroughs users.

   From investigations, reports of salesmen and other representatives, and from Burroughs users, we get material for practical suggestions and ideas for new uses that make the operation of Burroughs Machines a more and more profitable thing to Burroughs owners.
4. For twenty years and more Burroughs Machines have "stayed on the job" under the hardest usage. Even without regular attention, machines that started 'way back in 1893 are still working away as hard as ever.

   But to make assurance doubly sure Burroughs Maintenance Stations dot the United States and Canada. Our inspectors keep in close touch with every Burroughs user, no matter where located.

   In case of accident a Burroughs Minute Man is at the end of your telephone wire. His job is to get there as quickly as electricity, steam or automobile can take him, and to keep your work going on as if nothing had happened.

   The slogan of the Burroughs Service Organization in all its branches is "always on the job."

Burroughs

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 25)

babies as possible by the distribution of canned milk. Then, one evening—early in September, 1917, it must have been—he started alone for Moscow to lay certain wider plans for disinterested relief work before the sinister, the almost mythical, Lenine. That is the last that has ever been seen of him, and no word has ever come forth directly from him out of the chaos men still call Russia. The Red Cross and the American and French governments have done their poor utmost to discover his whereabouts, without avail. There are reasons for believing he is not dead, nor even a prisoner. The dictators of the soviet autocracy have been unable to find a trace of him, so they affirm; and there are reasons also for believing that this is true.

As for Jimmy, you will not be surprised to learn that Jimmy had not long been content with relief work of any kind. He was young; and he had seen things—there, in the eastern districts. By midsummer of 1915 he had resigned from the C. R. B., had made a difficult way to Paris, via Holland and England, had enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and had succeeded in getting himself transferred to the French Flying Corps. Thus, months before we had officially abandoned our absurd neutrality, he was flying over the lines—bless him! If Jimmy never became a world-famous ace, well—there was a reason for that too; the best of reasons. He was never assigned to a combat squadron, for no one brought home such photographs as Jimmy; taken tranquilly, methodically, at no great elevation, and often far back of the German lines. His quiet daring was the admiration of his comrades; anti-aircraft batteries had no terrors for him; his luck was proverbial, and he grew to trust it implicitly, seeming to bear a charmed life.

But Susan's luck had failed her at last. On Thanksgiving Day of 1917 she was wounded in the left thigh by a fragment of shrapnel, a painful wound whose effects were permanent. She will always walk slowly, with a slight limp. Mona Leslie got her down as far as Paris by January 20, 1918, meaning to take her on to Mentone, where she had rented a small villa, for three months of long-overdue rest and recuperation for them both. But on reaching Paris, Susan collapsed; the accumulated strain of the past years struck her down. She was taken to the comfortable little Red Cross hospital for civilians at Neuilly and put to bed. A week of dangerous exhaustion and persistent insomnia followed.

I knew nothing of it directly, at the moment. I knew only that on a certain day Miss Leslie had planned to start with Susan from Dunkirk for Mentone; I was waiting eagerly for word of their safe arrival in that haven of rest and beauty; and I was scheming like a junior clerk for my first vacation, for two weeks off, perhaps even three, that I might run down to them there. But no word came. Throughout that first week in Paris Miss Leslie in her hourly anxiety neglected to drop me a line.

And then one night as I sat vacantly on the edge of my bed in my hotel room at Evian, almost too weary to begin the tedious sequence of undressing and tumbling into it, came the second of my psychic reels, my peculiar visions; briefer, this one, than my first, but no less authentic in impression, and no less clear.

I saw, this time, the interior of a small white room, almost bare of furniture, evidently a private room in some thoroughly appointed modern hospital. The patient beneath the white coverlet of the single white-enameled iron bed was Susan—or the wraith of Susan, so wasted was she, so still. My breath stopped: I thought it had been given me to see her at the moment of death; or already dead. Then the door of the small white room opened, and Jimmy—in his smart horizon-blue uniform with its coveted shoulder loop, the green-and-red *fourragère* that bespoke the bravery of his entire esquadrille—came in, treading carefully on the balls of his feet. As he approached the bedside Susan opened her eyes—great shadows, gleamless soot smudges in her pitifully haggard face. It seemed that she was too weak even to greet him or smile; her eyes closed again and Jimmy bent down to her slowly and kissed her. Then Susan lifted her right hand from the coverlet—I could feel the effort it cost her—and touched Jimmy's hair. There was no strength in her to prolong the caress. The hand slipped from him, and my vision ended.

Its close found me on my knees on the tiled floor of my bedroom, as if I too had tried to go nearer, to bring myself close to her bedside, perhaps to bury my face in my hands against the white coverlet, her shroud; to weep there.

I sprang up, wildly enough now, with a harsh shudder, the terrified gasp of a brute suddenly stricken from ambush, aware only of rooted claws and a last crushing fury of deep-set fangs.

Susan was dying. I knew not where. I could not reach her. But Jimmy had reached her. He had been summoned. He had not been too late. There are moments of blind anguish not to be reproduced for others. Chaos is everything—and nothing. It cannot be described.

There was nothing really useful I could do that night, not even sleep. In those days it was impossible to move anywhere on the railroads of France without the proper passes and registrations of intention with the military authorities and the local police. I could of course suffer—that is always a human possibility—and I could attempt, muzzily enough, to think, to make plans. Where was it most likely that Susan would be? Was the hospital room that I had seen in Dunkirk or in Nice or at some point between—perhaps at Paris? It could hardly, I decided, be at Dunkirk, that stricken city, whose inhabitants were forced to dive like rats into burrows at any hour of the day or night. There was nothing to suggest the atmosphere of Dunkirk in that quiet white-enameled room. Nice, then—or Mentone? Hardly, I again reasoned; for Jimmy could not easily have reached them there. A day's leave; a flight from the lines, so comfortlessly close to Paris—that was always possible to the air men, who were in a sense privileged characters, being for the most part strung with taut nerves that chafed and snapped under too strict a discipline. And in Paris there must be many such quiet white-enameled rooms. I decided for Paris.

Then I threw five or six articles and a bar of chocolate into my *musette*, a small waterproof pouch to sling over the shoulder—three years had taught me at least the needlessness of almost all Hillhouse necessities—and waited for dawn. It came, as all dawns come at last—even in January, even in France. And with it came a gulp of black coffee in the little deserted café downstairs—and a telegram. I dared not open the telegram. It lay beside my plate while I stained the cloth before me and scalded my throat and furred my tongue. It was from Paris. So my decision was justified, and now quite worthless. I have no memory of the interval, but I had got with it somehow back to my room—that accursed blue envelope! Well ——

"Susan at Red Cross hospital for civilians, Neuilly. All in, but no cause for real worry. Is sleeping now for first time in nearly a week. I must leave by afternoon. Come up to her if you possibly can. She needs you. JIMMY."

Four hours later all my exasperatingly complicated arrangements for a two-weeks absence were made—the requisite motions had been the purest somnambulism—and by the ample margin of fifty seconds I had caught an express—to do it that courtesy—moving with dignity, at decent intervals, toward all that I lived by and despaired of and held inviolably dear. But the irony of Jimmy's last three words went always with me, a monotonous ache blurring every impulse toward hope and joy. Susan was not dead, was not dying! "No cause for real worry." Jimmy would not have said that if he had feared the worst. It was not his way to shuffle with facts; he was by nature direct and sincere. No; Susan would recover—thank God for it! Thank—and then, under all, through all, over and over, that aching monotony: "She needs you. Jimmy. She needs you. Jimmy."

"Needs me!" I groaned aloud.

"*Plait-il?*" politely murmured the harassed-looking little French captain, my vis-à-vis.

"*Mille pardons, monsieur,*" I murmured back. "*On a quelquefois des griefs particuliers, vous savez.*"

"*Ah dame, oui!*" he sighed. "*Par le temps qui court!*"

"*Et ce pachyderme de train qui ne court jamais!*" I smiled.

"*Ah, pour ça—ça repose!*" murmured the little French captain, and shut his eyes.

She needs you. Jimmy. She needs you. Jimmy. She needs ——"

Then miraculously for two blotted hours I slept. But I woke again, utterly unrefreshed, to the old refrain: She needs you—needs you—needs you.

The little French captain was still asleep, snoring now—but softly—in his corner. Ah, lucky little French captain! *Ça repose!*

"*At This Hour, M'sieu?*" She Demanded Huskily. "*What Could Bring You at Such an Hour?*"

XXXV

ONE afternoon five or six days later I was seated by the white-enameled iron bed in the small white room. Susan had had a long, quiet, normal nap, and her brisk sparrow-eyed Norman nurse, in her pretty costume of the French Red Cross, had come to me in the little reception room of the hospital, where I had been sitting for an hour stupidly thumbing over tattered copies of ancient American magazines, and had informed me—with rather an ambiguous twinkle of those sparrow eyes—that her patient had asked to see me as soon as she had waked, was evidently feeling stronger, and that it was to be hoped M. le Capitaine would be discreet and say nothing to excite or fatigue the poor little one. "*Je me sauve, m'sieu,*" she had added, mischievously grave; "*on ne peut avoir l'œil à tout, mais—je compte sur vous.*"

So innocently delighted had she been by her pleasant suspicions it was impossible to let her feel how sharply her raillery had pained me. But I could not reply in kind. I had merely bowed, put down the magazine in my hand, and so left her—to inevitable reflections, I presume, upon the afflicting reticence of these otherwise so agreeable allies *d'outre mer*. Their education was evidently deplorable. One never knew when they would miss step, inconveniently, and so disarrange the entire social rhythm of a conversation.

"Ambo," said Susan, putting her hand in mine, "do you know at all how terribly I've missed you?" She turned her head weakly on her pillow and looked at me. "You're older, dear. You've changed. I like your face better now than I ever did."

I wrinkled my nose at her. "Is that saying much?" I grimaced.

"Heaps!" She attempted to smile back at me, but her lower lip quivered. "Yours has always been my favorite face, you know, Ambo. Phil's is wiser—somehow, and stronger, too; and Jimmy's is sunnier, healthier and—yes, handsomer, dear! Nobody could call you handsome, could they? But you're not ugly, either. Sister was adorably ugly. It was a daily miracle to see the lamp in her suddenly glow through and glorify everything. I used to wait for it. It's the only thing that has

(Continued on Page 129)

DUPLEX TRUCKS

BUILT FOR BUSINESS

The Famous Duplex 4-Wheel Drive is Winning New Users Every Day

IF you have a heavy hauling problem and do not already know the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive, talk to the Duplex dealer and let him give you the facts at first hand.

The Duplex Truck Company is the originator of the 4-Wheel Drive principle and today its most successful exponent.

There is pull and power in every wheel—and the Duplex 4-Wheel drive keeps going under conditions that are simply impossible for any rear wheel drive trucks.

The Duplex 4-Wheel drive is setting new records of truck efficiency for Lumber and Logging Companies; Road Builders; Oil Companies; Coal Companies; Mining Companies; Grocery Companies; Trucking Contractors—in fact in all lines where there are heavy loads to be hauled.

The point is the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive is daily proving to be a very *economical truck* for hundreds of owners who used to say it was too big for their needs.

Write us for folders. Talk to the Duplex dealer near you. He will give you only facts

Why the Duplex Limited is Winning Enthusiastic Approval All Over America

Here is a Medium Capacity, High Speed Truck That Fits in Exactly with Present Day Business Needs

WITHOUT question the remarkable success of the Duplex Limited is due to the confidence that truck users all over America have in the Duplex Truck Company as builders of trucks that a business man can consider an investment in practical trucking efficiency.

Past experiences and present day conditions are leading men to look at different makes of trucks in the light of the real facts.

The result is that some truck companies are forging ahead, while others are not—and in each case the *buying public* is making the decision.

One of the most significant developments in the whole motor truck industry is the remarkable growth of the Duplex Truck Company all during the last ten years. It was during these same years, mind you, that several hundred different truck companies discontinued business.

What does the steady, persistent growth of the Duplex Truck Company signify as regards this Duplex Limited?

For one thing it means that the Limited is designed and built by a company that is *known to be successful*—a company that is famous for building good trucks.

The Limited you may be sure isn't built merely to cash in on a present day shortage. It is here to stay—and it will always be a credit to the Duplex Truck Company. It is destined for success as conspicuous as that of the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive in the Heavy Duty Fields.

Medium Capacity—Two Wheel Drive—Complete Electrical Equipment—Pneumatic Tired—*High Speed*—it is a wonderful truck for general business hauling.

4 Cylinder, enclosed type motor, water cooled, cast enbloc. Bore 4". Stroke 5¼" 3 Point Suspension. Pneumatic Cord Tires. 145" Wheelbase. Electric Lighting and Starting. Equipped with Windshield, Ammeter; Boyce Motometer; Speedometer; Electric Horn; Tools; Jack; Rim Wrench; Front Fenders; Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System; Driver's Seat without extra charge.

Talk to the Duplex dealer in your vicinity. Find out for yourself why the Duplex Limited already is known as a very safe investment for a business man. See that the truck you buy is one that you know *will make good for you.*

Write us direct for folders which give complete mechanical details about the Limited.

DUPLEX BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Duplex Truck Company

Lansing • Michigan

One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America

Don't Wait for *Ninety* in the Shade

Independent of strikes, ice shortages and irregular deliveries, Isko converts a household refrigerator into a miniature cold storage plant which protects food, keeps it fresh indefinitely and supplies cubes of pure ice for table use.

You turn the electric switch; from that time on, Isko maintains a dry, even cold in the refrigerator, starting and stopping automatically.

The cost of electric current necessary for Isko operation is reasonably low—less than the charge for ice.

How much longer will you be content with old fashioned refrigerating methods when you can enjoy the conveniences of Isko Electric Refrigeration?

The demand for Isko is steadily increasing throughout the United States.

With the approach of hot weather this demand will be more insistent than ever. In previous summers orders have been in excess of our production possibilities.

If you have considered the installation of this modern refrigeration we counsel you to place your order as soon as possible. Thus you may forestall a long delay.

Our booklet, "Electric Refrigeration," and the name of the Isko dealer nearest you will be furnished at request.

THE ISKO COMPANY, *2525 Clybourn Ave.*, CHICAGO, ILL.

ISKO

Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 126)

ever made me feel—humble; I never feel that way with you. I just feel satisfied, content."

"Like putting on an old pair of slippers," I ventured.

"That's it," sighed Susan happily, and closed her eyes.

"That's it!" echoed my familiar demon, "but no one but Susan would have admitted it."

As usual, I found it wiser to cut him dead.

"Well, dear," I said to Susan, "there's one good thing: You'll be able to use the old pair of slippers any time you need them now. I'm to be held in Paris, I find, for a three-months job."

She opened her eyes again; disapprovingly, I felt.

"You shouldn't have done that, Ambo! You're needed at Evian; I know you are. It's bad enough to be out of things myself, but I won't drag you out of them! How could you imagine that would please me?"

"I hoped it would, a little," I replied, "but it hasn't any of it been my doing. Chatworth's wife's expecting a baby in a few weeks and he wants to run home to welcome it; I'm to take on his executive work till he gets back. God knows he needs a rest!"

"As if you didn't, too!" protested Susan, inconsistently enough. Her eyes fell shut again; her hand slipped from mine. "Ambo," she asked presently in a thread of voice that I had to lean down to her to hear, "have they told you I can never have a baby now? Wasn't it lucky if that had to happen to some woman it happened to me?"

No, they had not told me; and for the moment I could not answer her.

"Jimmy's wife is going to have a baby soon," added Susan.

"Jimmy's—what!" I shrieked. Yes, shrieked—for, to my horror, I heard my voice crack and soar, strident, incredulous.

Susan was staring at me wide-eyed, her face aquiver with excitement, two deep spots of color flaming on her thin cheeks.

"Didn't you know?"

The white door opened as she spoke, and Susan's Norman nurse hurried in, her sparrow eyes transformed to stiletto points of indignation. "*Ah, m'sieu—c'est trop fort!* When I told you expressly to do nothing to excite the poor little one!" I rose, self-convicted, before her.

"*Tais-toi, Annette!*" exclaimed Susan sharply, her eyes too gleaming with indignation. "It is not your place to speak so to m'sieu, a man old enough to be your father—and more than a father to me! For shame! His surprise was unavoidable! I have just given him a shock—unexpected news! Good news, however, I am glad to say. Now leave us!"

"On the contrary," replied Nurse Annette, four feet eleven of uncompromising and awful dignity, "I am in charge here, and it is m'sieu who will leave—*tout court!* But I regret my *vivacité, m'sieu!*"

"It is nothing, mademoiselle. You have acted as you should. It is for me to offer my regrets. But—when may I return?"

"To-morrow, m'sieu," said Nurse Annette.

"Naturally," said Susan. "Now sit down, please, Ambo, and listen to me."

For an instant the stiletto points glinted dangerously; then Nurse Annette giggled. That is precisely what Nurse Annette did; she giggled. Then she twirled about on her toes and left us—very quietly, yet not without a certain malicious ostentation, closing the door.

The French are a brave people, an intelligent and industrious people; but they exhibit at times a levity almost childlike in the descendants of so ancient and so deeply civilized a race.

"I knew nothing about it myself, Ambo," Susan was saying, "until I was beginning to feel a little stronger, after my operations at Dunkirk. Then Mona brought me letters—three from you, dear, and one long one from Jimmy. But no letter from Phil. I'd hoped, foolishly I suppose, for that. Jimmy's was the dearest, funniest letter I've ever read; it made me laugh and cry all at once. It wasn't a bit good for me, Ambo. It used me all up! And I kept wondering what you must be thinking. You see, he said in it he had written you."

"I've had no letter from Jimmy for at least five or six months," I replied.

"So many letters start bravely off over here," sighed Susan, "and then just vanish—like Phil. How many heartbreaks they must have caused, all those vanished letters—and men. And how silly of me to think about it! There must be some fatal connection, Ambo, between being sick and being sentimental. I suppose sentimentality's always one symptom of weakness. I've never been so disgustingly maudlin as during these past weeks—never!"

"So Jimmy's married," I repeated stupidly, for at least the third time.

"Yes," smiled Susan, "to little Jeanne-Marie Valérie Josephine Aulard. I haven't seen her, of course, but I feel as if I knew her well. They've been married now almost a year." She paused again. "Why don't you look gladder, Ambo? Why don't you ask questions? You must be dying to know why Jimmy kept it a secret from us so long."

I had not dared to ask questions, for I believed I could guess why Jimmy had kept it a secret from us so long. For the first time in his life, I thought, Jimmy had been a craven. He had been afraid to tell Susan of an event which he must know would be like a knife in her heart.

"I suppose I'm foolishly hurt about it," I mumbled.

How bravely she was taking it all, in spite of her physical exhaustion! Poor child, poor child! But in God's name, what then was the meaning of my vision back there in the hotel room at Evian? Jimmy entering this room where I now sat, tiptoeing to this very bedside, stooping down and kissing Susan—and her hand lifted, overcoming an almost mortal weakness, to touch his hair.

"You mustn't be hurt at all," Susan gently rebuked me. "Jimmy kept his marriage a secret from us for a very Jimmy-esque reason. There was nothing specially exciting or romantic about the courtship itself, though. Little Jeanne-Marie's father—he was a notary of Soissons who had made a nice, comfy little fortune for those parts—died just before the war. So the Widow Aulard retired with Jeanne-Marie to a brand-spandy-new, very ugly little country house—south of the Aisne, Ambo, not far from Soissons; the canny old notary had just completed it as a haven for his declining years when he up and died. Well then, during the first German rush Widow Aulard—being a good extra-stubborn bourgeoise—refused to leave her home—refused, Jeanne-Marie told Jimmy, even to believe the boches would ever really be permitted to come so far. That was foolish, of course—but doesn't it make you like her, and see her—mustache and all?

"But the deluge was too much, even for her. One morning, after a night of terror, she found herself compulsory housekeeper, and little Jeanne-Marie compulsory servant, to a kennel of Bavarian officers. Then, three weeks or so later, the orderly of one of these officers, an Alsatian, was discovered to be a spy and was shot—and the Widow Aulard was shot, too, for having unwittingly harbored him. Jeanne-Marie wasn't shot, though; the kennel liked her cooking. So she used her wits, made herself indispensable to the comfort of the officers, preserved her dignity under incredible insults, and her virtue under conditions I needn't tell you about, Ambo—and bided her time.

"It nearly killed her, but she lived through it, and finally the French returned and helped her patch up and clean up what was left of the kennel. And a month or so later Jimmy's esquadrille made Jeanne-Marie's battered little house their headquarters and treated its mistress like the staunch little heroine she is. Of course Jimmy wasn't attached to the esquadrille then; it was more than a year later that he arrived on the scene; but it didn't take him long after getting there to decide on an international alliance. Bless him! he says Jeanne-Marie isn't very pretty, he guesses; she's just—wonderful! She couldn't make up her mind to the international alliance, though. She loved Jimmy, but the match didn't strike her as prudent. An orphan must consider these things. Her property had been swept away, and Jimmy admitted he had nothing. And being her father's daughter, Jeanne-Marie very wisely pointed out that he was in hourly peril of being killed or crippled for life. To marry under such circumstances would be to make her father turn in his grave. How can anything so sad be so funny, Ambo? Well, anyway, Jimmy, being Jimmy, saw the point, agreed with her completely, and seems to have felt thoroughly ashamed of himself for trying to persuade her into so crazy a match!

(Continued on Page 132)

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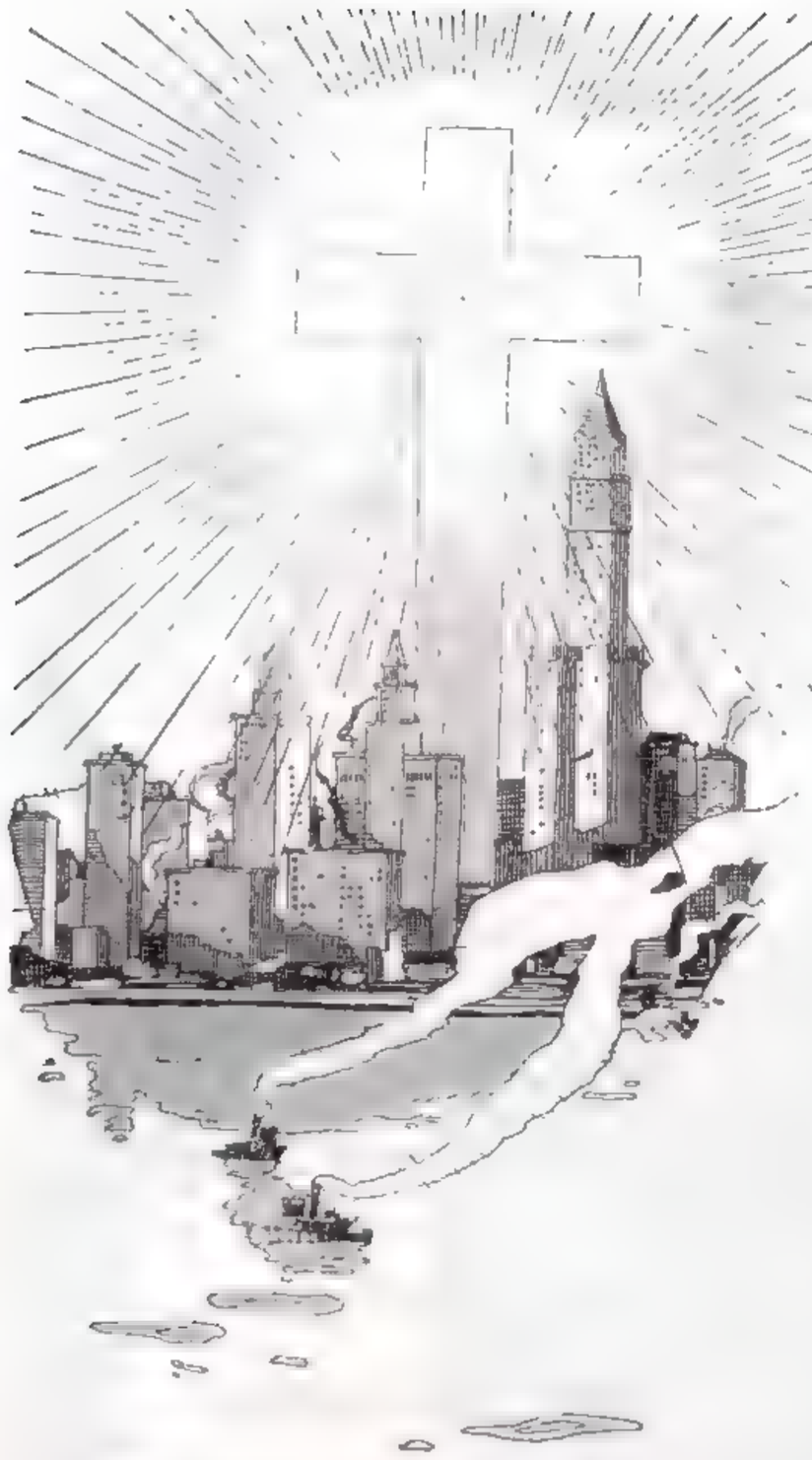

FAITH

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A League of Nations is an empty shell unless it is made vital and real by a league of ideals.

Industrial peace will never permanently come except on the firm foun-

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Secretary of the Navy

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JOHN GRIER HIBBEN,
President Princeton University

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For our own sakes, for our children's sakes, for the nation's sake, let us business men get behind the churches and their preachers! Let us from this very day give them more time, money and thought, for upon them the value of all we own ultimately depends!

ROGER W. BABSON, *Business Analyst*

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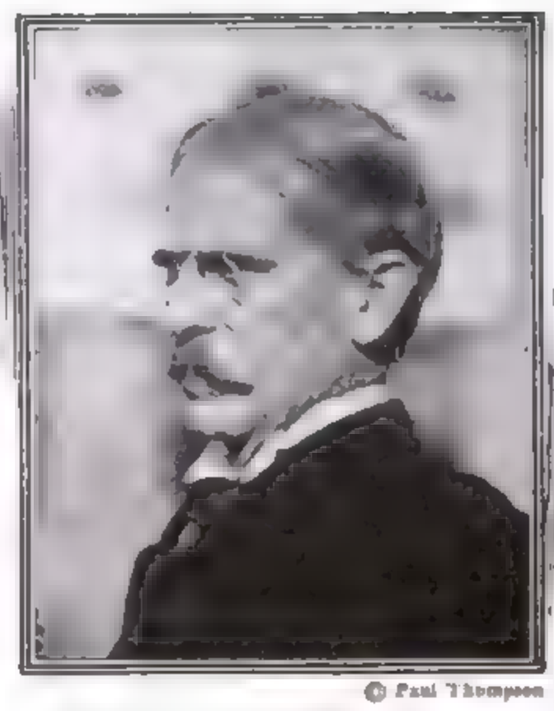
To bring men back to the spiritual standard, to make Christ's principles an impelling force in the reconstruction of society, and to teach men to think true and live true is the mighty task to which the Church is called.

ROBERT LANSING, *Chairman Gen'l Comm. Interchurch World Movement*



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The world's great need today is a real revival of Christianity. You can protect civilization by law. You must reform it by love—one man at a time.

HENRY VAN DYKE, *Author and Diplomat*

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The spiritual side of man's nature has been too much neglected, and we need a new birth of righteousness that will restore the true relation between spiritual and material things.

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In these days of reconstruction when the very foundations of society are rocking, we need to stress the great moral principles of Christianity and they alone can save us

HAMILTON HOLT, *Editor The Independent*

dation of the Golden Rule. In the spirit of that great rule, thirty denominations are coöperating together under the name of the Interchurch World Movement.

They have surveyed the religious needs of the nation, scientifically, county by county. They have the facts and the Faith. They know how their efforts can be applied so that there will be no waste, so that every man and dollar will render the utmost service.

In the week of April 25th—May 2nd these denominations will unite in a nation-wide simultaneous financial campaign. The amount asked for is large in the aggregate. It is little enough when divided among the church members of the nation.

Little enough when you remember that millions of young people are growing up in America with no religious training at all.

Little enough when 80% of the Christian ministers of the nation—the custodians and apostles of Faith—are paid less than $20 a week.

Democracy owes its very life to the message of the Master. All men were sons of God to Him, and all men, therefore, brothers.

Not as employers and employees, not as members of parties or sects, but as sons of God and brothers all, let us work out our problems together.

A strengthened Church is our first great need; for the Church is the altar of Faith.

The INTERCHURCH World Movement
of North America

The publication of this advertisement is made possible through the coöperation of thirty denominations

(Continued from Page 129)

"Then little Jeanne-Marie came down with typhoid; her life was despaired of; a priest was summoned. In the presence of death she managed to tell the priest that it would seem less lonely and terrible to her if she could meet it as the wife of M'sieu Jee-mee. So the good priest managed somehow to slash through yards of official red tape in no time—you know how hard it is to get married in France, Ambo!—and the sacrament of marriage preceded the last rites; and then, dear, Jeanne-Marie faced the Valley of Shadow clinging to m'sieu Jee-mee's hand. The whole esquadrille was unstrung—naturally; even their famous ace, Boisrobert. Jimmy says he absolutely refused to fly for three days." Tears were pouring from Susan's eyes.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" she protested, mopping at them with a corner of the top sheet. "She didn't die, of course. She rallied at the last moment and got well—and found herself safely married after all, and quite ready to take her chances of living happily with M'sieu Jee-mee ever afterward! There—isn't that a nice story, Ambo? Don't you like pretty-pie fairy tales when they happen to be true?"

That she could ask me this with her heart breaking! Again I could not trust myself to speak calmly; and I saw that she was worn out with the effort she had made to overcome her weakness and what I believed to be a living pain in her breast. I rose.

"Ambo!" she exclaimed, wide-eyed, "still you don't ask me why Jimmy didn't tell us! How stupid of you to take it all like this!"

"I've stayed too long, dear," I mumbled; "far too long. I've let you talk too much. Why, it's almost dark! To-morrow ——"

"No, now," she insisted with a little frown of displeasure. "I won't have you thinking meanly of Jimmy! It's too absurdly unfair! I'm ashamed of you, Ambo."

How she idealized him! How she had always idealized that normal, likable, essentially commonplace Irish boy—pouring out, wasting for him treasures of unswerving loyalty! It was damnable. But these things were the final mysteries of life, these instinctive bonds, yielding no clew to reason. One could only accept them, bitterly, with a curse or a groan withheld. Accept them—since one must.

"Well, dear," broke from me with a touch, almost, of impatience, "I confess I'm more interested in your health than in Jimmy's psychology! But I see you won't sleep a wink if you don't tell me!"

"I've never known you to be so horrid," she said faintly, all the weariness of body and soul returning upon her for a moment, till she fought it back. She did so, to my amazement, with an entirely unexpected chuckle, a true sharp, clear Birch Street gleam. "You don't deserve it, Ambo, but I'm going to make you smile a little, whether you feel like it or not. The reason Jimmy didn't tell us was because—after Jeanne-Marie got well—he spent weeks trying to persuade her that a marriage made exclusively for eternity oughtn't to be considered binding on this side! She had been entirely certain, he kept pointing out to her, that she ought not to marry him in this world, and she had only done so when she thought she was being taken from it." Susan chuckled again. "Can't you hear him, Ambo—and her? Jimmy feeling he had won something precious through an unfair advantage and so refusing his good fortune—or trying to; and practical Jeanne-Marie simply nonplused by his sudden lack of all common sense! Besides which, wasn't marriage a sacrament, and wasn't M'sieu Jee-mee a good Catholic? Was he going back on his faith or asking her to trifle with hers? And, anyway, they were married—that was the end of it! And of course, Ambo, it was—really. There! I knew, sooner or later you'd have to smile!"

"Did he give in gracefully?" I asked.

"Oh, things soon settled themselves, I imagine, when Jeanne-Marie was well enough to leave. Naturally, she had to as soon as she could. A soldier's wife can't live with him at the Front, you know—even to keep house for his esquadrille. She's living here now, in Paris, with a distant cousin, an old lady who runs a tiny shop near St.-Sulpice—sells pious pamphlets and pink-and-blue plaster Virgins—you know the sort of thing, Ambo. You must call on her at once in due form, dear. You must. I'm so eager to—when I can." She paused on a breath, then added slowly, her eyes closing, "The baby's expected in February—Jimmy's baby."

The look on her face had puzzled me as I left her; a look of quiet happiness, I must have said—if I had not known.

And my vision at Evian ——

I walked back toward the barrier down endless darkening avenues of suburban Neuilly, walked by instinct, though quite unconscious of direction, straight to the Porte Maillot, through the emotional nightmare of what my old childhood nurse, Maggie, used always to call a great state of mind.

XXXVI

AND that night—it was, I think, the thirtieth of January; or was it the thirty-first?—fifty or sixty boche aeroplanes came by detached squadrons over Paris and, for the first time since the Zeppelins of 1916, dropped a shower of bombs on the *agglomération Parisienne*. It was an entirely successful raid, destructive of property and life, for the German flyers in their powerful Gothas had caught Paris napping, impotently unprepared.

I had dined that evening with an old acquaintance, doing six months' time, as it amused him to put it, with the purchasing department of the Red Cross; a man who had long since turned the silver spoon he was born with to solid gold, and who could see no reason why, just because for the first time in his life he was giving something for nothing, he should deprive himself while doing so of the very high degree of creature comfort he had always enjoyed. He was stationed in Paris and it was his invariable custom to dine sumptuously at one of the more expensive restaurants.

This odd combination of service and sybaritism was not much to my liking, seeming to indicate a curious lack of imaginative sympathy with the victims of that triumphing misery he was enlisted to combat; nevertheless, I had properly appreciated my dinner. It is impossible not to appreciate a well-ordered dinner, *chez* Durant, where wartime limitations seemed never to weigh very heavily upon the delicately imagined good cheer. True, the cost of this good cheer was fantastic, and I shuddered a little as certain memories of refugee hordes at Evian intruded themselves between our golden mouthfuls; but the bouquet of a fine mellowed Burgundy was in my nostrils and soon proved anæsthetic to conscience. And Arthur Dalton is a good table companion; his easy flow of conversation quite as mellow often as the wine he knows so well how to select. But that night, though I did my poor best to emulate him, I fear he did not find an equal combination of the soothing and the stimulating in me.

Perhaps it was because I had bored him that I was destined before we parted to catch a rather startling glimpse of a new Arthur Dalton, new at least to me; a person wholly different from the amusing man of the world I had long but so casually known.

"Hunt," he said unexpectedly over a final glass of old yellow Chartreuse, a liqueur almost unobtainable at any price, "you've changed a lot since our days here together." We had seen something of each other once in Paris, years before, during a fine month of spring weather; it was the year after my wife had left me. "A lot," he repeated; "and I wish I could say for the better. You've aged man, before you're old. You've let life, somehow, get on your nerves, depress you. Suffered your genial spirits to rot, as the poet says. That's foolish. It's a kind of defeat—acceptance of defeat. Now my philosophy is always to stay on top—where the cream lies. Somebody's going to get it if you and I don't, eh? Well, I'm having my share. I don't want more and I'm damned if I'll take less. Anything wrong with that point of view, old man? I'd be willing to swear it used to be yours!"

"Never quite, I think," was my answer; "at least I never formulated it that way. I took things pretty easily as they came, Dalt, and didn't worry about reasons. I've never been a philosophical person, never lived up to any consciously organized plan. If I had any God in those days I suppose I named him 'Culture' or, worse still, 'Good Taste.' Not much of a god for these times," I added.

"Oh, I don't know," Dalton struck in; "I'm not so sure of that! I can't see that these times differ much from any others. There's a big war on, yes; but that's nothing new, is it? Looks to me pretty much like the same old planet, right now. Never was much of a planet for the great majority; never will be. A few of us get all the prizes—always have. Some of us partly deserve 'em, but most of us just happen to be lucky. I don't see anything that's likely to change that arrangement. Do you?"

"They've changed it in Russia," I suggested.

"Not a bit!" exclaimed Dalton. "Some different people have taken their big chance and climbed on top, that's all! I doubt if they stay there long; still, they may. That fellow Lenine, now; he has a kind of well-up-in-the-saddle feel to him. Quite a boy, I've no doubt, and if he sticks I congratulate him. It's the one really amusing place to be."

"You sound like a Junker war lord," I smiled. "Fortunately I know your bark, and I've never seen you bite."

"My dear Hunt," said Dalton, lowering his voice, "my teeth are perfectly sound, I assure you, and I've always used 'em when I had to, believe me. It's the law of life, as I read it. And just here between ourselves, eh—cutting out all the nonsense we've learned to babble—do you see any difference between a Junker war lord and a British Tory peer or an American capitalist? Any real difference, I mean? I'm all for licking Germany if we can, because if we don't she'll control the cream supply of the world. But I can't blame her for wanting to; and if she gets away with it—which the devil forbid!—we'll all mighty soon forget all the nasty things we've been saying about her and begin trying to lick her Prussian boots instead of her armies! That's so, and you know it! Why, the most sickening thing about this war, Hunt, isn't the loss of life—that may be a benefit to us all in the end; no sir, it's the moral buncombe it's let loose! Statesmen simply sweat the stuff day and night, drench us with it—till we smell like a church of Easter lilies. Come now! Doesn't it all, way down in your tummy somewhere, give you a good, honest, griping pain?"

I stared at him. Yes; the man was evidently in earnest; was even, I could see, expecting me to smile—however deprecatingly, for form's sake—and in the main agree with him, as became my situation in life; my class. I had supposed myself incapable of moral shock, but found now that the sincerity of his cynicism had unquestionably shocked me; I felt suddenly embarrassed, awkward, ashamed.

"Dalt," I finally managed, pretty lamely, "it's absurd, I admit; but if I try to answer you I shall lose my temper. I mean it. And as I've dined wonderfully at your expense, that's something I don't care to do."

It was his turn to stare at me.

"Do you mean to say, Hunt, you've been caught by all this sentimental parson's palaver? Brotherhood, peace on earth, all the rest of it?"

My nerves snapped. "If you insist on a straight answer," I said, "you can have it: I've no use for a world that spiritually starves its poets and saints, and physically fattens its hyenas and hogs! And if that isn't sentimental enough for you I can go farther!"

"Oh, that'll do," he laughed, uncomfortably however. "I'm always forgetting you're a scribbler, of sorts. You scribblers are all alike emotionally diseased. If you'd only stick to your real job of amusing the rest of us it wouldn't matter. It's when you try to reform us that I draw the line; have to. I can't afford to grow brainsick—abnormal. Well," he added, pushing back his chair, "come along anyway! We've just time to get over to the Casino and have a look at the only Gaby. Been there? It's a cheap show, after Broadway, but it does well enough to pass the time."

From this unalluring suggestion I begged off, justly pleading a hard day of work ahead. "And if you don't mind, Dalt, I'll walk home."

"Oh, all right," he agreed; "I'll walk along with you if you'll take it easy. I'm not much for exercise, you know. But it's a perfect night."

I had hoped ardently to be rid of him, but I managed to accept his company with apparent good grace, and we strolled down the Avenue Victor Hugo toward the Triumphal Arch, bathed now in clearest moonlight, standing forth to all Paris as a cruelly ironic symbol of Hope, never relinquished, but endlessly deferred. Turning there, the Champs-Elysées, all but deserted at that hour in wartime Paris, stretched on before us down a gentle slope, half dusky, half glimmering, and wholly silent except for our lonesome-sounding footfalls and the distant faint plopping of a lame cab horse's stumbling heels.

"Not much like the old town we knew once, eh, Hunt?" asked Dalton.

But conversation soon faded out between us as we made our way through etched mysteries of black and silver under thick-set leafless branches. An occasional light beckoned us from far ahead down our pavement vista, for Paris had not yet fully become that city—not of dreadful but of majestic and beautiful night we were later to know, and to love with so changed and grave a passion.

It was just after we had crossed the Rond-Point that the first seven or eight bombs, in swift, even succession, shatteringly fell. They were not near enough to us to do more than root us to the spot with amazement.

"What the hell!" muttered Dalton, holding my eyes.

Then, very far off, a curious thin wailing noise began, increasing rapidly, rising to an eerie scream which doubled and redoubled in volume as it was taken up in other quarters and came to us in intricately rhythmic waves.

"Sirens," said Dalton. "The *pompiers* are out. I guess they've come, damn them, eh?"

"Seems so," I answered. "Yes; there go the lights. I must get to Neuilly at once—a sick friend. So long, old man."

"Hold on!" he called after me. "Don't be an ass."

To my impatient annoyance, for they impeded my progress, knots of people had sprung everywhere from the darkness and were standing now in open spots, in the full moonlight, murmuring together, as they stared with backward-craned necks up into the spotless sky.

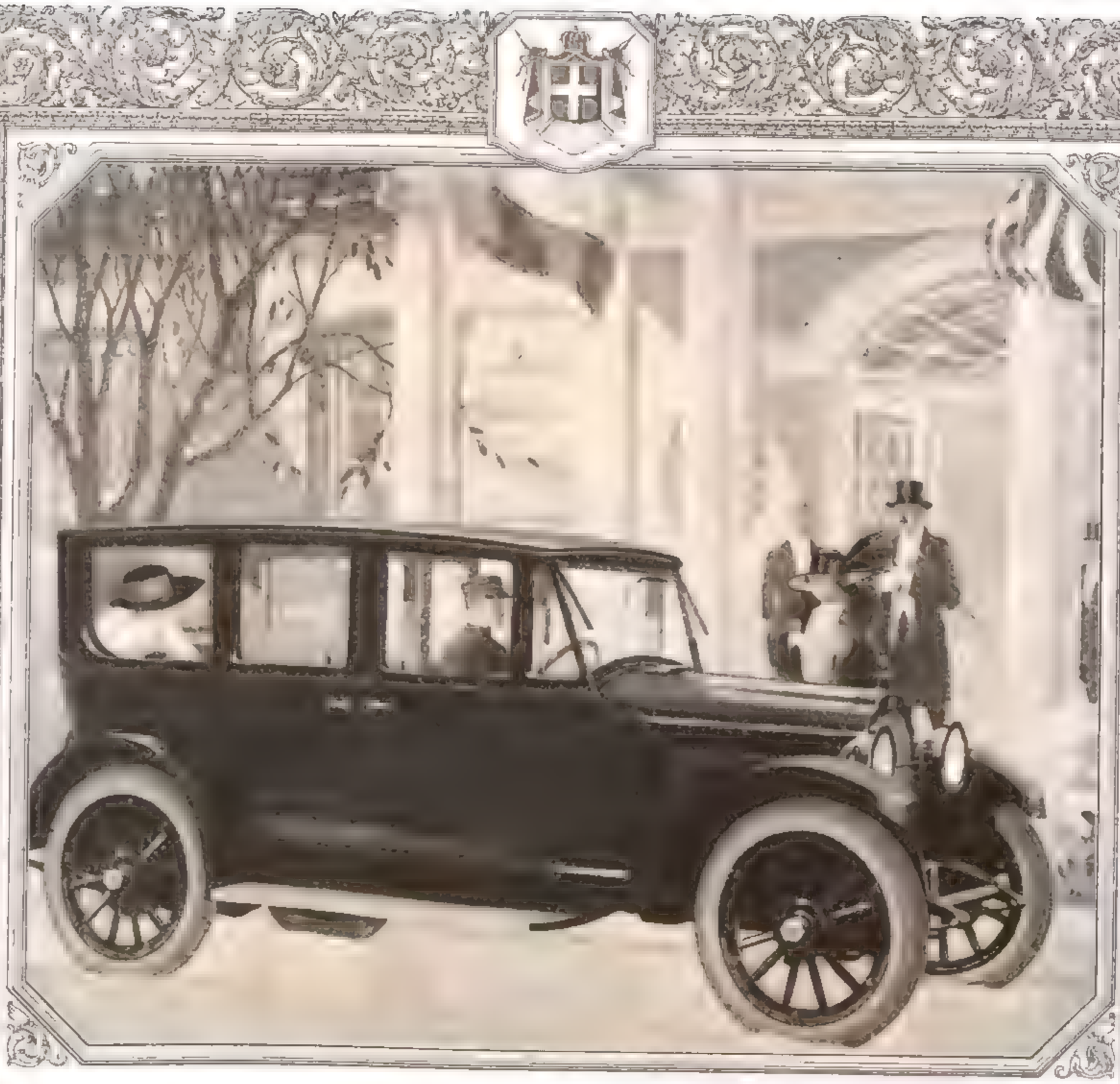
So, with crashing, sinister, unresolved chords, began the Straussian overture to the great boche symphony, Gott Strafe Paris, played to its impotent conclusion throughout those bitter spring months of the year of our wonderment, 1918! Ninety-one bombs were dropped that night within the old fortifications; more than two hundred were showered on the *banlieus*. No subsequent raid was to prove equally destructive of property or life, and it was disturbingly evident that, for the time being at least, the shadowy air lanes to Paris lay broadly open to the foe.

Yet, for some reason unexplained, the Gothas did not immediately or soon return. Followed a hush of rather more than a month, during which Paris worked breathlessly to improve its air defenses and protect its more precious monuments. Comically ugly little sausage balloons—gorged caterpillars, they seemed, raw yellow with pale green articulations and loathsome floppy appendages—were moored in the squares and public gardens; mountains of sand bags were heaped about the Triumphal Arch and before the portals of Notre Dame; spies were hunted out, proclamations issued, the entrance ways to deep cellars were placarded; and Night, that long-exiled princess, came back to us royally in full mourning robes. In her honor all windows were doubly curtained, all street lamps extinguished or dimmed with paint to a heavy blue. We invoked the august amplitude of darkness and would gladly have banished the trivial prying moon, seeing her at last in true colors for the sinister corpse light of heaven which she is. No one, I think, was deceived by this lengthening interval of calm. Why the Gothas did not at once return, what restrained them from following up their easy triumph we could not guess; but we knew they would come again, would come many times.

Meanwhile, for most of us who dwelt there, life went on as before, busily enough; but for one of us—as for how many another—this no longer mattered.

Brave little Jeanne-Marie Valérie Josephine Aulard, on that night of anguish, died in giving premature birth to Jimmy's son, James Aulard Kane—as Susan later named him; for this wizened, unready morsel of man's flesh, in spite of every disadvantage attending his début and first motherless weeks on earth, clung with the characteristic tenacity of his parents to his one obvious line of duty, which was merely to keep alive in despite of fortune; a duty he somehow finally accomplished to his own entire satisfaction and to the blessed relief of Susan and of me. But I shall never

(Continued on Page 135)



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SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR
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"lawzee!"

mekkin' pancakes is th' mos' impawtines thing ah does, than which dere aint no better, effen ah does say so! Jes mah flour and water, on de griddle and — whuf! dey's done honey. *Grab em!*

"I'se in town, Honey!"

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(Continued from Page 132)

forget my first pitiful introduction to James Aulard Kane.

After leaving Dalton that night I had finally made my way to Susan's hospital on foot, which I had soon found to be the one practicable means of locomotion. It was a long walk, and it brought me in due course into the Avenue de la Grande Armée—just in time to receive the full stampeding effect of the three bombs which fell there, the nearest of them not four hundred yards distant from me. I am by no means instinctively intrepid; quite the contrary; I shy like a skittish horse in the presence of danger, and my first authentic impulse is always to cut and run. On this occasion, by the time I had mastered this impulse, I had placed a good six hundred yards between me and that ill-fated building whose stone-faced upper floors had been riven and hurled down to the broad avenue below. Then, shamefacedly enough, I turned and forced myself back toward that smoking ruin.

Our American ambulances from Neuilly were already arriving—the *pompiers* came later—and the police lines were being drawn. A civilian spectator, even though a captain of the Red Cross, could render no real assistance; so much, after certain futile efforts on my part, was made clear to me, profanely, in a Middle Western accent, by a young stretcher bearer whose course I had clumsily impeded. Clouds of lung-choking dust, milk white as the moon's full rays played upon them, rolled over us—the subdued crowd that gathered slowly, oblivious of further danger. The air was full of whispered rumor; throughout Paris hundreds—thousands, said some—had already died. We were keyed to believe the wildest exaggerations, to accept the worst that excited imaginations could invent for us. Yet there was no panic; no one gave way to hysterical outcry; and the fall of more distant bombs brought only a deep common groan, compounded of growling imprecations—a groan truly of defiance and loathing, into which neither fear nor pity for the victims of this frightfulness could find room to enter. I cursed with the rest, instinctively, from the pit of my stomach, and turned raging away; my whole being ached, was congested with rage. For the first time in my life I then felt in its full hell-born fury that passion so often named, but so seldom experienced by civilized—or what we call civilized—man: the passion of hate.

By the time I had reached the hospital the raid was over; the air was droning from the bronze vibrations of hundreds of bells, all the church bells of Paris, full throated, calling forth their immediate surface messages of cheer, their deeper message of courage and constancy.

Though it was very late I found a silent group of four nurses standing in the heavily shadowed street before the shut doors of this small civilian hospital; they were still staring up fixedly at the silver-bright sky. They proved to be day nurses off duty, and among them was Mademoiselle Annette. She greeted me now as an old friend, and brushing rules and regulations aside like a true Frenchwoman took me at once to Susan. I found that Susan had got from bed and was seated at her window, which looked out across the winter-bare hospital garden.

"Ambo," she exclaimed impatiently, "why did you come here! I'm so used to all this. But Jeanne-Marie, Ambo—in her condition! I've been hoping so you would think of her—go to her!"

Then what fatuous devil—was it my old familiar demon?—put it into my heart to say: "So you haven't been worrying, dear, about me?"

"About you!" she cried. "No! What does it matter about you—or me! This generation's done for, Ambo. Only the children count now—the children. We must save them—all of them—somehow. It's up to them—to Jimmy's son with the rest! They've got to wipe us out, clear the slate of us and all our insanities! They've got to pass over the wreck of us and rebuild a happy, intelligible world!"

She rose, seized my arm, and summoning all her strength thrust me from her toward the door.

XXXVII

IT WAS well on toward three o'clock in the morning when at last I stood before the black, close-shuttered shop front of the Widow Guyot. I was desperately weary, having of necessity walked all the way. It was, as I had fully realized while almost stumbling along toward my goal, a crazy errand. I should find a dark, silent house, and I should then stumble back through dark, silent streets to my dark, silent hotel. The shop of the Widow Guyot was a very little shop on a very narrow street, a mere slit between high, ancient buildings—a slit filled now with the dense river mist that shrouds from the experience of Parisians all the renewing wonders of clear-eyed dawn. The moon had set or else hung too veiled and low for this pestilent alley; in spite of a thick military overcoat I shivered with cold; the flat, sour smell of ill-flushed gutters caught at my throat. To this abomination of desolation I had with no little difficulty found my way. Thank God I could turn now, with a good conscience, and fumble back to the warm oblivion of bed!

I paused a moment, however, to draw up the collar of my overcoat to my ears and fasten it securely; and doing so I was aware of the scrape and clink of metal on metal; then the shop door right before me was shaken and jarred open from within. The fluttering rays of a candle, tremulously held, surprised and for an instant blinded me; faintly luminous green and red balloons wheeled swiftly in contracting circles, then coalesced to a flickering point of light. The candle was held by an old stout woman with a loose-jowled, bruised-looking face; a face somehow sensual and hard in spite of its bloated antiquity. A shrunken thin-bearded man in a long black coat stood beside her, holding a black hand bag. The two were conversing in tones deliberately muted, but broke off and stared outward as the candlelight discovered me in the narrow street.

"Ah! M'sieu, one sees, is American; he has perhaps lost his way?" piped the thin-bearded man rather sharply. He, too, was old.

"But no," I replied; "I am here precisely on behalf of my friend, Lieutenant Kane."

At this name the old woman began, only to check, a half-startled squawk, lifting her candle as she did so and peering more intently at me. "At this hour, m'sieu?" she demanded huskily. "What could bring you at such an hour?"

"Do I address the Widow Guyot?" I was quick to respond.

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"Then permit me to explain." As briefly as possible I told her who I was; that I had but very recently learned of the presence of Jimmy's wife in Paris, with a relative—learned that she was awaiting the birth of her first child at the house of this excellent woman. "It was my intention to call soon, madame, in any case, and make myself known—feeling there might prove to be many little services a friend would be only too happy to render. But after this terrible raid I found it impossible to retire with an easy mind—at least, until I had assured myself that all was well with you here."

On this there came a pause, and the thin-bearded man cleared his throat diligently several times.

"The truth is, m'sieu," he finally hazarded, "that your apprehension was only too just. You arrive at a house of mourning, m'sieu. You arrive, as I did, alas—too late! This poor Madame Kane, you would inquire for, is dead. The child, on the contrary, still lives."

"Enter, m'sieu," said the Widow Guyot. "We can discuss these things more commodiously within. Doubtless, otherwise, we shall receive attentions from the police; they are nervous to-night. Naturally." She seemed, I thought—in the utter blank depression which had seized me with the doctor's words—offensively calm. Whether, had a doctor been more quickly obtainable, or a more skillful practitioner at last obtained, little Jeanne-Marie's life might have been spared, I am unable to say. I feel certain, however, that the Widow Guyot—under difficult, not to say terrifying circumstances—had kept a cool head, done her best. I exonerate her from all blame. But I add this: Never in my life have I met elsewhere a woman who seemed to me to possess such cold-blooded possibilities for evil. Yet, so far as I know to this hour, her life has always been and now continues industrious and thrifty; harmless before the law. I have absolutely "nothing on her"—nothing but an impression I shall never be rid of, which even now returns to chill me in nights of insomnia: A sense of having met in life one woman whose eyes may now and then have watered from dust or wind, but could never under any circumstances conceivably human have known tears. Other women, too many of them, have bored or exasperated me with maudlin or trivial tears; but never before or since have I met a woman who could not weep. It is a fixed idea with me that the Widow Guyot could not, and the idea haunts and troubles me strangely—though why it should I am too casual a psychologist even to guess.

At her heels I crossed a small cluttered shop, following the tremulous flame of the candle through a fantastic shadow dance; Doctor Pollain—who had given me his name with the deprecating cough of one who knows himself either unpleasantly notorious or hopelessly obscure—shuffled behind us. Madame Guyot opened an inner door. Light from the room beyond tempered a little the vagueness about me and ghostily revealed a huddle of ecclesiastical trumpery—rows of thin pale-yellow tapers, small crucifixes of plaster or base metal gilded, a stand of picture post cards, a table littered with lesser gimcracks. The direct rays from Madame Guyot's candle, as she turned a moment in the doorway, wanly illuminated the blue-coiffed, vapid face of a bisque Virgin, gave for that instant a half flicker, as of just-stirring life, to her mannered, meaningless smile.

The room beyond proved to be a good-sized bedroom, its one window muffled by heavy-stuff curtains of a dull magenta red. A choking composite odor—I detected chloroform and the sick pungency of viburnum—emerged from it. I plunged to enter, and for a second instinctively held my breath. On the great walnut double bed lay a still figure covered with a sheet; the proper candles twinkled at head and foot. But it is needless to describe these things.

It was in a smaller room beyond, a combined living and dining room, stodgily ugly, but comfortable enough as well, that I first made the acquaintance of James Aulard Kane. What I saw was a great roll of blankets in a deep boxlike cradle, and in the depths of a deeply dented feather pillow a tiny wrinkled monkey face, a miniature grotesque. The small knife slit that served him for mouth opened and shut slowly and continuously, as if feebly gasping for difficult breath. He gave not even one faint encouraging cry. I turned to Doctor Pollain, shaking my head.

"But no!" he exclaimed. "For an eight-month child, look you—he has vigor! I am sure he will live."

"Then, for his father's sake," I replied, "we must take no chances! Isn't there a maternity hospital in the neighborhood where he can receive the close attention that you, madame, at your age, with your responsibilities, ought not to be expected to give?

"I make myself fully responsible for any and all charges involved. Understand me, madame, and you, M. le Medecin, I insist that no stone shall be left unturned!"

These words produced at once a grateful change in the atmosphere; hitherto, I had felt, ever so slightly hostile. It is unnecessary to follow our further negotiations to their entirely amicable close. Half an hour later I left the shop of the Widow Guyot, satisfied that Doctor Pollain would assist her to make all needful arrangements, and promising to get into communication as soon as it could be managed with M. Jee-mee. I should return, I told them, certainly, before noon.

But for Jimmy's sake, on leaving, I raised a corner of the sheet covering the face of Jeanne-Marie. It was a peaceful face. If she had lately suffered, death now had quietly smoothed from her all but a lasting restfulness.

A good little woman, I mused, of the best type provincial France offers; sensible, yet ardent; practical, yet kind. As I looked down at her the meaningless smile of the bisque image in the shop without returned to me, smiled for a half second before me. The symbols men made—and sold—commercial symbols!

"One thing troubles me," said the Widow Guyot at my elbow in her husky, passionless voice: "She did not receive the last rites, m'sieu. When the bad turn came, it was not possible for us to leave her. You will understand that. There was a new life, was there not? Assuredly, though, I am troubled; I regret that this should have happened to me. It will be a great cause for scandal, m'sieu—when you consider my connections—the nature of my little affairs. But that will pass, one explains these things with a certain success, and my age favors me. I bear, God be praised, a good name; and in the proper quarters, m'sieu. But—the poor little one! Observe, m'sieu, that she clasps a crucifix on her breast. Be so good as to remember that I placed it in her hands an instant before she died."

XXXVIII

IT IS an artistic fault in real life that it deals so frequently in coincidence, to the casting of suspicion upon those who report it veraciously. On the very night that Jeanne-Marie died, probably within the very hour that she died, Jimmy was shot down while taking part in a bombing expedition; the plane he was conducting was seen, by crews of the two other bombing planes in the formation, to burst into flames after a direct hit from an antiaircraft battery which had been firing persistently, though necessarily at haphazard, up toward the bumble-bee hum of French motors—so betrayingly unlike the irregular guttural growl of the German machines.

Throughout the following morning I had been attempting, with the indispensable aid of my old friend, Colonel ——, of the French war office, to get into telegraphic communication with the commander of Jimmy's esquadrille; but it was noon, or very nearly, before this unexpected word came to us. And when it came I found myself unable to believe it.

In the very spirit of Assessor Brack, "Things don't happen like that!" I kept insisting. "It's too improbable. I must wait for further verification. We shall see, colonel, there's been an error in names, some mistake." I was stubborn about it. Simply, for Susan's sake I could not admit the possibility that Jimmy was dead.

During the midday pause I hurriedly made my way to the Widow Guyot's little shop. The baby had already been taken to the Hospice de la Maternité—the old Convent of Port Royal, near the cemetery of Montparnasse. He had stood the trip well, Madame Guyot assured me, and would undoubtedly win through to a ripe old age. A priest was present. I told Madame Guyot to arrange with him for a proper funeral and interment for Jeanne-Marie, and was at once informed that the skilled assistants of a local director of *pompes funèbres* were even then at work embalming her mortal remains.

"So much, at least, m'sieu," said Madame Guyot, "I knew her husband would desire, and I relied on your suggestion that no expense need be spared. I have stipulated for a funeral of the first class"—a specific thing in France; so many carriages with black horses, so many plumes of such a quality, and so on—"it only remains to acquire a site for the poor little one's grave. This, too, M'sieu le Capitaine, you may safely leave to my discretion, but we must together fix on a day and hour for the ceremonies. Is it yet known when this poor Lieutenant Kane will arrive in Paris?"

No, it was not yet known; I should be able to inform her, I hazarded, before nightfall, and I thanked her for the pains she was taking, and again assured her that the financial question was of no importance. As I said this the priest, a dry wisp of manhood, softly drew nearer and slightly moistened his thin-set lips; but he did not speak. Possibly Madame Guyot spoke for him.

"At such times, m'sieu," she replied, "one does what one can. But naturally—that is understood. One is not an only relative for nothing, m'sieu. The heart speaks. True, I have hitherto been put to certain expenses for which the poor little one had promised to reimburse me."

I hastened to assure her that she had only to present this account to me in full, and we parted with mutual, though secret contempt, and with every sanctified expression of esteem. Then I returned to the cabinet of my friend, Colonel ——.

By three o'clock in the afternoon a brief telegram from Jimmy's commander was brought to us; it removed every possibility of doubt even from my obdurate mind. Jimmy had gone west once for all, and this time "west" was not even a geographical expression. I sat silent for perhaps five slowly passing minutes in the presence of Colonel ——, until I was aware of a somewhat amazed scrutiny from tired, heavily pouched blue eyes.

"You feel this deeply," he observed, "and I—I feel nothing, except a vague sympathy for you, *mon ami*. Accept, without phrases, I beg you, all that a sad old man has left to give."

(Continued on Page 138)

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OVERALLS

(Continued from Page 135)

I rose, thanked him warmly for the trouble he had taken on my behalf, and left him to his endless disheartening labors. France was in danger; he knew that France was in danger. What to him in those days was one young life more or less? He himself had lost three sons in the war.

But how was I to let fall this one blow more, this heaviest blow of all, upon Susan? It was that which had held me silent in my chair, inhibiting all will to rise and begin the next needful step. Yes, it was that; I was thinking of Susan, not of Jimmy. For me in those days, I fear, the world consisted of Susan, and of certain negligible phantoms—the remainder of the human race. It is not an *état d'ame* that Susan admires or that I much admire; but in those days it was certainly mine. And this is the worst of a lonely passion: The more one loves in secret, without fulfillment—and however unselfishly—the more one excludes. Life contracts to a vivid hypnotizing point; all else is shadow. In the name of our common humanity there is a good deal to be said for those who are fickle or frankly pagan, who love more lightly, and more easily forget. But enough of all this! Phil with his steady wisdom might philosophize it to some purpose; not I.

In my uncertainty of mind, then, the first step that I took was an absurdly false one. There was just one thing for me to do, and I did not do it. I should have gone straight to Susan and told her about Jimmy and Jeanne-Marie; above all, about James Aulard Kane. Even if Susan, as I then supposed, loved Jimmy and had always loved him, knowing her as I did, loving her as I did, I should have felt instinctively that this was the one wise and kind, the one possible thing to do. Yet a sudden weakness born of innate cowardice betrayed me.

I went instead direct to the Hotel Crillon and sent up my card to Miss Leslie; it struck me as fortunate that I found her just returned to her rooms from a visit to Susan. It was really a calamity. I had seen her several times there, at the hospital; I liked her; and I knew that Susan had now no more devoted friend. She received me cordially, and I at once laid all the facts before her and—with an entirely sincere humbleness—asked her advice. But God in the infinite variety of His creations had never intended Mona Leslie to shine by reason of insight or common sense; she had other qualities! And this, too, I should easily have discerned. Why I did not can only be explained by a sort of prostration of all my faculties, which had come upon me with the events of the night and morning just past. I was inert, body and soul; I could not think; I felt like a child in the sweep of dark forces it cannot struggle against and does not understand; in effect, I was for the time being a stricken, credulous child. Perhaps no grown man not definitely insane has ever touched a lower stratum of spiritual debility than I then sank to—resting there, grateful, fatuously content, as if on firm ground. In short, I was a plain and self-damned fool.

It seemed to me, I remember, during our hour's talk together, that Miss Leslie was one of the two or three wisest, most understanding and sympathetic persons I had ever met. Sympathetic she genuinely was; very gracious and interestingly melancholy, in her Belgian nurse's costume, with King Albert's decoration pinned to her breast. It seemed to me that she divined my thoughts before I uttered them; as perhaps she did—for to call them thoughts is to dignify vague sensations with a misleading name. Miss Leslie had had always, I am now aware, an instinctive response for vague sensations; she had always vibrated to them like a harp, thus surrounding herself with an odd, whispering music. A strange woman, not without nobility and force when the appropriate vague sensations played upon her. The sufferings of war had already wrung from her a wild æolian masterpiece more moving perhaps than a consciously ordered symphony. And Susan, though the real Susan would always elude her, was one of her passions! Susan played on us both that day, though the mawkish music we made would have disgusted her—did disgust her in its final effects, as it has finally disgusted me.

What these effects were can be briefly told, but not briefly enough to comfort me. There is no second page of this record I should be so happy not to write.

Miss Leslie had long suspected, she told me, that Susan—like Viola's hypothetical sister—was pining in thought for a secret unkind lover, and she at once accepted as a certainty my suggestion that so gallant a young aviator as Jimmy had been what glorious Jane always calls her "object."

"This must be kept from her, Mr. Hunt, at all costs for the next few weeks, I mean! She's simply not strong enough yet, not poised enough to bear it—with all the rest. It would be cruelty to tell her now, and might prove murderous. Oh, believe me, Mr. Hunt—I know!"

Her cocksure intensity could not fail to impress me in my present state of deadness; I listened as if to oracles. Then we conspired together.

"My lease of the villa at Mentone runs on till May," said Miss Leslie. "Susan's physically able for the journey now, I think; we must take that risk anyway. I'll get the doctors to order her down there with me at once. She needs the change, the peace; above all—the beauty of it. She's starved for beauty, poor soul! And there's the possibility of further raids too; she mustn't in her condition be exposed to that. When she's stronger, Mr. Hunt—after she's had a few happy weeks—then I'll tell her everything in my own way. Women can do these things, you know; they have an instinct for the right moment, the right words."

"You are proving that now," I said. Every word she had spoken was balm to me. Everything could be put off—put off. To put things off indefinitely, hide them out of sight, dodge them somehow! Why, she was voicing the one weary cry of my soul!

And so within three days this supreme folly was accomplished. Mona Leslie and I stole across the river in secret to little Jeanne-Marie's meagerly attended "funeral of the first class," and with Madame Guyot and Doctor Pollain and a few casual neighbors we followed her coffin from the vast drafty dreariness of St.-Sulpice to the wintry, crowded alleys of the cemetery of Montparnasse. That very evening Susan left with Miss Leslie for Mentone.

She was glad enough to go, she said, for a week or two. "But Ambo—what shall I say to Jimmy? Will he ever forgive me for not having been able to make friends first with Jeanne-Marie? And it's all your fault, dear; you must tell him that—say you've been downright cross with me about it. I wish now I hadn't listened to you; I feel perfectly well to-night; I've no business to be starting on a holiday. I shan't stay long, Ambo. I'll be back in Paris before little Jimmy arrives; I promise you that. And here's a letter to post, dear; I've said so in it to Jeanne-Marie."

A dark train drew out of a dark station. With it went Hope, the shadow, silently, from my heart.

The days passed. Mentone, Miss Leslie wrote me, was doing everything for Susan that we had desired. "But she is determined," she added, "to be back in Paris by the last week of February—when the baby was expected. She begins to be bothered that you write so scrappily and vaguely and that she hears nothing directly from Lieutenant Kane or Jeanne-Marie. I shall have to tell her soon now, in any case. It seems more difficult as I come nearer to it, but I still feel sure we have done the right thing. I'm certain now that Susan will be able to face and bear it. Already she's full of plans for the future—wonderful! Possibly if an opportunity offers I shall tell her to-night."

The next afternoon my telephone rang. When I answered it Susan spoke to me. "Ambo," she said, "I'm at the France-et-Choiseul. Please come over at once, no matter how busy you are. You owe that much to me, I think." She had hung up the receiver before I could stammer a reply.

But nothing more was necessary. I went to her as a criminal goes to confession, knowing at last how hideously in her eyes I had sinned

"You meant well, Ambo," she said with a gentleness that yielded nothing "you and Mona. Meaning well's what I feel now I can never quite forgive you. You, Ambo. Poor Mona doesn't count in this. But you—I thought I was safe with you. No matter."

Later she said: "I've seen Madame Guyot—a horrible woman; and the baby. He's a nice baby. You did just right about him, Ambo. Thank you for that." She mused a moment. "I suppose it's absurd to think he looks like Jimmy? But to me he does. I'm going to adopt him, Ambo. You see"—her smile was wistful—"I am going to have a baby of my own, after all."

"I'd thought of adopting him myself," I babbled; "but of course ——"

"Of course," said Susan.

In so many subtle ways she had made it clear to me. I had disappointed her, revealed a blindness, a weakness she would never be able to forget. In my hotel room that night I faced it out and accepted my punishment as just. Just—but terrible. There is nothing in life so terrible as to know oneself utterly and finally, alone.

XXXIX

ON THE night of the eighth of March the Gothas, so long expected, returned; to be met this time by a persistent barrage fire from massed 75's, which proved, however, little more than the good beginnings of a really competent defense. Many bombs fell within the fortifications, and we who dwelt there needed no other proof that the problem of the defense of Paris against air raids had not yet successfully been solved.

There were thickening rumors, too, of an imminent German attack in force. Things were not going well at the Front. It was common gossip that there was division among the Allies; the British and French commands were pulling at cross purposes; Italy seemed impotent, Russia had collapsed, the Americans were unknown factors and slow to arrive. It began to seem possible—to the disaffected or naturally pessimistic, more than possible—that the Prussian mountebank might make good his anachronistic boast to wear down and conquer the world.

Even the weather seemed to fight for his pinchbeck empire; it was continuously dry, and for the season in Northern France extraordinarily clear. By its painful contrast with our common anxieties the unseasonable beauty of those March days and nights weighted as if with lead the sense of threat, of impending calamity, that pressed upon us and chilled us and made desperate our hearts.

I saw Susan daily. She did not avoid me and was never unkind, but I felt that she took little comfort or pleasure from my society. Mona Leslie, rather huffed than chastened, I fear, by Susan's quiet aloofness, had returned to her duties at Dunkirk. I was glad to have her go, to be rid of the embarrassment of her explanations and counsel—to be rid, above all, of the pointedly sympathetic and pitying pressure of her hand. Except for a slight limp Susan now got about freely and was busily engaged with our Red Cross directors on plans for a nursing home for the children of repatriated refugees—a home where these little victims of frightfulness and malnutrition could be built up again into happy soundness of body and mind, into the vigorous life stuff needed for the future of France and of the world. A too medieval château at ——, in Provence, had been offered, and plans for its immediate alteration and modernization were being drawn.

The whole thing, from the first, had been Susan's idea, and she was to have charge of it all—once the required plant was ready—as became its creator. But indeed, in the interim, she had simply taken charge of our Red Cross architects and buyers and builders and engineers, and was sweeping things forward with a tactful but exceedingly high hand. She meant that the interim should be, if possible, brief.

"I want results," said Susan; "we can discuss the rules we've broken afterward. The children are fading out now, and some of them will be dead or hopelessly withered before we can aid them. Let's get some kind of home and get it running; with a couple of good doctors, an orthopedist, a dental expert and the right nurses—and I'll pick them, please!—we can make out somehow most anywhere."

There was no standing against her. It was presently plain to all of us in the Paris headquarters that this nursing home was to be put through in record time, Germans or no Germans, and no matter who fell by the wayside! And in spite of my natural anxiety I was soon convinced that whoever fell it would not be Susan—not at least till the clear flame of her spirit had burned out the oil of her energy to its last granted drop.

In the rare intervals of these labors she was arranging for the legal adoption of James Aulard Kane. No step of this kind is easily arranged in bureaucratic France. It is a difficult land to be legally born in or married in or to die in—if one wishes to do these things, at least, with a certain decency, *en règle*.

Susan complained to me of this, wittily scornful, as we left the Red Cross headquarters together on the evening of March eleventh, and started toward her hotel down the dusky colonnade of the Rue de Rivoli.

"I'm worn out with them all!" she exclaimed. "All I want is to take care of Jimmy's baby, and you'd think I was plotting to upset the government. I shall, too, if some of these French officials don't presently exhibit more common sense. It ought to be upset—and simplified. Oh, I wish I lived in a woman's republic, Ambo! Things would happen there, even if they were wrong! No woman has patience enough to be bureaucratic."

"True," I chimed; "and you're right about men, all round. We're hopeless incompetents at statecraft and such things, at running a reasonable world—but we can cook! And what you need for a change from all this is a good dinner—a real dinner! It will renew your faith in the eternal masculine—and we haven't had a bat, Susan, or talked nonsense, for years and years. Come on, dear! Let's have a perfectly shameless but to-night and damn the consequences! What do you say?"

"I say—damn the consequences, Ambo! Let's! Why, I'd forgotten there was such a thing as a bat left in the world!"

"But there is! Look—there's even a taxi to begin on!"

I hailed it; I even secured it; and we were presently clanking and grinding on our way—in what must have been an authentic relic from the First Battle of the Marne—toward the one restaurant in Paris. Unto each man, native or alien, who knows his Paris, God grants but one, though it is never the same. Well, I make no secret about it; my passion is deep and openly proclaimed. For me the one restaurant in Paris is Lapérouse; I am long past discussing the claims of rivals. It is—simply and finally—Lapérouse.

We descended before an ancient dingy building on the Quai des Grands-Augustins, passed through a cramped doorway into a tiny ill-lit foyer, climbed a steep narrow stairs, and were presently installed in a corner of the small corner dining room, with our backs neighborly against the wall. In this room there happened that night to be but one other diner, a small, bloated, bullet-headed civilian with prominent staring eyes, a man of uncertain age, but nearing fifty at a guess. We paid little attention to him at first, though it soon became evident to us that he was enjoying a Pantagruelian banquet in lonely state, deliberately gorging himself with the richest and most incongruously varied food. *Comme boissons*, he had always before him two bottles, one of Château Yquem and one of Fine Champagne, and he alternated gulps of thick yellow sweetness with drams of neat brandy. Neither seemed to produce upon him any perceptible effect, though he emitted from time to time moist, porcine snufflings of fleshly satisfaction. Rather a disgusting little man, we decided.

To the ordering of our own dinner I gave a finicky care which greatly amused Susan, for whom food, I regret to say, has always remained an indifferent matter; it is the one æsthetic flaw in her otherwise so delicately organized being. In spite of every effort on my part to educate her palate, five or six nibbles at almost anything edible remains her idea of a banquet—provided the incidental talk prove sufficiently companionable or stimulating.

That night, however, do what we would, our talk together was neither precisely the one nor the other. We both, rather desperately, I think, made a supreme effort to approximate the free affectionate chatter of old days; but such things never come of premeditation, and there were ghosts at the table with us. It would not work.

"Oh, what's the use, Ambo!" Susan finally exclaimed with a weary sigh. "We can't do it this way! Sister's here, and Jeanne-Marie—as close to me as if I had seen her and known her always; and maybe Phil. But Jimmy's here most of all. There's no use pretending we're forgetting when we're not. You and I aren't built for forgetting, Ambo. We'll never forget."

"No, dear; we'll never forget."

"Let's remember, then," said Susan, "remember all we can."

For a long hour thereafter we rather mused together than conversed. Constraint slipped from us, as those we had

(Concluded on Page 141)

Marshal Foch won by Velvet Joe's methods

For years Velvet Joe has been giving advice like this:

Keepin' cool under fire shows a good soldier—an' a good tobacco. That's Velvet.

He who hesitates is lost. But he who deliberates over a smoke of Velvet ain't—not by a long shot.

When yo're facin' a stiff problem, bite hard on yo' pipe stem an' go at it again.

THE PIPE OF FOCH.

"I did it by smoking my pipe," says Marshal FOCH, answering his own question, "How, then, did I win the war?" The figurative expression will become historic. Ages hence men will quote it when talking about the great war and discussing the strategy of the savior of civilization. In the dark hours of his troubles the Marshal of France smoked many pipes to see his way clear to victory. He never lost his head, even when the Germans were knocking at the door of Amiens with their high-power shells; when the British had their backs against the wall at Kemmel Hill and only the last reserve could save the Hasbrouck-Ypres railway; and when the Americans and Moroccans at Chateau-Thierry barred the road to Paris.

Explaining his figure of speech, FOCH says that he did not get excited, he reduced everything to its essentials, he avoided useless emotions, he concentrated all his strength upon his job. It does not tell the whole story. Other Generals have been calm, philosophic, determined, energetic, and they have willed victory, but it has not come. The great Frenchman had a genius for action at the right time, and in the emergency his courage was tremendous—there is no other word for it. More than once during the conflict he snatched success from the black jaws of defeat. At the most critical stage of the first battle of the Marne, when his corps was giving way, he reinforced a part of the line, and by a furious and well-timed assault turned the tide of battle. It was the same on the Yser a month later, when the enemy threatened to break through to the Channel ports. The Marshal smoked another pipe, and the enemy was thrown back and had to dig in. A very thin line of skilled and stubborn resistance saved the allied armies from disaster on that occasion. FERDINAND FOCH was not in supreme command at the time, but he had charge of the Yser front.

After the conference at Beauvais on April 3, 1918, when the fortunes of the Allies, including the Americans ready for battle, were committed to Marshal FOCH, he seems to have been busy until July

Reprinted from New York Times, Jan. 4th

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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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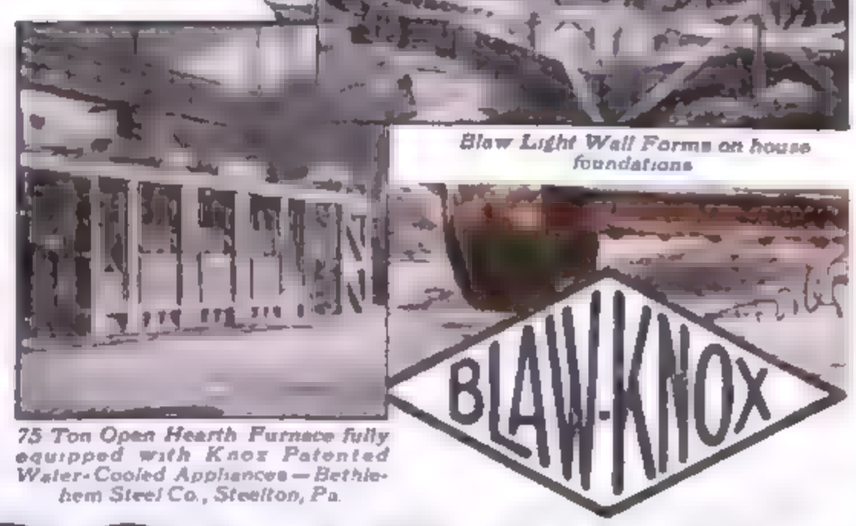

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BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 138)

best loved came back to us, warm and near and living in our thoughts of them. No taint of false sentiment, of sorrow willfully indulged, marred these memories. Trying to be happy we had failed; now, strangely, we came near to joy.

"We haven't lost them!" exclaimed Susan. "Not any part of them; we never can."

"They haven't lost us, then?"

"No"—she pondered it—"they haven't lost us."

"You mean it, Susan—literally? You believe they still live—out there?"

"And you?"

"I don't know."

"Poor Ambo," murmured Susan; then, with a quick dancing gleam: "But as Jimmy'd say, dear, you can just take it from me!"

She spoke of him as if present beside her. A silence fell between us and deepened.

The small bullet-headed man had just paid his extravagant bill, distributed his largesse and was about to depart. He was being helped into a sumptuous overcoat with a deep collar of what I took to be genuine Russian sables. There was nothing in his officiously tended leave-taking to stir my interest; my eyes rested on him idly for a moment, that was all. The head waiter, two under waiters and a solemn little buttons followed him out to the stair head with every expression of gratitude and esteem. Passing from sight he passed from my thoughts, leaving with me only a vague physical repulsion that barely outlasted his departure.

"Do you know what I think Phil has done?" Susan was asking.

"Phil?" The name had startled me back to attention.

"I believe he's made himself one of them—the peasants, I mean—in some remote, dirty, half-starved Russian village."

"Why? That's an odd fancy, dear. And it isn't much like him. Phil's too clear-headed, or stiff-headed, for such mysticism."

"How little you really know him then," she replied. "He's been steering since birth, I feel, toward some great final renunciation. I believe he's made it now. You'll see, Ambo. Some day we'll hear of a new prophet, away there in the east—where all our living dreams come from! You'll see!"

"'In Vishnu-land what Avatar?'" I quoted, smiling sadly enough; and Susan's smile wistfully echoed mine, even while she raised a warning finger at me.

"Oh, you of little faith!" she said quite simply.

We had barely stepped out from the narrow doorway of the restaurant into a tenuous moon-saturated mist, a low-lying diaphaneity that left the upper air lanes openly clear, when the sirens were wailing again from every quarter of the city.

"They're coming early to-night!" I exclaimed. "Well, that ends all hope for a taxi home! We must find an *abri*."

"Nonsense! We'll walk quietly back along the river. Unless"—she teased me—"you really are afraid, Ambo?"

I tucked her arm firmly into mine. "So you won't stumble, Mlle. la Réformée!"

"But it is a nuisance to be lame!" she protested: "I do envy you your two good legs, M. le Capitaine."

We made our way slowly along the embankment, passing the Pont des Arts, and two shadowy lovers paced on before us, blotted together, oblivious of the long, eerie rise and fall of the sirens; every twenty yards or so they stopped, as by a common impulsion, and were momentarily lost to time in a passionate embrace.

Neither Susan nor I spoke of these lovers, who turned aside to pass under the black arches of the Institute into the Rue de Seine.

As we neared the Pont du Carrousel the barrage began, at first distant and muffled—the outer guns; then suddenly and grimly nearer. An incessant twinkle of tiny star-white points—the bursts of high-explosive shells—drifted toward us from the north. So light was the mist it did not obscure them; it barely dimmed the moon.

"Hold on!" I said, checking Susan; "this is something new! They're firing to-night straight across Paris." The glitter of star points seemed in a moment to fill all the northern sky; the noise of the barrage trebled, trebled again.

"Why, it's drum fire!" cried Susan. "Oh, how beautiful!"

"Yes; but we'll get on faster all the same! I'll help you! Come!"

I put my arm firmly about her waist and almost lifted her along with me. By the time we had reached the Pont Royal the high-explosive bursts were directly over us; the air rocked with them. I detected, too, at intervals another, more ominous, sound—that deep pulsing growl which no one having once heard it could ever mistake.

"Gothas," I growled back at them, 'flying low. They've ducked under the guns!"

And instantly I swung Susan across the open *quai* to the left and plunged with her up an inky defile, the Rue du Bac.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded, half breathless, dragging against my arm.

"To the first available *abri*," I cried at her under the sky's reckless tumult. "Don't stop to argue about it!"

But she halted me right by the corner of the Rue de Lille. "If it's going to be a bad raid, Ambo, I must get to Jimmy's baby—I must!"

"Impossible! It's at least two miles—and this isn't going to be a picnic, Susan! You're coming with me!" I tightened my arm about her; every instant now I expected the shattering climax of the bombs.

Then, just as we crossed the Rue de Lille, something halted me in my turn. About a hundred yards to my right, down toward the Gare D'Orsay, and from the very middle of the black street chasm, a keen bladelike ray of light flashed once and again—sharp, vertical rapier thrusts—straight up through the thin mist veil into the treacherous sky. Followed, doubtless from a darkened upper window, a woman's frantic shriek: "*Espion—espion!*"

Pistol shots next—and rough cries—and a pounding charge of feet. Right into my arms he floundered, and I tackled him and fell with him to the cobbles and fought him there blindly, feeling for his throat. This lasted but a moment. Gendarmes tore us apart in a brief crossing flash of electric torches—and I caught just one glimpse of a bare bullet head, of a bloated discolored face, of prominent staring eyes, maddened by fear. There could be no mistake. It was our little man of the Pantagruelian banquet. We had watched him eating his last fabulous meal—his farewell to Egypt.

And that is all I just then clearly remember. I am told that nine bombs fell in a sweeping circle throughout this district; one of them in the very courtyard of the War Office; one of them—of 300 kilos—perhaps a square from where we stood. There was a rush past of hurtling fragments—glass, chimney tiles, chips of masonry, *que sais-je?*—and even this I report only because I have been credibly so informed.

What next I experienced was pain, unlocalized at first, yet somehow damnably concentrated: pure white-hot essence of pain. And through the stiff hell of it I was and was not aware of someone—some one—some one—murmuring love and pity and mortal anguish.

"Ambo—you wouldn't leave me—not you. Not you, Ambo—not alone."

The pain dimmed off from me in an ebbing dull-red wave; great coils of palpable darkness swirled down upon me to smother me; I struggled to rise from beneath them—fling them off. From an infinite distance a woman's cry threaded through them like a needle through mufflings of wool, and pricked me to an instant, a single instant, of clear consciousness. I opened my eyes on Susan's; I strove to answer them, tell her I understood. Susan says that I did answer them—that I even smiled. But I can feel back now only to a vast sinking away, depth under depth under depth, down—down—down—down.

XL

THE rest, however, I thank God, is not yet silence, though it is high time to make an end of this long and all too faulty record.

They did various things to me at the hospital from time to time; they removed hard substances from me that were distinctly out of place in my interior; they also removed certain portions of my authentic anatomy—three fingers of my left hand, among others, and my left leg to the knee. This was not in itself agreeable and I shall always regret their loss; yet those weeks of progressive operation and tardy recuperation were, up to that period, the happiest, the most fulfilled weeks of my life. And surely egotism can go no farther! For these weeks of my triumphant happiness were altogether the darkest, saddest, cruelest weeks of the war. In a world without light my heart sang in my breast, sang hallelujahs and would not be cast down. Susan loved me—me—had always loved me! Rheims soon might fall, Amiens might fall, the channel ports, Paris, London, the Seven Seas—the world! What did it matter! Susan loved me—loved me!

And even now—though Susan is ashamed for me that I can say it—though I feel that I ought to be ashamed that I can say it—though I wonder that I am not—though I try to be—well, I am not ashamed!

Final Note, by Susan—insisted upon: "But all the same, secretly, he is ashamed. For there's nobody in the world like Ambo, whether for dearness or general absurdity. Why shouldn't he have been a little happy, if he could manage it, throughout those interminable weeks of physical pain? He suffered day and night, preferring not to be kept under morphine too constantly. I won't say he was a hero; he was, but there's nothing to be puffed up about nowadays in that. If the war has proved anything it is that in nearly every man, when his particular form of zero hour sounds for him, some kind of a self-despising hero is waiting and ready to act or endure or be broken and cast away. We all know that now. It's the corner stone for a possible Utopia; no, it's more than that—it's the whole foundation. But I didn't mean to say so when I started this note.

"All I meant to say was that you must never take Ambo *au pied de la lettre*. I'm not in the least as he's hymned me—but that, surely, you've guessed between the lines. What is much more important is that he's not in the least as he has painted himself. But unless I were to rewrite his whole book for him—which wouldn't be tactful in an otherwise spoiled and contented wife—I could never make this clear or do my strange, too sensitive man the full justice he deserves. He's—oh, but what's the use! There isn't anybody in the world like Ambo."

More than a year has already passed since those dark-bright days, the spring of 1918. Down here in quiet silvery Provence, at our nursing home for children—I call it ours—the last of the cherry blossoms are falling now in our walled orchard close. As I write, James Aulard Kane sits—none too steadily—among a snow of petals and sweeps them together in miniature drifts with two very grubby little hands. He is a likely infant and knows definitely what he wants from life, which is mostly food. He talks nothing but French—that is, he emits the usual baby grunts and snortings in a funny harsh accent caught from his Marseillaise nurse. Susan is far too busy to improve this accent as she would like to do: perhaps it would be simpler to say that she is far too busy. She is the queen bee of this country hive; and I—I am a harmless enough drone. They let me dawdle about here and do this and that; but the sun grows more powerful daily and I sleep a good deal now through the warmer hours. I am haunted by fewer mysterious twinges, here and there, when I sleep.

Meanwhile the world caldron bubbles, and the bubbles keep bursting, and I read of their bursting and shake my head. When a man begins shaking his head over the news of the day he is done for; a back number.

Susan never shakes her head; and it's rather hard on her, I think, to be the wife of a back number. But she's far too thoughtful of me ever to seem to mind.

Only yesterday I quoted some lines to her from Coventry Patmore. Susan doesn't like Coventry Patmore; the mystical unknown Eros he celebrates strikes her as—well, perhaps I had better not go into that. But the lines I quoted—they had been much in my mind lately—were these:

For want of me the world's course will not fail;
When all its work is done the lie shall rot;
The truth is great and shall prevail
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

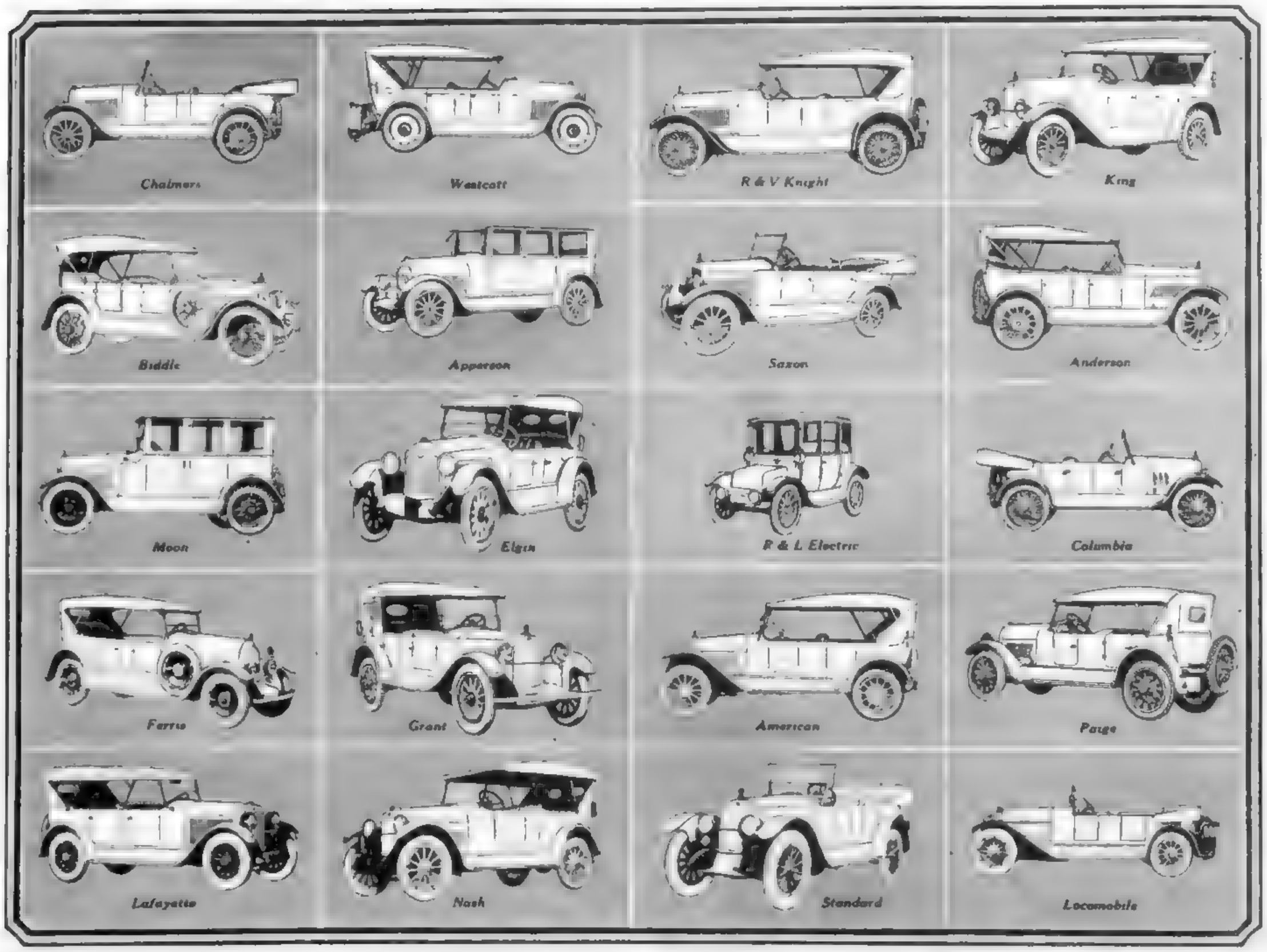
"Stuff! We do care!" said Susan. "And it won't prevail, either, unless we make it. Who's working harder than you to make it prevail, I should like to know!"

You see how she includes me. So this book is my poor tribute to her thoughtfulness, this Book of Susan.

But sometimes I sit and wonder. Shall we ever, I wonder, go back to my ancestral mansion on Hillhouse Avenue and quietly settle down there to the old securities, the old slightly disdainful calm? I doubt it. Tumps, ancient valetudinarian, softened by age; Togo, rheumatic, but steeped in his deeply racial, his Oriental indifferentism—they are the inheritors of that august tradition, and they become it worthily. For them it exists and is enough; for us it is shattered. Phil, a later Waring, is lost in Russia. Jimmy is gone. But Susan will do, I know, more than one woman's part to help in creating a more livable world for his son, and I shall gain some little strength for that coming labor, spending it as I can. It will be an interesting world for those who survive; a dusk chaos just paling eastward. I shall hardly see even the beginnings of dawn. But—with Susan beside me—I shall have lived.

Farewell, then, Hillhouse Avenue. Make way for Birch Street!

(THE END)



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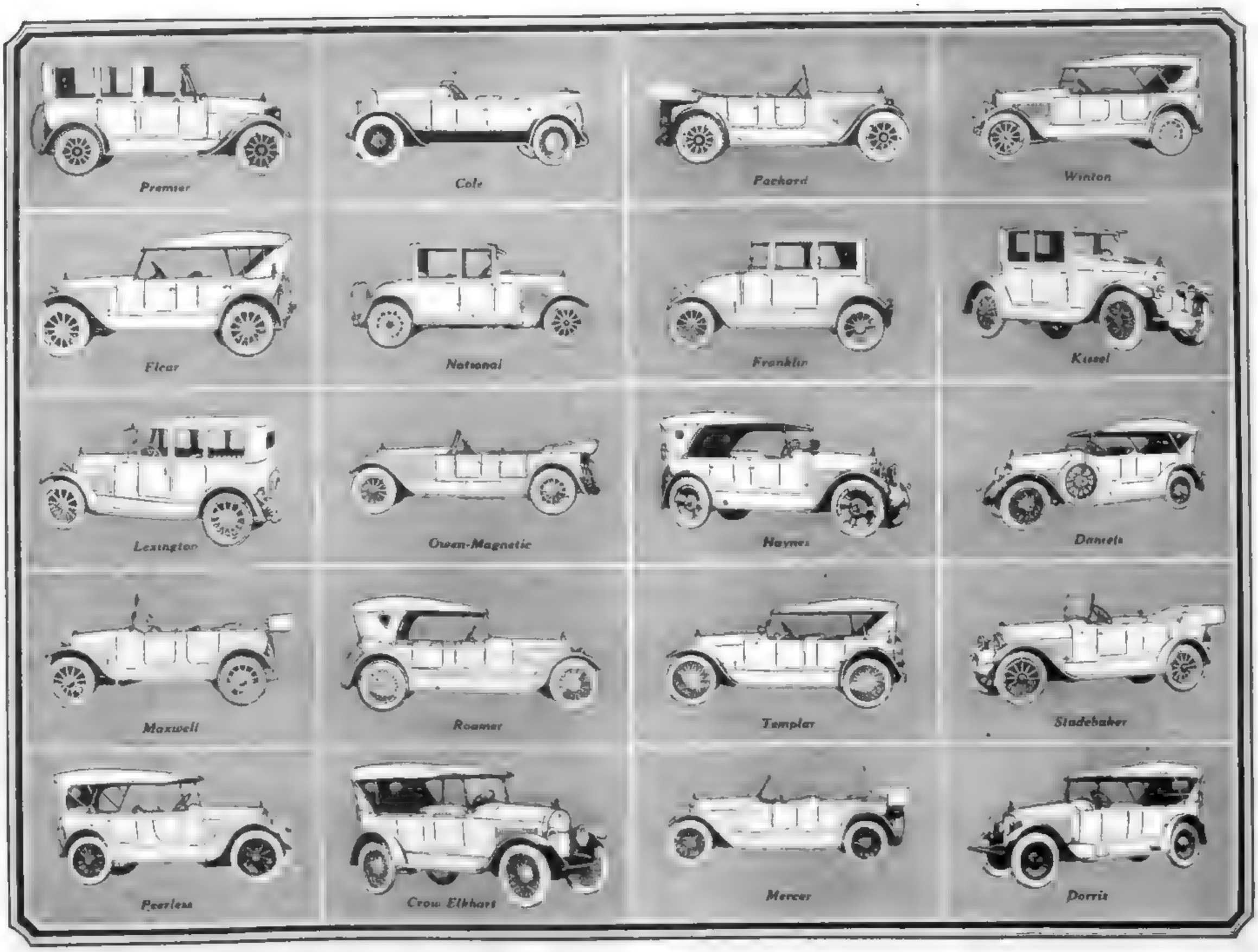

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EGO, SHERBURNE AND COMPANY

(Continued from Page 17)

Instantly she was animated. "I'm crazy about it! I love it better than anything in the world. I've just been waiting for someone to ride with me."

Sherburne swung the subject round a corner. He wasn't partial to riding. "And you like to dance?"

"Who doesn't?"

This was common ground, and he took pains to put an immediate mortgage on it. He contracted for all the Thursday waltzes; and when he said good night to her he remarked that the interval would seem endless to him, and he meant it. He occupied a considerable part of that interval in useless speculation about her; and some of his friends hilariously accused him of cradle snatching.

She was sitting on the loggia of the Country Club when he came in with a seventy-six in his pocket, and told her that his handicap had brought him ninety dollars in a friendly foursome.

"I'm playing at eight," he said, "and I ought to get about four. It makes me feel like a war profiteer. And I'd rather have been shot in France than ——" He stopped dead; for it was evident that he had shocked her. "I hate to have too easy a time," he finished lamely.

She gave a tremulous breath, and didn't look at him for a moment. Sherburne, repeating his speech to himself, fancied that perhaps the one man had gone overseas and was staying there. Or it might have been a relative of hers. It might have been her brother, and it might have been as long as three years ago. That would explain why Mrs. Warren still wore black; and why Amoret didn't need to.

"You might ease your conscience very easily, though, Mr. Sherburne."

"How?"

"You might give your ninety dollars to Doctor Cheatham. He knows where there are poor people. There's a subscription fund for something or other on the bulletin board."

Sherburne raised his eyebrows.

"After I worked like a dog for eighteen holes?"

"But if you don't think you earned it?"

Sherburne laughed. "Would you give it away if you were in my place?"

"I certainly would."

"You wouldn't if you'd played cutthroat golf as long as I have."

"You couldn't say that if you knew people as well as you do golf."

Sherburne vacillated. "Well," he said, "I'll give Cheatham half of it, and tell him who's responsible."

Indoors the orchestra was playing for the usual tea dance, but Sherburne bowed himself away, so as to avoid the necessity of mentioning either tea or one-steps. He was fascinated by Amoret, and he was thinking about her with uncommon altruism, but he loathed tea and he was tired, and already she was on his books for an active evening.

Their first waltz together was superlative, and when it was finished Sherburne took her to stroll on the veranda so that nobody could waylay him and demand a share of the program. During the stroll she became very incommunicative.

"What did you do in the war?" she inquired suddenly.

Sherburne chuckled. "Why, I fought in the stiffest battle of the whole thing."

"Verdun?"

"No," said Sherburne. "Washington, D. C."

"Oh!" She was looking at him from under her heavy lashes, and her voice was oddly suppressed. Sherburne hastened to pile up humor.

"No," he said, "I didn't fight with the great General Pershing; I fought with the great General Staff. I was where the bullets were thickest—that was when I was doing estimates. Congressional investigations were bursting all round me. For three solid months I lay intrenched in front of a supply depot trying to get rid of responsibility for a glass desk pad. Anybody could have a job at headquarters, but I was attached to hindquarters. Verdun was child's play."

"What were you doing in Washington, Mr. Sherburne?"

It so happened that this was Sherburne's greatest cross, and that he seldom permitted himself to be serious about it. His morale was better when he took it as grim humor.

"You see," he said shortly, "I was interested in flying. I was learning to fly at Essington Field, near Philadelphia, before we got into the war. I hadn't had quite enough training, though, so when I went into service I had to go to a government field. I got canned."

"C-canned?"

Sherburne was trying so hard to be flippant that he went further into revelations than he intended.

"There was a riot at mess one night. Just fun, of course. We acted like a lot of kids anyway. I buttered a fellow's nose for him, and it started a real fight. I needed about three more hours to get my wings. And we needed pilots like the very devil. But they fired me. Rather a joke, isn't it? The Army preferred a pat of butter to a pilot. Oh, well, I suppose you have to keep up the discipline. I got commissioned captain, later, for administration duty in Washington. They needed desk soldiers, and my field record didn't count against me. A friend in there told me to come in, and when the fuss had blown over I could be sent back to get my wings, and I'd be a captain instead of a shavetail—second lieutenant. And go overseas with a squadron." He waved his hand. "And I believed him. All I ever fought in was the Battle of Washington. I stayed there until the war ended. They never let me out."

"So you were in the air service all the time?"

Sherburne coughed. "Officially, yes."

"But—but not actually?" Her tone was the least bit strained.

Sherburne was puzzled. "Well—yes, actually. Air service; or hot-air service. Yes, I was there all the time."

They went a score of steps in silence. "I'm sorry for you," she said, and her tone was again normal.

"To tell the truth," said Sherburne confidentially, "I'm a little sorry for myself every time I remember it. I think they're working on a fox trot. Wouldn't you like to try it?"

He had discovered, and was appreciably encouraged by the discovery, that her eyes hadn't the slightest trace of mourning in them while she danced. At least he could insure her a respite for the evening; and he did it, but it cost him some pointed criticism on the part of the regulars. They said that Sherburne was making a fool of himself.

It was characteristic of Sherburne to attempt to set up a monopoly, but he couldn't have done it unaided. He took it, then, as a fortuitous accident that Amoret, though not personally shy, was thoroughly unenthusiastic about meeting people—especially men—or frequenting the clubhouse or reposing in the lobby at odd hours. In the course of time, however, he found this accident somewhat of a limitation as well.

His vanity prevented him from riding with her, for he didn't care to do anything unless he did it well; and his Ego prevented him from playing golf with her, so that for daylight diversion there remained little else but walking. And it takes a very relentless walker to get any physical ecstasy out of a sand-clay road.

Yet Sherburne was anxious to distract her, and his anxiety included—to his own astonishment—her mother. To his further and greater astonishment her mother was pleased, but not receptive. For herself, she wanted to be quite alone. She was a very relentless walker indeed, and Sherburne was a dear boy to be so thoughtful, but she honestly preferred to be alone. And she would never cease to appreciate how like a brother he was protecting Amoret.

Sherburne's heart had started to break through its crust of selfishness; and the reason for it was simply the difficulty of conquest. The world had been too easy and too care-free for him.

"I've felt sometimes," he said with awkward good intent, "that I'm only taking the place of somebody else. I'm happy to do it, Mrs. Warren."

She looked down. "That's true, Mr. Sherburne. You are."

Sherburne wasn't offended to be a substitute; he was thinking only of Amoret.

"You can trust me to take care of her, then."

"I could anyway," she said.

He took Amoret to watch the trap shooting, and she enjoyed it until she had seen the hundredth target drift away in fragments, and after that she was politely bored. He took her to the Jockey Club races, and her excitement was a joy to him, but the races came no oftener than once a week. And Sherburne recognized that their friendship couldn't expand without community of purpose, and that it wasn't sufficient to sit with her as a spectator. Pinehurst is essentially British in one regard—everyone is active, and few are content to be the gallery. Amoret was alive with energy and she chafed at indolence. If he valued her good opinion of him he must share with her the activities which would invigorate and divert them both.

And already he valued her good opinion of him at the price of some of his own complacency. He was obsessed by her sorrow; he wanted to hear all about it; he wanted to comfort her. She had never mentioned it, and delicacy forbade that he should mention it yet; but her mother had given him the clew, and Sherburne was ready to become the best imaginable substitute.

Not one of his prophet friends was wise enough to perceive the fulfillment of the prophecy. His devotion to Amoret passed as merely a novel form of his ancient selfishness; and even his gradual development of consideration for his older friends was called a subterfuge. No one apparently realized that when Sherburne had once experienced the thrill of human sympathy the thrill applied not only to the girl who inspired it but also to the remainder of the universe. He was unselfish now because he had no leisure to think of himself, and because he lived through his days on a fresh standard—the standard of Amoret's approval. He even gave up his monopoly of dance nights, so that Amoret might discover if there were anyone she liked better. His friends opined, of course, that he was tired of her.

It was toward the end of the fifth week that he burned his bridges, knowing in advance the type of publicity he might expect.

"I want you to play golf with me tomorrow," he said, and his tone was solemn, because it was a memorable occasion. He had spent a sleepless night in anticipation of it, and in anticipation of what his friends, especially his feminine friends, would say.

Amoret shook her head. "Oh, I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"You're too good," she protested, "and I'm atrocious. I wouldn't dream of it."

To his eminent chagrin he had to tease her. No man can change his spots overnight, and when Sherburne paid her the highest compliment in his possession he wanted her to be overcome by the distinguished honor. He had asked her deliberately, but he wanted credit. And she behaved as though it were of no deeper significance than an invitation to take a walk.

Eventually she yielded, and when they went out together there was consternation on the loggia, and all the prophets gasped, and one of them finally managed: "Well, I told you so!"

She had announced that her golf was atrocious, and anyone but Sherburne would have added a fervent confirmation. She took a gallant nine for the first hole and a lucky eleven for the next; but Sherburne wouldn't have been disturbed if she had taken thirty. He loved to watch her. She was in three different pits on the fourth hole, and used a futile niblick until she completely forgot the arithmetic, but Sherburne would cheerfully have waited for her all the morning. Her slender figure still had grace, no matter how she played her shots, and her flushed concentration was adorable. Her hair was unruly

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Timesco Dealer
AUTO SUPPLY CO.

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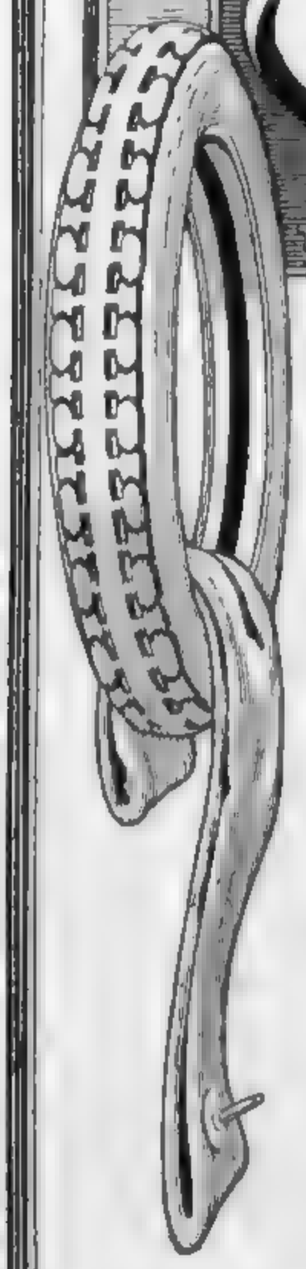

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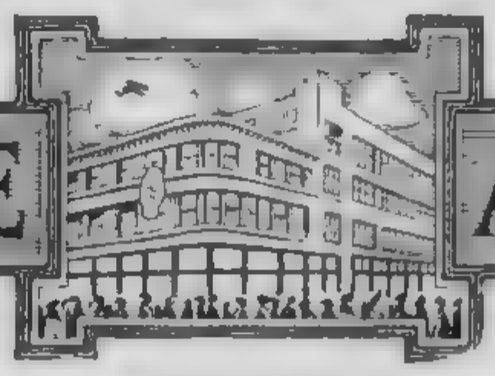

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Executive Offices:
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Los Angeles . . . . . (After May 1st)
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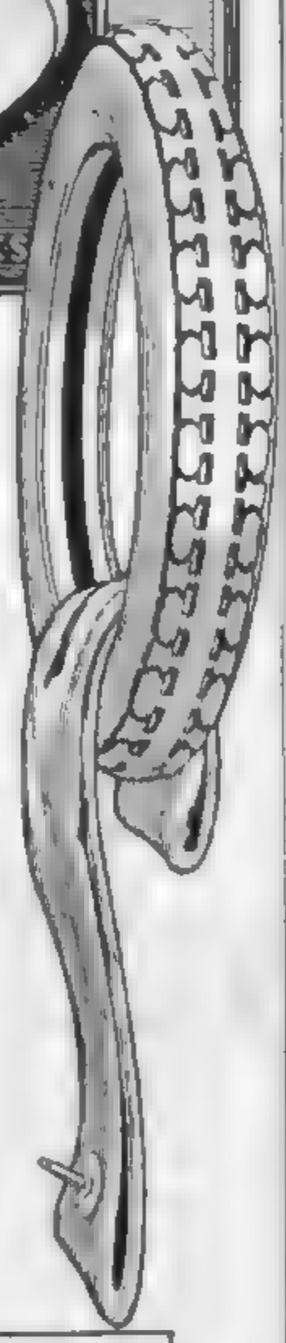
AUTHORIZED AGENCY

TIMES SQUARE
Timesco Dealer
AUTO SUPPLY CO.

THE SIGN OF DEPENDABLE AUTO ACCESSORIES



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Hundreds of Timesco Dealers are operating on this thought, and delivering this kind of service, by reason of their affiliation with us.

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The Timesco Sign—"The sign of dependable auto accessories"—is fast becoming a mark of distinction for any dealer who has it over his door.

Timesco Dealers everywhere are selling at the same standard price and under the same conditions. A standardization of price and quality, and the delivery of a courteous square deal service, are the business-building forces behind us and all Timesco Dealers.

We will gladly send you our application blank and full information on how to become a Timesco Dealer. Fill in and mail the coupon.

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If it's for the Auto—we have it.

WORLD'S LARGEST AUTO SUPPLY HOUSE

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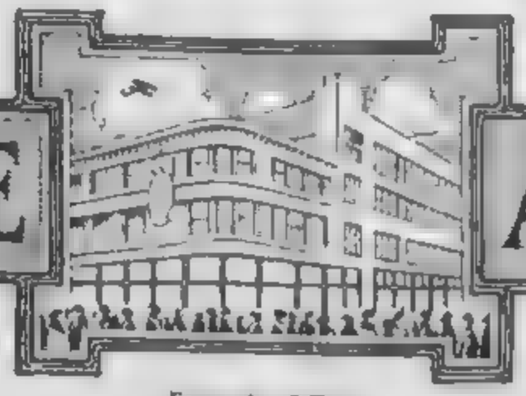

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Milwaukee	Cor. Wells and 2nd Sts.
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Toledo	804 Madison Ave.
Tulsa	213 E. Brown St.
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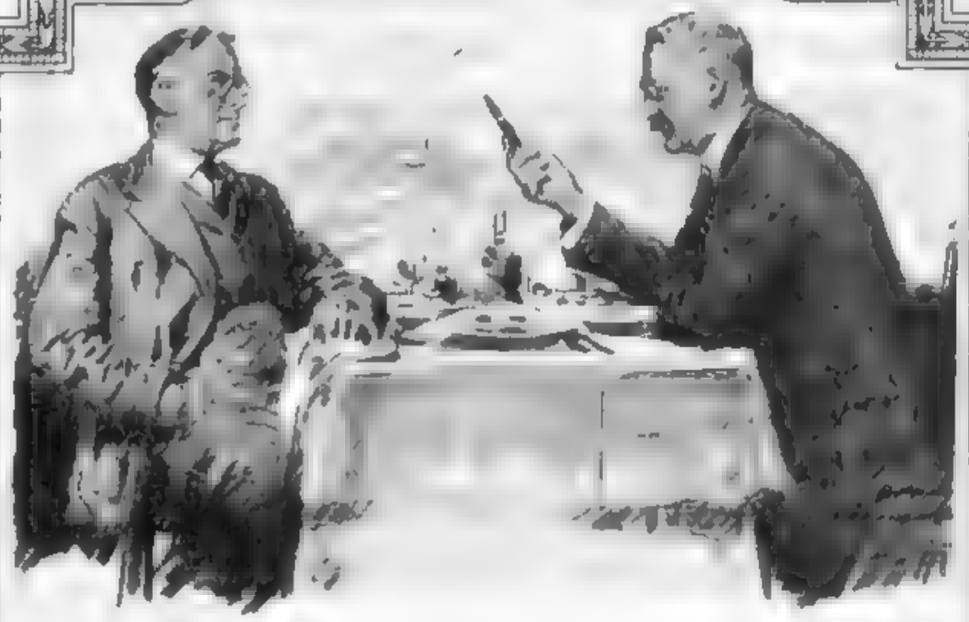

"speaking of ham and eggs"

"Jim, when I think of real value I think of two things—ham-and-eggs, and Cinco cigars. Look round this dining car and you'll see a lot of other plates bearing evidence of the same kind of wisdom. And when you go into the smoking car you'll see the Cinco side of my philosophy.

"I see people flounder round for ten minutes over the menu and then order ham-and-eggs. And I've noticed when a seasoned smoker stands up to a 20-foot cigar case, and gets lost in confusion of brands, he finally calls for Cinco.

"We Americans are getting more natural every day. We are good spenders. But when we want a combination that gives us the necessary calories that the food experts talk about, we find more of them by instinct in ham-and-eggs than in anything else. And when it comes to a real meritorious cigar at a reasonable price, our ham-and-eggs common sense says 'Cinco.'

"Cinco is the most popular cigar in America—and it deserves to be. It's the result of 70 years of experience in the hands of a single family, and these men have always given value plus.

"For real value and a mild smoke you can't beat the old rule—

"STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE"

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INC.
PHILADELPHIA
ESTABLISHED 1850

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in the wind; her eyes were brilliant with resolve; her cheeks were never so vivid as now. As he gazed at her he felt the triumph of his achievement.

"Fourteen, Mr. Sherburne! Aren't I awful!"

"You're wonderful," said Sherburne.

She laughed and brushed the hair out of her eyes.

"How many are you for four holes?"

"I haven't counted," said Sherburne, and then he looked blank. He hadn't counted his strokes, but what chiefly amazed him was that he couldn't recall them or visualize them. He had no recollection of having played at all. The phenomenon floored him.

He whipped his brain in an attempt to picture those last four holes. He could remember only his mental pictures of Amoret; and he wasn't interested in anything less worthy of remembrance.

There was a slow foursome ahead and no one behind, so that they rested a while on the bench at the fifth tee. The caddies were loitering far out of earshot. Amoret looked up at him sidewise.

"Don't think I don't appreciate this," she said softly.

"Appreciate what?" he demanded with a great show of innocence.

She was prodding the turf with her driver.

"Somebody told me this morning, when I said I was going out with you, what you told one of the girls last season."

"What was that, please?"

"Why, you said that you'd played golf for twelve years, but you'd never played with a woman yet, and God willing, you never would."

Sherburne winced. He hadn't expected the quotation to be so accurate. "All of us change our minds sometimes."

"I know, but this must be simply torture for you."

"Torture! Well, hardly."

"I'm doing the best I can. Honestly. Didn't I warn you?"

Sherburne ventured to touch her hand, and to retreat so swiftly that she had no time to rebuke him.

"I'll tell you what a torture it is: I wish you'd come out again to-morrow. You'd make a golfer if you had a little more confidence and practiced up a bit. I think I can help you. I'd like to."

"Truly? After the way you've always talked about playing golf with women." There was no doubt now that she recognized the compliment, but Sherburne having got his reward was illogically humble.

"I certainly should. Of course I'd have to be paid."

She gave him the corner of a smile.

"Would you? I'm afraid I'm very poor just now. Are you so terribly expensive? And wouldn't that make you a professional?"

"You can pay me," he said, "without the least trouble. I just wish you'd let me call you Amoret."

She was silent for so long a time that Sherburne began to be apprehensive. At length, however, she raised her eyes.

"I wish you would," she said.

And if anyone had been following them and scoring for Sherburne the world would have heard that a state champion went out in precisely fifty-one strokes, and sometimes played brassy shots with a pitching mashie without the slightest knowledge of his error. And having won the privilege of calling her Amoret he was far too nervous to think of doing it.

They capitulated to bogey at the ninth, and walked back to the club, cross country. He had never seen her so spontaneous and so happy.

"Do you know," he burst out, "I simply can't get over the notion that I've met you somewhere before. I told you that the day I met you. I can't set a time or a place, but I've either seen you or somebody that's enough like you to be your sister. Whereabouts in New York do you live—Amoret?" He said it breathlessly; and as she made no response he repeated the question, and looked down. "Why, Amoret! What's the matter? Please tell me what's the matter?"

She shook her head. "N-nothing, Brent."

"But there is! I know there is. Won't you tell me?"

"Nothing's the matter." Her smile was labored. "I don't live in New York City at all. I live in Albany, New York."

"Oh!"

"Do you know—Albany?"

"I've been there only once in my life, and that was for just a couple of hours. So it couldn't have been in Albany. I'm probably mistaken anyway."

The clubhouse was just ahead.

"It's been a beautiful morning, Brent."

Sherburne gathered courage, and took her arm. "It's been all of that. You'll be out to-morrow, won't you?"

"I don't think I'd better, Brent."

Sherburne was staggered. "But I thought it was all settled!"

"I don't think I'd better. You're awfully kind to want me, but I can't do it. Not so soon. Some other time, possibly."

They were almost at the steps. Sherburne lowered his voice.

"Have I offended you somehow? If I have I'm sorry, but I swear I haven't the least idea of how it could be. You're upsetting me a lot. Can't you tell me what it is?"

"It's nothing, Brent. You'll just have to believe me. And thank you for being so nice to me, and everything."

Sherburne, who had a match for the afternoon, feared that he might not see her again before dinner. He was a man of foresight.

"Thank you; and save my waltzes for me to-night, won't you?"

On the top step she paused. She didn't look at him.

"I don't believe I'll dance to-night. You'd better not count on me."

And she fled, leaving him open-mouthed and speechless.

He saw her at dinner, but afterward she eluded him. He found her mother, who said placidly that Amoret had a number of letters to write and had gone upstairs to write them. He fidgeted in the corridor, lounged in the billiard room, stood in the doorway to inspect the devotees of bridge, and finally out of sheer desperation started toward the ballroom. Halfway, however, he reconsidered. It was still a matter of selfishness, but of a different type from the old one. He wanted Amoret, and if he couldn't have her he wanted to be in solitude and think about her.

There was no available solitude except in his own room and out of doors. The night was warm, so that without troubling himself with hat or overcoat he went out alone, and strolled down past the deer park and back again. The journey was unsatisfactory. He went moodily to his room and smoked a cigar; neither the atmosphere of the room nor the flavor of the cigar had any attraction for him. He consulted his watch, and was amazed to discover the youth of the evening.

Scowling at vacancy, he tried to imagine what he had said to affront or to alarm her. He had said that she reminded him of someone, and he had asked where she lived. And she had promptly betrayed an emotion out of all proportion to the moment and admitted that she and her mother had registered ambiguously.

Into his mind there sprang the memory of their first meeting, when she had blushed at his scrutiny. Her mother had blushed too. Sherburne began to grow panic-stricken. The theory of a blasted romance or of a stricken relative was less and less plausible; there was some foundation for a belief that Amoret's reactions had to do with Albany, and that she was sensitive of recognition. So was her mother. Perhaps they had blushed because they thought he had recognized them. Why should they shrink from recognition?

Sherburne caught his breath. The older woman had never specifically mentioned her husband; Amoret had never mentioned her father. Sherburne's heart contracted as he realized the possibility of divorce. The two Warrens were keenly sensitive; they would dread advertisement; they would recoil from any reminder of the recent past; they would take shame upon themselves for the disgrace which properly belonged elsewhere. And Mrs. Warren's hint of bereavement would fit the case too.

As he considered the situation he told himself that he hadn't been nearly attentive enough to Mrs. Warren. Heretofore divorce as a general proposition hadn't moved him; but since he had fallen in love it seemed horrible. He could understand now why Amoret was so much happier when she was fully occupied with the mechanics of golf and the seduction of dancing. He gave a moment to reverie, and then on impulse he went over to the telephone and ordered a dozen roses to be

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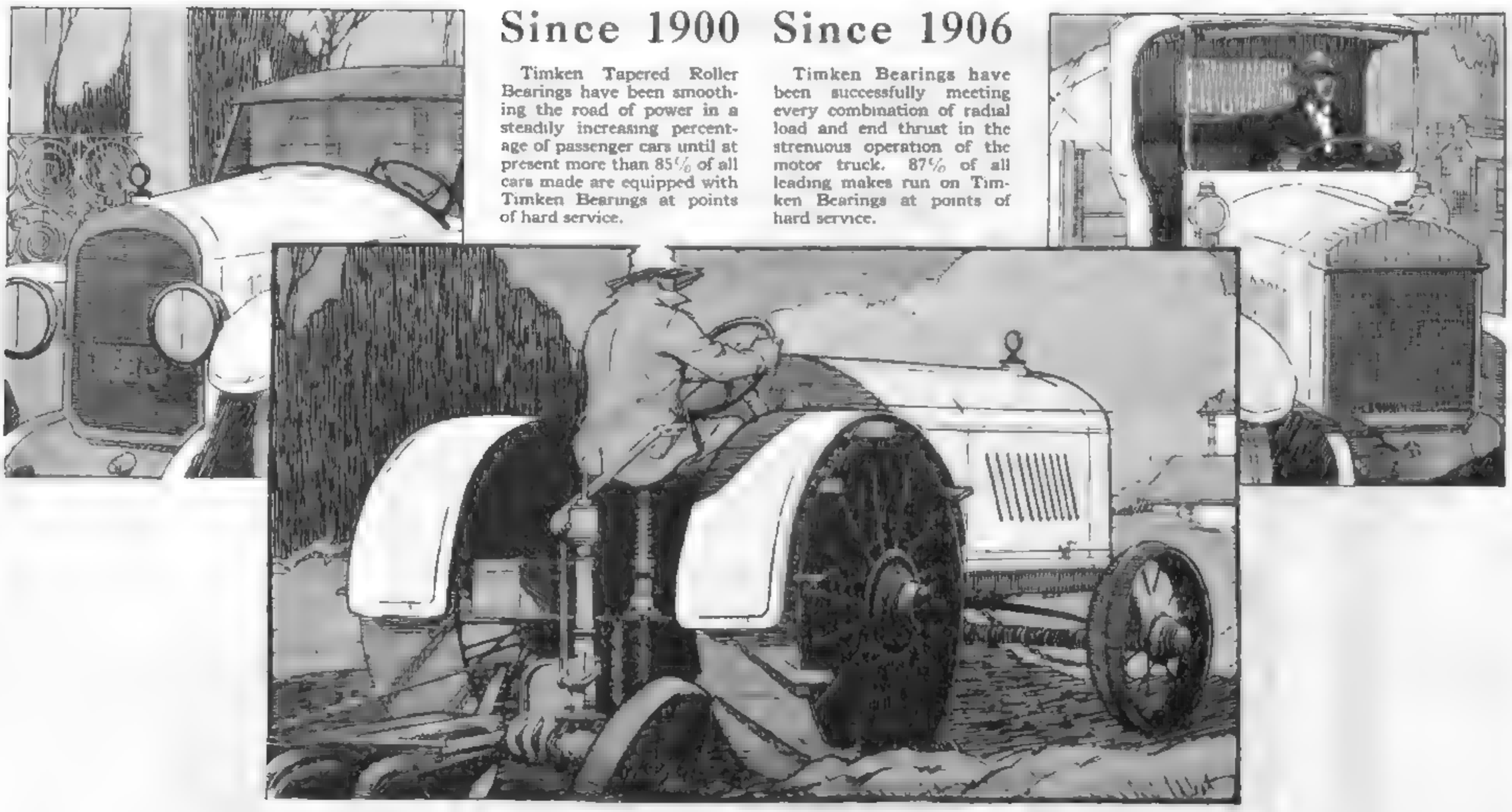

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Since 1906

Timken Bearings have been successfully meeting every combination of radial load and end thrust in the strenuous operation of the motor truck. 87% of all leading makes run on Timken Bearings at points of hard service.

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The tapered roller bearing is the type of bearing that will function properly under radial load, or thrust load, and *all* possible combinations of the two. The adoption of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings by the leading tractor manufacturers is but a logical extension of the standard practice of the earlier automotive industries.

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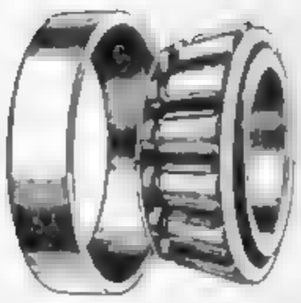

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LOOK FOR THIS WINDOW DISPLAY OF MONKEY GRIP

Join the "Anti-Puncture-Grief" Club

During the week April 12 to 18, 60,000 good garages, filling stations and auto supply houses will feature Monkey Grip Tire Patch in their windows and on their counters. Ask any of them how you can avoid 99% of puncture troubles.

These merchants guarantee, and we back them, that Monkey Grip will permanently repair any puncture in 3 minutes for 1 cent. It can't creep or loosen—road heat makes it a part of the tube. No tools needed to apply. Guaranteed satisfactory.

The open road begins to beckon motorists in early April. Answer its call without a worry about those punctures that may happen miles from a service station. A can of Monkey Grip bought during Monkey Grip Week will free you of puncture grief the rest of the year.

Look for the Monkey Grip display. If you can't find it send us $1 for 100 Puncture Package, postpaid.

THE MOCO COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.

Oklahoma City, Okla. *Mt. Vernon, Ill.* *Augusta, Ga.*

MOCO MONKEY GRIP

"The World's Best TIRE PATCH"

(Concluded from Page 148)

delivered to Mrs. Warren at the earliest possible instant to-morrow morning.

After he had hung up the receiver he stood still, wondering why he had ordered roses for Mrs. Warren and not for Amoret.

With much difficulty he persuaded Amoret to play golf with him, and when she finally consented he was uplifted by the consciousness of his influence. He had overcome her mood and he had overcome her sensibilities; he was tingling with hope.

From day to day his attitude toward her softened and mellowed. He had always been devoted, and lately he had been tender, but never before in all his years had he been truly considerate.

He had long since determined upon the geography of his proposal—a favorite grove in Southern Pines.

He would drive to this grove, and sit at her feet, and the wind would touch the harp strings of the pines as he confessed his love. And he resolved that he would do this on Friday afternoon.

But on Friday morning while they were walking to the eighteenth tee of Number One he proved that there is no accounting for geography.

"Amoret, dear," he said unsteadily, "we're having such a good time together I wish we could go on with it always. Do you suppose we could?"

He had supposed that at the worst that could happen would be a refusal; but when a quarter minute had elapsed he knew that silence was worse yet. Amoret had her eyes on the ground.

"I didn't know it would hurt you so much," he said gently.

Still she didn't look at him.

"It does hurt, Brent. Not in the way you think, though."

"I don't half deserve you," he stammered.

"Yes, you do. I don't deserve you."

"That can't be true."

"But it is true."

"Won't you let me judge?"

She glanced at the quartet which was coming up behind them.

"Yes, Brent," she said almost inaudibly. "I'll let you judge. I'll let you judge this afternoon. Please don't make me play this hole. Let's walk back. I want to."

And not another syllable did he get out of her until they arrived at the club. There she gave him her hand.

"I don't know what you're thinking of me, Brent. Only—I wish I could talk to you but I can't. Not now. I'll send you a message when I can. And no matter what happens, I want you to remember that—that I've liked you better than any man I ever met. Will you remember that for me? Will you promise?"

He promised dumbly. And he wished he had waited to take her to the grove. The world had too many people in it.

He was sitting in the lobby after lunch when Mrs. Warren came up to him. She was a woman of poise and self-restraint, but to-day she carried with her an air of uncertainty which didn't serve as any encouragement to Sherburne.

"Brent," she said, "I want you to take a little walk with me."

"I'd be glad to." His heart pounded, for he divined what was in store for him. "Whereabouts?"

"Anywhere."

"Out toward the Gun Club?"

"That'll do. I just want to talk to you, Brent. About Amoret."

Sherburne stiffened. "She's told you then."

"She didn't have to tell me. I've known it for two weeks."

He laughed flatly. "I haven't known it for that long myself."

"But I'm her mother. She's very much unnerved, Brent, and so am I."

"If you knew it two weeks ago you could have taken her away."

"I—I didn't want to take her away."

"Oh!"

She laid her hand on his arm. "Brent, I wanted this to happen, and yet —— You see, you're a man I could be proud of. I'd be glad to have you for a son. And Amoret—she thinks a great deal of you. So much that she couldn't bear to talk it over with you herself. But even when I knew I wanted it to happen I was frightened. I am now. It's hard for me—it's terrible—but mothers have to do these things. I have to be honest with you. I may have to make you ignore us—both of us. I couldn't blame you. It's all I can do to look straight into's anyone's eyes." She removed her hand. "You're not acquainted in Albany?"

Sherburne was dizzy. "I've been there only once. That was on official business, when I was in service."

Mrs. Warren had to force herself to continue.

"Do you—did you ever hear of the Roland B. Bascom Company, in Albany?"

Sherburne started. His official business in Albany, on the occasion of his solitary trip there, had been with the Roland B. Bascom Company. He had run over from Washington on a very unsavory duty, with a Military Intelligence card in the pocket of his blouse and tremendous loathing in his soul. Something warned him to be circumspect.

"I've heard of it," he said.

"Mr. Warren—my husband—was vice president and treasurer."

"Yes?" Sherburne had begun to tremble.

Mrs. Warren turned away her face. "You'd—you'd have to know, Brent. Everybody in the state knows it. And he'd been so good to us; so good to us. It was government contracts—things for airplanes. And they indicted him, Brent." The tears were running down her cheeks, and her voice was shaking uncontrollably. "It's no use. It's no use trying to explain. He couldn't explain. Couldn't explain why. It wasn't money. We had plenty. He had to substitute materials. The company couldn't have got through unless he did it. It wasn't the money. And they indicted him, Brent, and it broke his heart, and he died. Two years ago. The world calls him guilty. He was so good to us, Brent—he was such a chum to us. Such a chum to Amoret. It's worse for her than it is for me. She worshiped him. But the newspapers—we can't ever forget it. Not for a day. Not for an hour. Because—because they said he was guilty, Brent. And there's no way of proving—he wasn't." She covered her face. "Now—do you see—why I've been afraid? Why we—why people ——"

Sherburne's brain, fired by the blinding disclosure, was wrestling with the fiercest problem of his life. He felt no twinge of conscience for his trip to Albany; he had gone under orders, and made his brief investigation and report. Half a day had covered it. And then the Department of Justice had taken charge. He had met Mr. Warren, but he had never followed up the case and he had forgotten even the man's name. He had himself been instrumental—but not responsible, thank heaven, not responsible!—for the widow's anguish. And she need never add the knowledge of his present suffering to her own. Nor need Amoret.

She was crying pitiably. Sherburne caught his breath and went to her. He took her in his arms and tried to soothe her.

"If you've got to cry," he said with gruff tenderness, "cry right there."

And the only other comment he had to make on what she had told him was made a moment later. It never occurred to him that he had reversed all customary forms of procedure. He had kissed the mother first.

They went back to the Carolina presently; they went up together in the lift; they paused on a certain threshold. From a huge trunk between the windows Amoret stared wildly at them. Sherburne hadn't remembered for ages that he was Sherburne; and now he was aware of only one compulsion and only one desire.

What he wanted, now and always, was the right to make her eyes happy. He knew the task might never be finished, but he had a lifetime to consecrate to it. He told himself that his life had been purposeless until now; and so it had.

There was nothing efficient to say. Amoret was retreating to the corner. Sherburne held out his arms.

"Amoret—aren't you going to let me take care of you too?"

It was perhaps the "too" which disarmed her, and brought her, shaken with relief and adoration, to his arms. She never knew why, when she had already surrendered, he kissed her eyes before he touched her lips. It simply meant that the Ego by unanimous consent had been eliminated from the long-established firm.

"Now what," said the well-fed, well-bred, idle and cheerful prophets on the clubhouse loggia—"now what do you suppose a man like Brent Sherburne could possibly have seen in her?"

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UNDOUBTEDLY, people are first attracted by the individual style of Hayes Wire Wheels.

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Whatever the public reason—and rest assured that it is sound—there exists in this country today, a very decided and growing preference for Hayes Wire Wheels.

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World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

A LITTLE SERVICE, PLEASE

Continued from Page 18

lawyers that get their names printed whether the reporter forgets the client's name or not. The kind that get all the business after a funeral if there is enough property so that it can be referred to as an estate. Yeh, that's the firm. Well, they had a lot of operators, one after the other. And they canned a lot, one after the other. And got new ones, one after the other. And wished they hadn't, one after the other. They were jinxed. What they were really looking for, of course, was a perfect young lady, born in Virginia, who had been married to an English duke for a few years so as to get the broad *a*, and who would wear her pearl dog collar now and then to give her the distang air—all for eight dollars a week. You would have thought they would have found her, wouldn't you?—they were asking so little.

"What they finally did get was a friend of mine that no man ever looked at in his life after the minute the doctor turned and said 'It's a girl—eight pounds!' Alice isn't pretty. Worse than that, she can't wear anything from a one-piece bathing suit to a ninety-dollar suit without looking in it as though it had been cut down for her from one of ma's by a paper hanger who had lost both thumbs. Alice has about as much class as a bargain counter at five-thirty after a heavy day. The only thing she owns is something that is a handicap to any woman—a hatful of brains.

"It was a telephone engineer that found Alice for Milliken & Billiken. He had watched her work—and that wasn't so hard if you only looked at her hands—and he wished her on the lawyers with a little speech of felicitation, if that's what it is.

"She was the candy kid of that office in three days! She sold herself to them strong. They went round in a daze, expecting any minute to wake up. To show you how good she was they gave her a ten-dollar raise voluntarily before she had been with them quite two years.

"Alice is a fast operator, but that is the least of it. She has a wonderful ear for voices and memory for names. Call there this week and ask for a member of the firm; then call a week later and ask for the same man, and she'll say, 'Yes, Mr. Sudds,' or whatever you sign checks with. You men are all alike—you know perfectly well that that sort of thing would flatter you so that you would go out and kill a man just to give business to her firm. Certainly I understand men. Wasn't I thrown with them a lot when I was in the fifth grade?

"About Alice now. Another thing she is famous for is getting what she goes after. If you call up there and say that you must get into touch with Mr. John Milliken immediately Alice says, 'I'll call him for you.' And though Mr. John Milliken may be in Chicago, or Ker-Choo, Russia, you will have him on your wire inside of an hour. It probably is annoying at times. For instance, if there is a Mrs. John Milliken, and she calls and forgets to tell Alice to have John call when he comes in Mr. John may have some tall explaining to do when friend wife—well, you know. But aside from that the point is that the firm may go out without its hat on, but it never goes out now without telling Alice where it is going, and when and how—and probably why."

Where Alice Really Shines

"The last thing Alice is, is a combination of polite floorwalker, a trance medium, a detective, and a brass band playing 'Welcome to Our City' at the depot to everyone who calls in on her board. She knows their names, to begin with—ninety per cent of them. And a lot of men would have married Alice if all they had ever seen of her was to hear her say 'Good morning, Mr. Jones' to them over the wire. She says it in a way that makes you think that she has been waiting to hear your voice once more and then die happy, leaving everything she has to you. She wins even the rich old women that way—and believe me, that is going some!

"What's more, she has an unholy hunch as to what sort of disposition the calling party has on when he rings up. She comes back at him in exactly the right tone of voice and the right temper. If it's a woman who sounds as though she is coming up pretty soon to start a divorce you can tell the way Alice speaks that she hates men, too, and has been deceived by scores of them. If it is a man that would rather begin a lawsuit than cut coupons, Alice makes him believe that every person she ever dealt with was a crook and only the courts are her reason for going on living. If it is a rich old gink, who has at last decided to make his will, Alice may say only four words to him, but she will say them in such a way that they sound like the people would who are going to get his money—if they only knew they were. And if it is a rival law firm calling in to be nasty Alice is painfully polite to them, but I'll bet they hang up with their ears burning and a sinking feeling that they are going to take a licking when the case comes to trial!

"But where Alice really shines is getting information that her firm needs without ever letting the victim know that he is coughing up. Maybe you've heard of the man who telephones for an appointment and has to be sore at somebody because he can't make it and goes somewhere else just to be mean. That bird is easy for Alice. Before he wakes up she has his name, his telephone number, his office address and something about his church preference, and probably she finds out what his bank balance is besides."

The Operator's Social Status

"Then there's the guy that never gives his name. Alice takes it off him like a door and a piece of string take a boy's loose tooth. The other man who is so busy that he hangs up before he has told who he is or what he wants is harder, but Alice will get his past, present and future before she lets him quit or else she traces the call and picks it up that way. None of this 'A gentleman-called-but-didn't-leave-his-name stuff with Alice. When the partners come in from lunch or from court she has a list ready, and that list tells the men about as much as they could know if they were census takers. If that isn't service, then I'm a bootlegging vanilla in a Kentucky distillery!

"The question before the house is: What does Alice get for all this? She gets ninety dollars a month, same as me. I don't know why this is. If she happened to be a stenographer with plenty of hair and a good corset she would be a private secretary at two hundred in no time at all. For some reason or other, though, most business men think of the operator as part of the board, like a cam or a listening cord—mostly the latter. Some day maybe we will get some sense and call ourselves professional women and demand more money and an office to ourselves and an hour off a week to go to a hairdresser's.

"Just at present we take what we get, and we're not very good getters. It isn't the pay envelope altogether. It's the class we want. Every girl in this house looks down on me, and if I happen to break through into high society at a dance hall some night with a fellow that looks like a collar advertisement—and I don't say that never happens—the girls that know me purr when they speak to me and call me 'My dear.' And when a girl calls you her dear you know that she wonders if you're all right morally.

"Now you've gone and got me peevish, and I've got to get back to work and hide my feelings. Come again, but don't ever come thinking that the telephone operators are in a conspiracy to make life unbearable for the busy business man. I wish we were! I'd like to make some of them sit in on a board for an hour some warm afternoon. But there I go again! Good-by!"

All of which, coming as fast as it came, left me gasping a little. It seemed to me that perhaps a telephone expert might have some light to throw on the question, and I went to the best lamplighter I could discover in that line. His name was Cooper, and he looked hale, hearty and full of human emotions. I told him something of what I have written down here. He sided with the telephone operator, without even knowing her name.

"Part of the trouble," said he, lighting my cigar with his match, "is that business men haven't yet learned that a private exchange operator can be a gilt-edge investment or an unliquidated liability, depending on how they look at her job. That's about what your operator friend was saying. There are a large number of girls on our central boards here at the exchange who would make better p. b. x. operators than most of those holding down the places now. But the average man hires his exchange girl exactly the way he buys an evening paper—he wants one, but he doesn't care particularly which one, and anyway they come cheap. If she is an exceptional girl and if he happens to recognize the fact you get a happy result; but if she is middling to fair and he doesn't find fault, or if she is a good one and he never discovers it, or if she is very bad and he shrugs his shoulders and decides that they're all the same, the result is poor service and dissatisfaction and general misery.

"I might go on to show you how that sort of result always comes back onto the only interested party who has nothing to do with it—the telephone man—but if I did I would get in too deep for one interview. However, I want to say on that subject that the private-exchange operator should be hired and fired for the subscriber every time by the telephone company, and never by the subscriber himself.

"I can think of four good reasons for that without straining myself at all. The first is that if we engaged p. b. x. operators for our subscribers and installed them with the board and put in our bill for the girl's salary every month it would be an incentive to the girls on our exchange boards to work themselves into these positions. That would mean better service on our boards and experienced and clever operators for the private board. Second, the telephone man knows his business and knows his operators and there would be nothing hit or miss about the employment of p. b. x. girls as there is now. Third, no personal pulchritude or political pull would help the girl to her job, and if you don't think that is an important consideration you ought to know some of the things I know about this work. Fourth, the telephone company could check up on the p. b. x. operator better than any subscriber can, and if she wasn't giving the sort of service she should give we would be able to discover it and help the girl or discharge her without interfering with the business of her employer.

"Unfortunately subscribers can't agree with us on this score. They may want Jennie's sister's cousin, or the pretty little chicken who takes their money at a café cashier's desk, or a girl whose widowed mother depends on her for support, or a young lady who brought in twenty-five votes in the Eighth for Nelson for councilman. On the other hand, they probably figure that the telephone could do a little bookkeeping on the side, and that is something that the wise telephone man will buck as long as his breath lasts. I know girls in this city who are actually doing the work of two others in their idle minutes and who are getting about ninety per cent of what the boss would have to pay one good bookkeeper. That sort of thing makes me dislike my fellow man a lot."

The Switchboard Route to Marriage

"While I'm rubbing it into business men I'd like to say a word against the employer who is continually holding over the girl the idea that if she doesn't keep busy at the board he will pile more work on her. That man ought to be taken out and hanged. He is the kind who has a pretty busy operator of course. He happens to see her at a few minutes past ten, say, when telephone calls are light, or round four o'clock, when they are the lightest of the whole day, and she is crocheting a table center or making a horsehair bracelet, or whatever it is girls do. The boss takes down his phone and asks her if she can't keep busy. She probably assures him that she can keep busy enough to satisfy her. One word leads to another and the employer grabs the notion that he might as well let one office boy go and have the telephone operator stamp letters in her dull hours.

"That means one of two things—that the girl will draw enough to keep her busy at top speed through nine or ten hours a day and she will break and begin to give poor service and eventually go to pieces; or else it means that she will begin to manufacture business for herself, which will lead to her calling up her friends or putting in fictitious calls or stalling in some way. This is the beginning of a life of deceit that leads to a life of crime, as you might say. It makes out of an ordinarily nice, clever, efficient operator a deceitful, scheming, watchful little crook, stealing time instead of money and eventually getting the idea that that is the way to be successful in the world.

"Your friend, the operator at Goldstein-Meyers', seemed to be puzzled to know why telephone operators aren't better treated and better paid. I can tell you one reason. Most girls start into telephony with the idea that it will lead to marriage. That has been my observation over a twenty-year period. She takes up operating as a stop-gap. And as long as she has marriage in the back of her head—or the front—she is not likely to be very ambitious to advance herself. But more and more girls are beginning to want to be economically independent, as I think the sociological sharps call it, and more and more we are finding operators full of the idea that they want to reach the top.

"I have to admit that the top isn't so very high under present conditions. If business men will go a little way with the telephone companies we will actually make a profession of operating, as Miss Channing suggested. It ought to come. There is a certain amount of purely mechanical work in p. b. x. operating. But the difference between that and central-exchange work is that the individuality of the operator in a business office or house might be made a part of her work—she might become more important to the boss than any bookkeeper he has, and fully as much so as any stenographer. In a way the p. b. x operator has it on the stenographer, because the girl who takes pothooks and puts them into fairly legible English on her machine is better off without individuality or ideas of her own. Not so the operator. She may be the best salesman the house has—the best medium through which the house can reach the public—if she is given a chance. Go tell business men this and tell them in accents loud and unmistakable—and some day they'll thank you for it."

The Case of Miss Burke

Afterward I asked this telephone gentleman for an example, not of how not to do it but of how exactly to do it, and he referred me to Joseph Byran, of the Byran Foundry Company. Byran I knew as a prominent business man, and literally self-made. I also knew that in the self-making he had done a very creditable job. So I looked him up and yearned in his ear for the story of his telephone experiences. He put his stenographer outside, locked the door and cocked his two sizable feet on a mahogany desk that didn't cost a cent under one thousand dollars. Thereafter he said:

"I will tell you the story with gusto, if that's what it is, because I'd like to get it to a lot of fellows I know, and this may be one way to do it. It begins when we had a sort of rush of war orders and multiplied our plant by four in size and capacity in about six months' time. For five years before that we had had a little red-headed girl at our private-exchange board who seemed to earn practically all the sixty dollars a month we paid her and who was never sick or crabbed. She was so good, as a matter of fact, that no one ever thought of her, any more than a man thinks of a pair of shoes that fit all right. It's the shoes that give us corns, my son, that we pay attention to—and there's a homely maxim to put in a book and apply to many things in life.

"All right. Miss Burke fitted in and was forgotten. When this war rush came a lot of the executives began to have trouble with the telephone service. We couldn't get numbers and we got wrong numbers and we lost our tempers and finally sent for the telephone man and told him that he had to do something about it. He took a look round and came back to me to say that we were killing Miss Burke with overwork and that we ought to have two more operators and a largely increased telephone-board capacity. I told him to go ahead with whatever was necessary.

"Of course I forgot it then, being fairly busy myself about twenty-six hours a day right at the time, but a month or so afterward, when I had some more telephone trouble, I inquired and found that Miss Burke had fought the change like a red-headed tigress—if there is such an animal—and that our general manager had decided

(Concluded on Page 158)

Habirshaw Insulated Wire-Plus

THIS map is a graphic representation of the national marketing of Habirshaw Insulated Wire, through the branches and sub-branches of the Western Electric Company. Every important center in the United States is brought into touch with ample reserve stocks of Habirshaw Wire by this wide-spread and efficient service of warehousing and distribution.

KEY TO MAP

Locations of Western Electric houses.

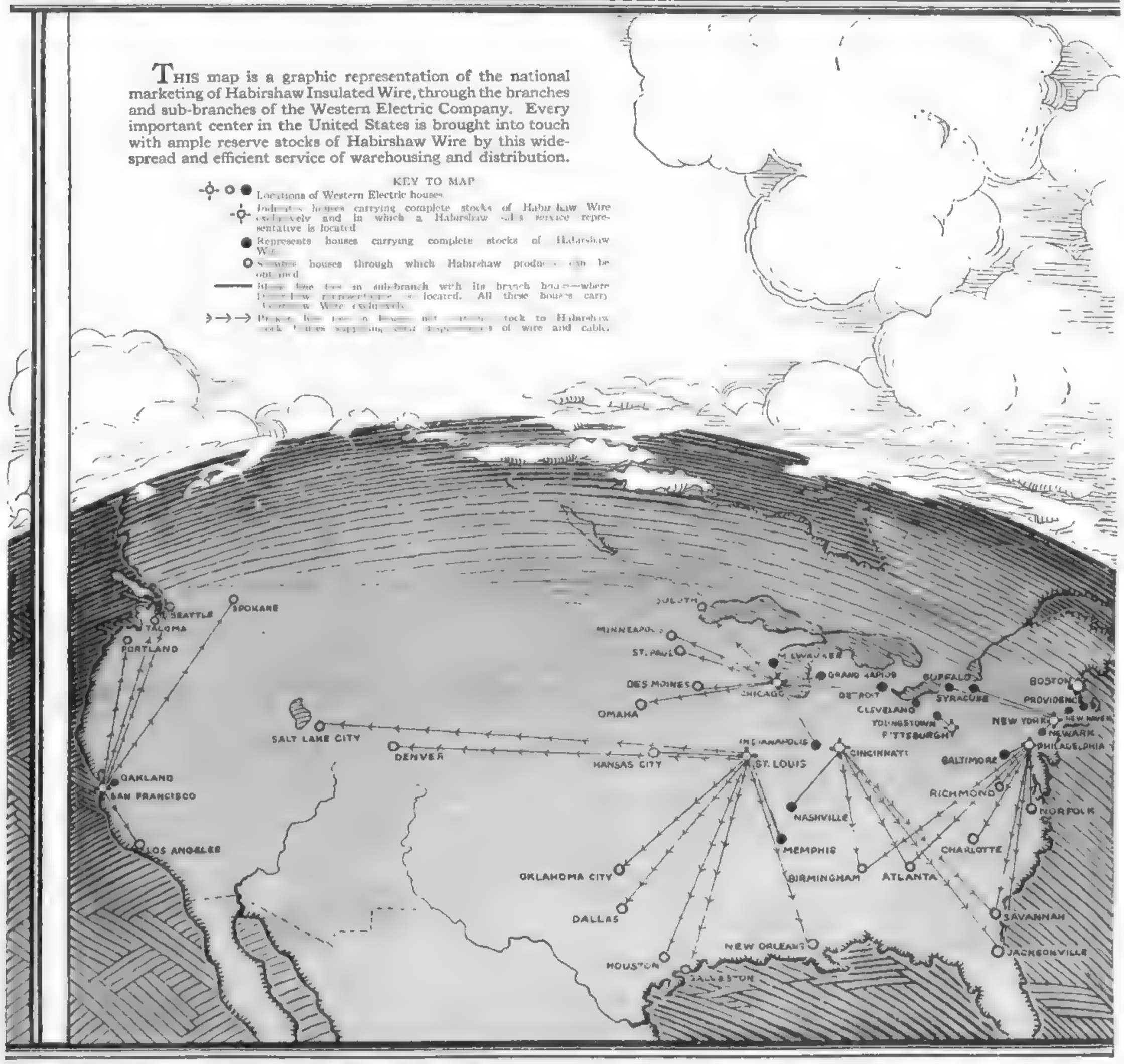
Indicates houses carrying complete stocks of Habirshaw Wire exclusively and in which a Habirshaw sales service representative is located.

Represents houses carrying complete stocks of Habirshaw Wire.

Supplementary houses through which Habirshaw products can be obtained.

Blue line ties in sub-branch with its branch house—where Habirshaw representatives are located. All these houses carry Habirshaw Wire exclusively.

Points to houses not carrying stock to Habirshaw stock houses supplying local requirements of wire and cable.



HABIRSHAW

"Proven by

For more than thirty years — practically from the beginning of the electrical industry — Habirshaw Insulated Wire has been accepted as a standard of quality all over the World.

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HABIRSHAW Wire and Cable is made to meet all the requirements for communication or the transmission of electric power.

Not only for the simple devices of the home, but for every conceivable machine or device of the industrial world, wherever electricity is used as power.

Electrical experts as well as industrial engineers and architects highly respect the uniform quality of Habirshaw Insulated Wire.

Our corps of engineers are constantly co-operating with them in the interest of meeting advances in electrical science.

These engineers have for their experimental and testing stations the modern Habirshaw plants and laboratories, equipped with every resource of mechanical skill and scientific knowledge.

Through intimate touch with the demands of the electrical world, by reason of its 43 branch houses, the Western Electric Company cannot only supply the services of the Habirshaw engineering corps, but Habirshaw Wire to meet the needs for all transmission and communication purposes.

This, together with the fact that the Western Electric Company's purpose is to supply almost any electrical equipment material, device or machine known to modern electric science, completes an economic electrical equipment service unequalled in this country today.

Obviously, great economy is effected by selecting the Western Electric Company as an exclusive source of electric equipment, supply and service.

The Western Electric Company sells to dealers, contractors and central stations everywhere electric material of standard quality.

Habirshaw Wire may be secured on request in any Western Electric house, but is carried in stock in the following Branch Houses:

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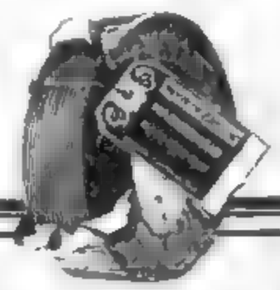

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Rapid eating results in the improper mastication of food, prevents a sufficient flow of saliva, and the inevitable results are the various mild forms of indigestion from which nine out of every ten men and women suffer.

Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum stimulates the salivary glands, insures sufficient saliva, relaxes nerve tension and aids the digestive processes.

Thousands have avoided minor digestive troubles by chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal.

American Chicle Company

New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
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(Concluded from Page 155)

not to make it. When I asked Forbes about it he colored up and confessed that Miss Burke had cried and threatened and made such a fuss that he had promised to give her another trial.

"'But I'm having the same old troubles with my phone again, Forbes,' I said. 'What the dickens is the matter with this girl? I should think that she would kiss you on both cheeks if you gave her some help.'

"'No,' Forbes said; 'I've found out what the difficulty is. She was afraid that we'd never raise her salary if she couldn't keep up with the work we had and that two more girls on the board would mean that she would stay where she is on the pay roll.'

"'Well,' I said, 'did you give her a raise to hearten her up?'

"'No,' Forbes answered. 'I inquired round and found we were paying as much as most of the plants in town.'

"'All right,' I said; 'but this isn't most of the plants in town. Seems to me I remember hearing that the little girl is helping to support her father. You go out right now and have your clerk tell Miss Burke that she will get one hundred a month and two girls to help her and that the raise dates from the first of this month. Let's see how that works.'"

The big employer blew a cloud of smoke, and then blew his nose with startling suddenness and force. I thought his eyes looked misty.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Something that made me stay awake that night longer than I usually do, and that made me wonder if a business man could get so hardened that he forgot he was human and had a responsibility toward others. When Forbes' clerk shot the news at Miss Burke she wavered a minute and then dropped to the floor like a log. We had her taken home, but conditions were bad there—let's not talk about it, because we made them right later—and she was sent to a hospital. She had brain fever for seven weeks and afterward she had to go to the country for a month. My wife talked some of a divorce those days, because I bought more flowers for the little red-headed girl than I ever bought when I was a-courting.

"A-hem! I must have a cold coming on. Well, anyhow, I sent for the telephone expert after Miss Burke was taken sick and told him that I wanted to make a complete readjustment of telephone-board conditions in the plant. We got to talking, and finally he confessed that he had always wanted a free hand to put in a model-telephone-board equipment in a big plant.

"'Hop to it,' I said. 'Here's your chance!'

"'It will cost quite a little money,' he said.

"'Hells bells, man!' I shouted; 'I don't expect to get anything model nowadays for two bits. Go ahead and spend money—you're not hog-tied, are you?'

"He left me alone after that. A month later he came to me and asked me if I had fifteen minutes to spare. I didn't have, but I spared them. He took me up onto the roof. Before you go I want you to run up there and see what I saw. It was a little house built there as cozy as a southern California bungalow, even to the window boxes with red geraniums beginning to grow in them. Inside were three rooms—the exchange boards in one, the—oh, well, you'll see for yourself.

"Miss Burke came back in time, and now she is in charge there at a hundred and twenty-five a month and with two assistants. I haven't had telephone trouble for so long that it makes me laugh to hear men talk who have it. I don't think we've had any in the whole plant. The service isn't good—it's perfect, plus! And if you want the low-down on my investment I'll tell you that every dollar I put in has paid twenty per cent a month since in business and efficiency and smoothness of operation, and that I wouldn't go back to the old basis for a million-dollar bank note! Now ring that bell at your right and my boy will lead you up and show you something."

What I saw was a neat, gayly painted, flower-decked edifice on the wide roof of the executive offices that looked out on a city full of activity and interest and on a bay teaming with movement and life and color, where ocean breezes blew freshly and where the sun poured down in a warm and golden flood. Inside, three happy, cheery, nimble-fingered girls in comfortable chairs were minding the nervecenter of a million-dollar-a-year construction and foundry business with the sureness and accuracy that come from perfect confidence and contentment with the task. Beyond their sunny workshop was a retiring room and a hot-and-cold-water shower-bath outfit; beyond that a rest room that was as homy as any I ever saw; and beyond that again one of these kitchenette affairs in which the flour bin folds up and can be used for a toaster, or the teakettle turned upside down and used to curl your hair with—that kind. The girls have their lunches there when they want to, which is usually, and if they should crave a talking machine and a dance floor I suppose they would have it. I do not expect anyone to believe that there is such a telephone exchange anywhere in the world, but that does not change the fact that Big Joe Byran furnished it for his girls, nor the fact that Miss Burke, the red-haired girl who fought for her position and her salary until she almost lost her life for them, is as sunny cheeked and carefree now as any schoolgirl, and as indispensable to the company as Byran himself

I had asked about telephone operators, and why they are not loved by all the human race. And taking it three ways, I had my question answered.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 40)

room, where it is first frozen and then packed for shipment. The caul or kidney fat of the animal is removed, warmed and then pressed, yielding a grade of oleo oil which is used in the manufacture of oleomargarine. The dry, hard mass that remains after the kidney fat has been pressed is known as stearin, and is sold to confectioners and manufacturers of chewing gum. It is also used in the cheaper grades of chocolate, taffies and penny candies.

Perhaps the most interesting operation in this business of utilizing the waste parts of food animals is the manufacture of important medicinal agents from the glands and membranes of the carcasses. Pepsin is made from the lining of the pig's stomach, and is used in the treatment of indigestion and stomach troubles. Pancreatin is also a product of the hog, coming from the animal's belly sweetbread. This article is employed as a medicine to peptonize food for infants and invalids. But the most wonderful preparations are those derived from the ductless glands of the animals. These tiny organs, by means of which constituents are removed from blood, either as a specific secretion or as an excretion, are an important part of vital machinery that is necessary to the health of both humans and animals.

Our learned men have discovered that when a gland in a human body becomes sick or tired, the similar gland in the body of a healthy animal is able to give up its strength and power in a helpful fashion. This knowledge is rapidly developing a great industry, and many are the remedies that are already being manufactured from the various glands of the animals we slaughter for food. Every gland that is recovered contains several different ingredients, each of which possesses an active principle. As a general thing the process involves the collection and consolidation of these active principles. Some of these preparations are manufactured from glands so tiny that thousands of cattle and more than a hundred thousand sheep are needed to make a single pound of one remedy.

One remarkable group of medicinal agents is known as the suprarenal preparations, which are made from the small glands just above the kidneys of the sheep. One of these remedies, called suprarenalin, is a powerful heart stimulant, and requires the glands of 135,000 animals to make a pound of it. This small quantity of the substance sells for $5000, but fortunately only a little of the medicine is needed for a dose. Thousands of lives, especially those of little children weakened by scarlet fever or diphtheria, have been saved by suprarenalin.

Another gland that is now rendering service to humanity is known as the pituitary

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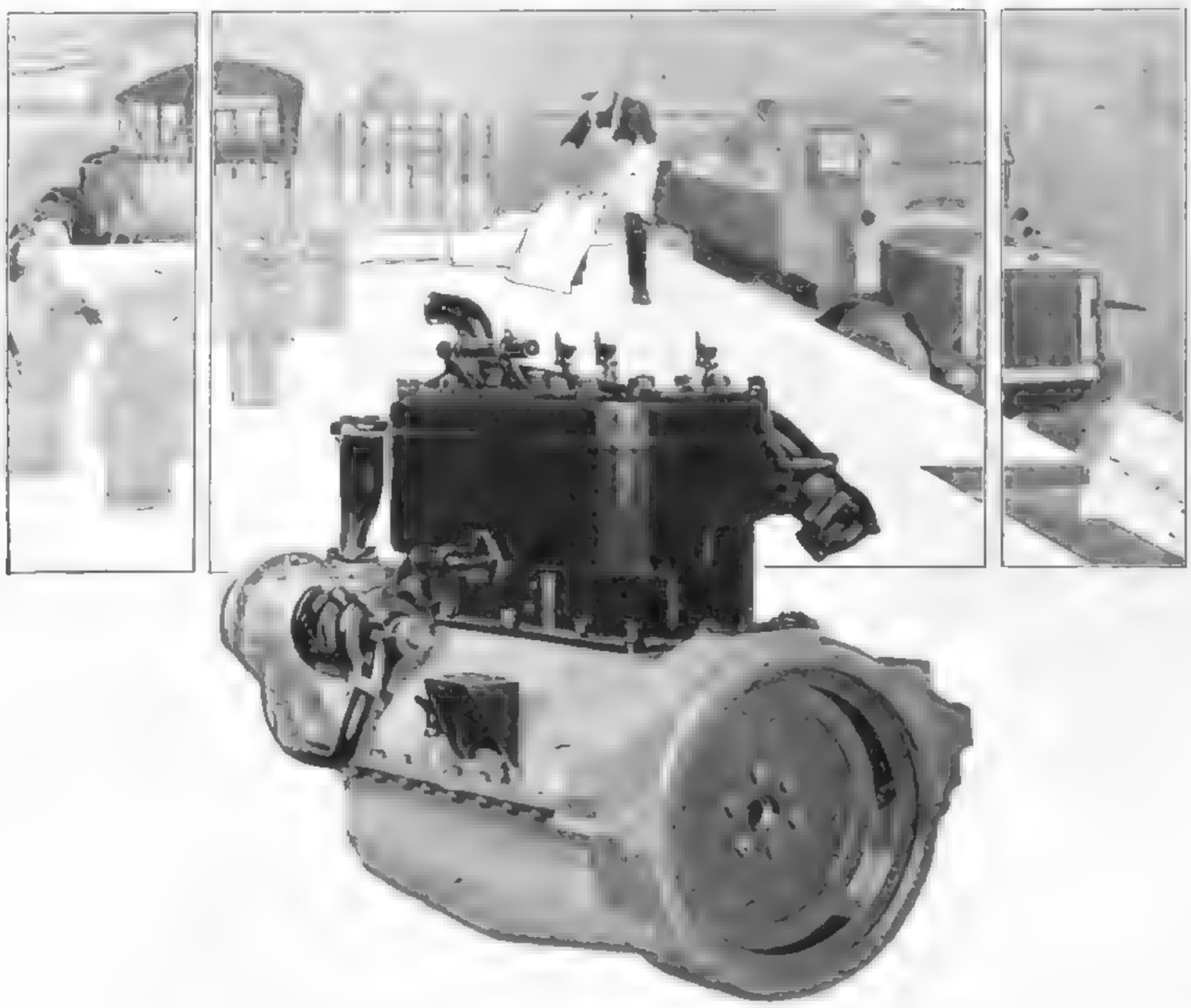

AT the New York Truck Show this year, an impressive percentage of the trucks constructed of recognized standard units were powered with Buda engines. The Chicago exhibit revealed a like expression of Buda leadership.

Though varying in design, capacity and purpose, these products assert a uniform reliance on the ability, economy, simplicity and long life of the Buda engine.

Each of them is equipped with the Buda power plant suited especially to its requirements, and all of them demonstrate in action the quality built into their engines through our 39 years of engineering and manufacturing experience.

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ESTABLISHED 1851

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The
ENGINE

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THERE are 30,000,000 men of shaving age in this country. Counting those shaved by barbers, the majority of men are being shaved with regular razors of the GENCO type.

We want YOU to shave with a GENCO Razor, because:

1. The GENCO is the professional type of razor, used by every barber without exception.
2. It does its work coolly, smoothly, in a businesslike way, whether you have a tough, wiry beard or a lighter crop.
3. It's a regular razor, made of beautiful, accurately-tempered steel. You will boast of it as a find and thereby sell other GENCO Razors for us.
4. The same strong, sturdy blade used day after day saves you much money. Figure up how much it will save you in one year only.
5. Men shaving themselves know now—as barbers have known for years—that a sure-enough, smoothly-cutting shaving edge can be had only by stropping.
6. You can strop a GENCO as easily as barbers strop their razors.
7. The diagram illustrates why anybody can strop a GENCO Razor. All you need to do is to hold the strop taut and the razor flat The back and bevel bring this razor against the strop at the correct angle. Three or four light strokes—not over half a dozen—and there you have the GENCO professional shaving edge again, again, and again.
8. Every GENCO blade is hand-ground by master cutlers and is the finished product of so much skill that we back it up thoroughly—"GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

YOU are the $\frac{1}{30,000,000\text{th}}$ we are after.

If your dealer is out of GENCO Razors, write to us

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TO DEALERS

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Note how GENCO Razors meet the strop in just the proper way to assure a perfect shaving edge. The bevel lends backbone to the edge and guides it on the strop.

Genco RAZORS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

(Concluded from Page 158)

body and is found at the base of the brain in all animals as well as in man. This gland is the source of remedies used for relieving sufferers who are in danger from the possibility of weakness from shock. That important little throat gland known as the thyroid, and found in human beings, is duplicated by a similar gland in the throat of a sheep. This little organ of the animal is now being employed to render a human service that is almost incomparable in value. When a child is born with its thyroid gland in a useless condition the result is that the brain of the child is unable properly to guide its body. To-day these little sufferers, at least many of them, are being greatly helped and sometimes cured by the remarkable remedy that is now derived from the sheep thyroid. Physicians now know that many of these so-called mental defectives are not suffering from a feeble mind, but rather from a feeble thyroid gland.

Another interesting little gland is the thymus, and is found in all young animals, disappearing in most of them when they are grown. After scientists had discovered how closely this little organ is associated with growth they pursued their research and learned that if the thymus was imperfect, or its work was interfered with in any way, growth stopped. These facts indicated a beneficial use for the thymus glands recovered from sheep, so a preparation is now made from this source that has been found helpful to children who do not grow as they should, whose bones are soft and whose food seems to afford them very little nutrition.

The great war was largely responsible for the development and extended use of another remedy that is made from the brains of cattle and which has been found to check all ordinary bleeding or hemorrhage from wounds or operations. In order to procure this preparation the cattle must be kosher killed—that is, they must meet their death in the slaughterhouse under the Jewish rites, which require that the throats of the animals shall be cut by rabbis. This remedy cannot be obtained from cattle that are first stunned with a heavy blow on the head from a sledge hammer. Large quantities of this remedy were exported to France during the war and used to hasten the coagulation of blood in soldiers' wounds.

Other by-products derived from our food animals are ox gall, a greenish fluid obtained in the gall bladder and used as a medicine in tablet form; also in making indelible inks, pencils and artists' paints. Rennet is a substance obtained from the stomachs of calves and used in making cheese; another form of it is called junket and is used for preparing a dainty dessert, generally for children or adults who are ill. Strangest of all recoveries are the pebbly stones frequently found in the gall bladder of the animals and generally known as gallstones. These are shipped to the Orient and are used by the Chinese in the manufacture of charms to ward off the evil eye. Many of the yellow men believe that if these stones are worn or carried in their pockets they will bring them good luck. We may laugh at this superstition, but it is no more ludicrous than our own belief in the horseshoe or the rabbit's foot as an omen of good fortune.

Prior to the war American manufacturers of cheese obtained the greater part of their necessary supply of rennet from Denmark. Without this ingredient the cheese could not be properly curded. Imports were cut off, and things looked bad for the cheese industry, not only in the United States but in all parts of the world. Rennet, which as before stated is obtained from the stomach of a calf, was not being produced in sufficient quantity here in the United States. Research was started and a new curding agent was discovered and obtained from the stomach of a hog. This new product was soon produced in quantity, and supplied not only the cheese industry in our own country but pretty much throughout the world. Since the war has ended the supply of rennet has again increased and is filling most of the demand for a curding agent. However, the new discovery forced by the war is continuing to function, and in case of any pronounced shortage of rennet this lately found product will again be available to save the situation.

Up until about eight years ago the great packing companies of America were shipping the intestines of sheep to the catgut factories in Europe, where this material was made into strings for musical instruments. At this time it was generally considered that any violin worth while must have strings of foreign manufacture. Some of the American packers commenced to question the wisdom of sending this raw material to Europe and then having it sent back to us, plus the round-trip freight charges and substantial customhouse duties. As a result of this idea one company equipped a small factory here in the United States and started to convert its own supplies of intestinal material into the finished product. To-day this business of manufacturing strings for musical instruments has grown into quite an industry. Not only that, but the American string has so grown in favor with the musical trade that the foreign product has come to be an article of second choice.

When a sheep is dressed parts of the intestines are sent to the sausage-casing department to be made into casings for different kinds of sausage, but the small intestine, which is about the size of a lead pencil and eight yards long, is sent to the string factory to be manufactured into such products as musical strings, surgical ligatures, tennis-racket strings, clock cords, loom gut, belt lacings, belting, and the like. The popular conception is that these articles are made from catgut; but let us exonerate our friend with the midnight voice, for no cat, or any part of one, has ever been used in the manufacture of catgut. Once a violin was called a kit, and as the strings were sometimes made from intestines it is likely they were called kitgut, from which we have derived the present name of catgut.

The surgical ligatures that are now made from sheep intestines were one of the valued articles used in the treatments rendered our wounded soldiers in the hospitals in France. In modern practice the delicate gut ligature, made from the strong silky side of the narrow sheep intestine, is employed by the surgeon, and this thread is taken up or absorbed by the flesh of the patient as he recovers, so that by the time he is well the stitches have disappeared.

These ligatures have been perfected after much experimentation with animals. The first ones were made in such a way that they were absorbed too soon, because they were not hard enough and the blood took them up too quickly. After further research processes were devised whereby these ligatures are now timed for ten, twenty or thirty days. They are sterilized and put up in glass tubes, and the surgeon will use that particular grade of ligature that will dissolve in the wound at the end of a stated period of time.

I might continue this story and tell how the delicate hairs on the inside of cows' ears are manufactured into artists' brushes as a substitute for the camel's hair variety, which have lately been very scarce. Or I might tell of the wonderful achievements of our chemists in converting the different fats and oils into the most delicately perfumed soaps, prepared in such a way that a certain variety may always be found to suit the type of skin possessed by each individual. The soap industry is not a new business, for when the ancient city of Pompeii was uncovered, after having been buried beneath the lava and ashes of Vesuvius for nearly 2000 years, the remnants of a soap factory were found, together with quite a stock of soap, which was of fair quality and in good condition after all of those centuries. Nevertheless, common as soap may be to-day, it was an article far beyond the purses of poor people up until a generation or two ago. Our ancestors, even in this country, used sand for scrubbing the floors, and when they did afford the luxury of real soap generally made a product of their own by cooking the fats from meat in a great kettle with an alkali derived from wood ashes.

Let us no longer assume, therefore, that our cattle, sheep and hogs are only valuable to furnish us with meat to eat and leather to use. We live in houses where the binder in the plaster is made of animal hair, and sleep on mattresses filled with the same material. The comb we use, the handle of the umbrella we carry, the dice that deprive the baby of a pair of shoes and the artificial teeth we grind our food with may all have come from the bones of the same steer. Whether we are listening to an orchestra in the theater or playing a game of tennis on one of the courts at the club, we are being benefited by the demise of a patient sheep, just as much as when we eat a slice of the animal's mutton.

All's well—
MAYBE!

A fine day—an open road—a quiet running motor—all's well.

Then—a grinding noise under the hood. A knock. A hiss. The radiator steams. You stop.

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But don't blame your car. Most engine troubles are avoidable if you know *before they happen*, and there's just one way you can know. Equip your car with a

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Your garage or dealer carries Boyce Moto-Meter or can get one for you. Installed in 10 minutes. Choice of six models for your car's radiator cap. $2.50 to $15—(in Canada $3.75 to $22.50). Dashboard type—$18 to $50—(in Canada $27 to $75).

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LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

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Her Finest Product

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Leading food authorities endorse Klim Powdered Milk. It is a healthful and nourishing food from babyhood up. Use it in tea, coffee, cocoa, on cereals and desserts. Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk insures uniform results in all recipes that call for milk.

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Klim retains all the food value of liquid milk. Its quality is the same in all seasons, in all localities. It is the only "whole" milk to be had in powdered form.

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Klim is not sold in bulk—it comes only in 1-lb., 2½-lb. and 5-lb. sealed cans.

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We will also send you *Free* our booklet "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk" describing this marvelous food and its uses. *Mail the coupon now—it puts you under no obligation.*

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Duplicator Manufacturing Company, *Chicago*

Offices in All Principal Cities

THE FATE MAKERS

(Continued from Page 27)

below and from all sides, and a bluish light guarded it night and day so that it shone like a gem; and since the signing of the government contracts, which had materialized just as Felde had predicted, armed guards paraded beneath it and stood sentry at the narrow bridges and ladders leading to it. From above approach was impossible. Nothing passed there except the giant traveling cranes, carrying the heaviest armor plate and the enormous boilers for the assembling of ships.

Seventy-five feet below him the little building would have looked meaningless to less informed eyes than Benson's. But to him it was the Mecca of his desire. Some day his plans might be among those jealously guarded others. He thought of Dort's stupid delay in getting him to Aigne. Lately he had tried again, but always to be turned back by the foreman.

"Why don't you let me take them?" Dort had urged.

And at length suspicious and mistrustful Benson dropped the subject. It was a bad move on Dort's part. It gave Benson over to a renewal of his blind anger at the stupidity of the vast majority of the workers with whom he came in contact. He was more than half inclined to cast his lot with the I. W. W. But some strong instinct held him back. He was not of these people; he could not like their leaders. Their language was smooth enough, but their eyes were not honest. Carlo had brought in another man or two and already the yards, which had started work so auspiciously, were uneasy.

There was talk of a strike in the foundry, and for once Benson had borne no part in the organizing of it. The plan seemed too destructive. Out in Muxton things had been different. The conditions under which the men labored there had been intolerable. They were American men asking the common decencies of human treatment from a foreign owner whose policy was to treat them like machines. Here at Walltown there was no reasonable cause for complaint. The uttermost that scientific modern management could offer was being given. The wages were high and the conditions thoroughly decent. And the talk, led by Carlo, began to savor simply of confiscation. Benson would have nothing to do with it.

"Bah! You have something to sell now!" said Carlo contemptuously. "You and your invention—where are you the moment your self-interest is involved? You fall at once into the bourgeoise class!"

"I admit it!" said Benson cheerfully. "I frankly hope my invention makes me rich. Of course I hope it will help make the world a more interesting place, but my pride in my invention is real—and I hope it makes a lot of money. And so would you if you had had the wit to invent it."

"I would socialize anything I invented!" declared Carlo hotly.

"But you haven't invented anything!" replied Benson. "Don't be angry, old scout. Only it's hard to say what you or anybody would do under a change of circumstances!"

But he was deeply troubled by this change in himself, none the less. Was it true that he had deserted the cause of labor or had labor in this instance deserted its own cause and run amuck like a treader of grapes on new wine? Through the week doubt of himself haunted him. Also the thought of Peggy was again a torment.

From time to time he had read of her in the newspapers. But of her disappearance he knew nothing, as her father had taken precious good care not to have it known. That she was quietly living within two miles of the shipyards was a thing that Benson never dreamed, often as he dreamed of her. It was utterly unsuspecting that on a Sunday morning, the day being exceptionally fine, he called MacNab the dog and set out for a walk into the country in the hope of tramping some of the uneasiness out of his soul. And if his steps turned in the direction of the mansion it was merely with a melancholy determination to see the old neighborhood, and without faintest foreshadowing of what else he was going to see there.

XI

IT IS in the very nature of the human animal to walk away trouble. And the habit makes no class distinctions any more than is the case with a thousand or so other fundamental characteristics. Teddy Aigne, equally unaware of Peggy's proximity and equally troubled by the impending strike, from almost exactly the same angle, set forth the same Sunday morning, also with a dog for company, and starting from a slightly different corner of the town—he had taken a furnished cottage there to be close to his work—headed for the same section as Benson.

To Aigne the attitude of his employees was a mystery. At first everything had gone so well. And now, just as his air program was ready for development, a spirit of discontent had risen like an evil miasma. He had Johnston, one of the best efficiency men in the country, with him; he had a famous economist; a welfare committee of rare ability—and they all told him that his plant was a model. More than this, he was conscious of having an open mind toward the labor situation. He had come into the game rather later in life than the average man wielding an equal amount of power, and he was open to new suggestions, new ideas, and above all active in the theory of a square deal being the best investment. Moreover, he had no need to make money. The investment was with him primarily one of ideas. If his aëro merchantmen proved more than a dream his dividends would have been paid, his investment called a success. His intent was that all the energies of his concern be bent to producing this vital development in world trade under conditions that would in the most modern and enlightened sense produce the highest point of efficiency. There was nothing that he could see to give cause for legitimate complaint. And yet a strike was threatened. It was preposterous, grotesque! Yet it was true. His men were preparing to destroy the source of their own living just as it was in a fair way to become secure.

In a daze of bewildered anger he prepared to walk the disturbance out of his system; and to shake off, too, the long anxiety and chagrin which Peggy's persistent silence had caused him.

So there were Benson and his dog approaching from one direction, and Aigne and his dog approaching from the other. And thirdly there was Peggy, who awoke this fine Sunday morning with a due sense of the responsibilities of the day, beginning with a better dress than that which she wore to dust and sweep in, and a fit regard for her Sunday dinner, even though she was to eat it alone.

She sang as she set the tiny house to rights, and sang as she made a nice cream dessert and set it on the window sill to cool. Then she rolled down her sleeves and got her hat and prayer book and went to church like the good little girl that she was.

And when she had been gone an hour Ruffles the cat woke from a refreshing slumber in which she had been indulging to the detriment of a large feathered hat belonging to her mistress. This hat was contained in a pretty round hat box under Peggy's bed, and the lid did not fit on very tightly. A persistent cat could easily remove it with nose and paws. And once the feathers were well trampled it made a delightful bed, so private, and just the shape of one's curved back.

When Ruffles first woke she spent several moments in setting her long fur to rights, and then stretching in a leisurely manner she rose from the wreck, stalked forth from under the bed hangings and looked about for something to eat.

The milk in the saucer upon the kitchen hearth she ignored, head delicately lifted, nose twitching slightly in unison with her plumed tail.

Then she got an interesting aroma—faint but intriguing, of cream and vanilla and the forbidden sugar. With a single leap she was upon the window sill, out through the open window, and without so much as a glance about to see whether or not anyone objected, attacked the dessert which Peggy had left there to cool.

Scarcely had she indulged in a few delectable laps when a horrid interruption occurred. A monstrous bull terrier that had been taking a rather nice-looking man in a tweed suit for a walk along the street beyond the little fence and commendably attending strictly to his own affairs suddenly caught sight of Ruffles. With an insult to cats in general and white Persians in particular barked loudly upon the crisp air, he crawled under the fence and began to dance absurdly upon his hind legs just below the window, continuing to howl his vicarious insults the while. No lady cat could stand it, and no lady cat in this particular neighborhood had the remotest idea of doing any such thing.

With a hiss of contempt Ruffles rose, her back arching in disgust, her tail a-quiver. If she had possessed a lorgnette it is likely that she would have used it at this crisis. Lacking one she deftly upset the bowl of custard upon the head of the intruder just as her mistress turned in at the gate.

"Call off your dog!" commanded Peggy hotly to the young man who leaned against the fence, helpless with laughter.

"Peter!" called the man, gasping for breath. "Here, sir! I'm awfully sorry!" he said to her, taking off his cap. Then he dropped it. "Why, Peggy!" he said simply.

"Ted!" she exclaimed. "At last! Goodness, but it's nice to see you!"

She was now inside the fence and he was outside, but she stretched both hands across it and his shot out to meet them. Then he could not let them go and Peggy did not seem to mind at all.

And by that time MacNab the Irish terrier, who had been nosing about the orchard of the old Benson place, reached the overgrown hedge and looked through to see what the row was all about. And after him came his master to find out what MacNab was looking at.

And what he saw was Peggy Willing holding hands with his boss and looking as if she was uncommonly glad to do so. He gave his dog a low command to heel, and turned back toward the city.

As he retraced his steps he knew that she had never really been out of his heart from the day of the orchard when he would not say good-by, and knew also that she would never be out of his heart so long as he should live. It scarcely occurred to him to wonder at her being in the cottage. It had been her grandmother's and so to him there seemed nothing strange in her appearance there. Neither did he wonder at her relationship with Aigne. Indeed he vaguely recalled that she had spoken of him in the old days at the Muxton mills. But though there was no wonder in his heart the incident set aflame his resentment toward the whole system under which he lived. Keyed to a high pitch of irritation at himself and his life he went on duty in an evil mood that was foreign to him.

At the entrance to the yard he met Dort.

"When are you going to get me to Aigne?" he asked. "I've waited too long now."

"When he comes back from Chicago," said Dort.

"He's out of town?" said Benson, drawing his brows together. "What makes you think so?"

"Saw him take the train an hour ago," said the foreman glibly.

"You saw him?"

"Yes."

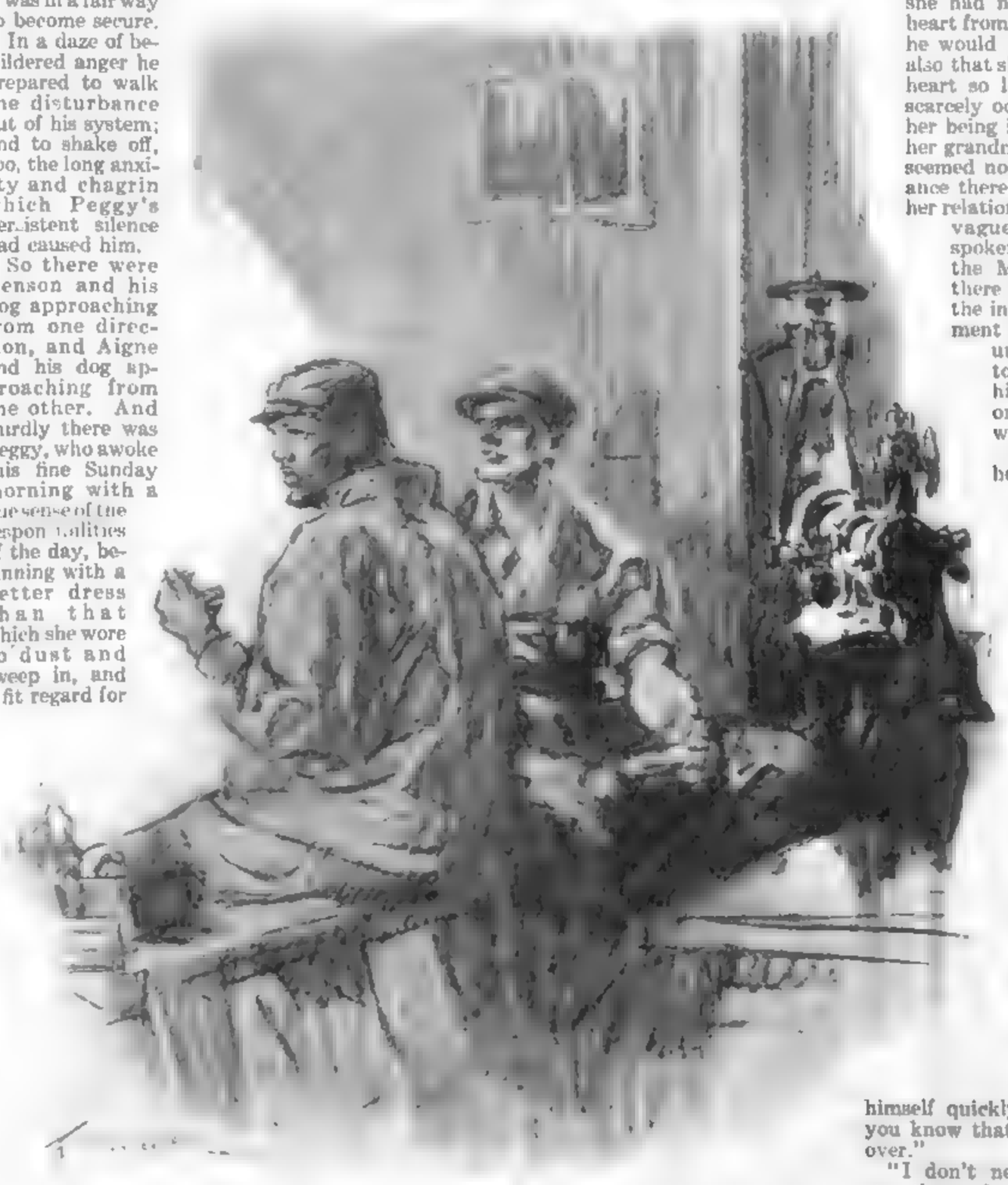
"You lie!" said Benson deliberately. The man flushed but made no move. Benson, enlightened, went on talking to him.

"For a long time now I have suspected you were stalling me," he said, "and now I know it. I don't know what your reason is, but I'm going to find out. And you can accept my resignation right now!"

"Don't be a fool, Benson," said Dort, recovering himself quickly. "We are short-handed, you know that. Take a week to think it over."

"I don't need to think it over. I'll stay the week out, and let you get someone for my job. But I'm through."

(Continued on Page 169)



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A clever picture may entertain; but a great picture does that and more, making you more sensitive to what life offers and what life is. And the most vital reason why a picture is great often is most difficult to explain—for it is the flaming force of the ***creator*** behind each hurrying scene, ever present, yet ever unseen.

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The next of Mr. Griffith's short story series will be distributed by the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. The next release will be ***"The Idol Dancer"*** with Richard Barthelmess and Miss Clarine Seymour. A romantic and happy drama, leaping to a thundering climax, it presents scenes of inspiring tropic charm taken in the South Seas. The last of the series is taken from the story "Black Beach." It will be a very important picture with Richard Barthelmess and Miss Carol Dempster.

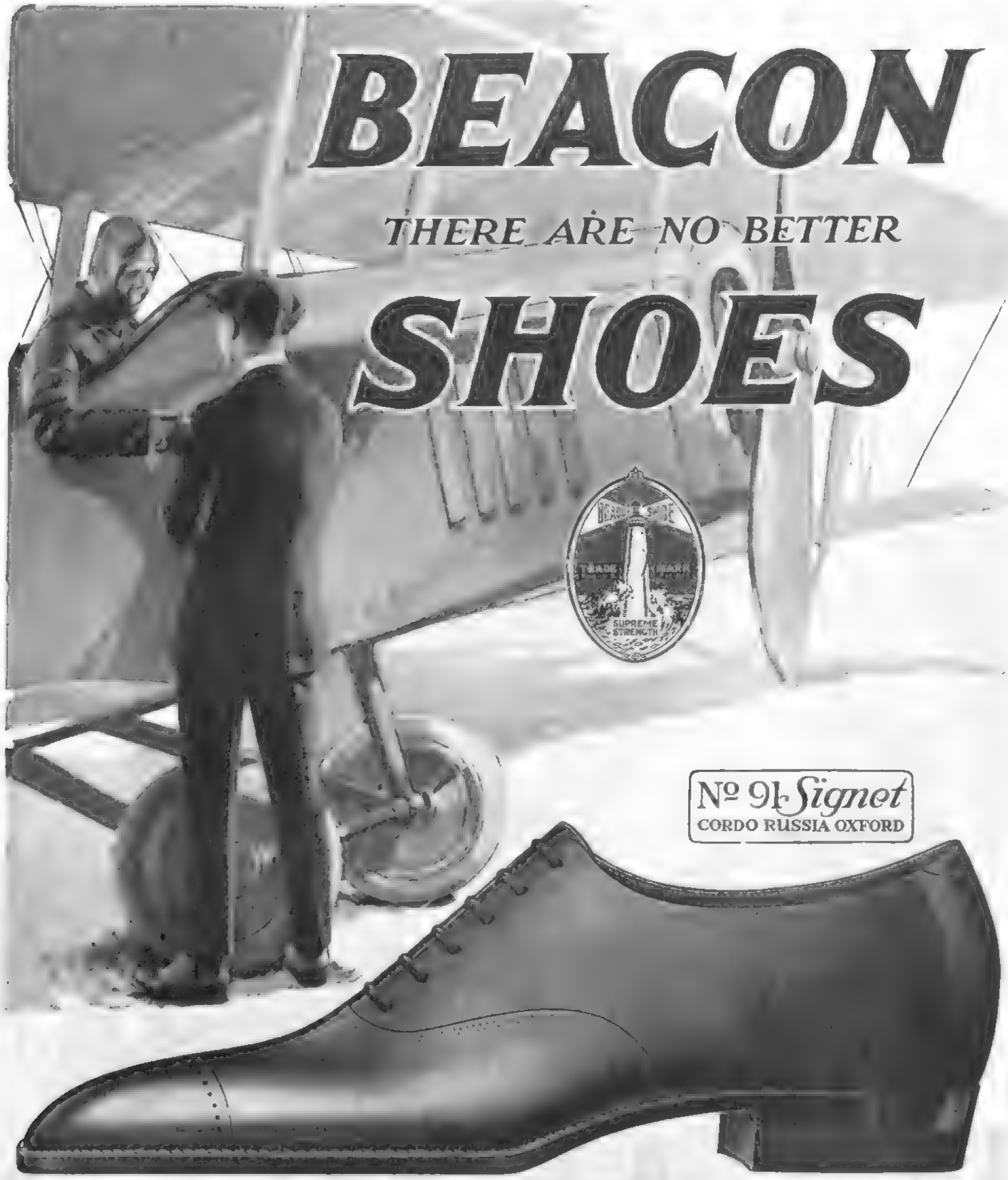
A. L. GREY, General Manager
Griffith Productions
720 Longacre Building, New York City

Productions

BEACON

THERE ARE NO BETTER

SHOES



No 91 Signet
CORDO RUSSIA OXFORD

FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

F. M. HOYT SHOE COMPANY, MAKERS, MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(Continued from Page 165)

He turned on his heel and walked away, leaving Dort staring after him. Then the latter hunted up Carlo, who was off duty, and the invisible telepathic machine to which they both belonged began to vibrate. By night Petrov knew that Benson and his charts were about to leave the Aigne yards. By midnight Felde, in Washington, knew. And by morning Carlo, in Wailtown, had his instructions to get those plans by any means that came to hand—but to get them!

And through his trick upon the crane Benson thought and thought until his heart was like to burst. To stay was now intolerable. He felt a wild need to get away, to free himself from all responsibility for a while—from the weak boy, Schwartz, whose case grew daily more desperate until he was now barely able to escape notice and dismissal; from the proximity of the object of his hopeless passion, and the despair of achieving his ambition. Somewhere in the wide land there must be places where master and man came together on a human basis, where the poison of such mad talk as that of Carlo did not penetrate.

He would be off at the end of the week, and he would find such a place; some field for real expression. They were making aircraft in other parts of the country than this. He would find his niche somewhere. Meanwhile he had but one thing of value of which to dispose, since the dog would go with him. His plans. What should he do with them?

Far below him the little plan house gleamed in all its magic unreality. That was the place for them. And why not? He determined to try. When he went off duty and exchanged a sullen word with the pasty-faced Billy Schwartz, who took his place, he followed his sudden impulse and headed straight for the executive building, where he asked to see Aigne.

The owner's secretary, a little man as dapper as Ted himself, replied that it was impossible.

Benson said he would come again next day, and he did. This time, though Aigne was still invisible, the secretary showed faint signs of interest.

"Can I do anything?" he asked decently, rather curious about the fine-looking young workman. "I am very much in Mr. Aigne's confidence."

"Thanks, I'd rather speak to him," said Benson, and went away.

This was Tuesday. His week would be out on Friday night, and the more he thought of his idea of seeing Aigne before he left the better he liked it. On Wednesday he tried again, unconscious that on this occasion as on the two previous ones Carlo had shadowed his every move.

"Mr. Aigne is very busy," said the secretary. "Senator Willing, the chairman of the committee on Bolshevism, is expected. To-morrow he is going to see some of the labor men here, and Mr. Aigne is cleaning up his work. I can't interrupt him, really!"

"You must, please!" persisted Benson. "It is vitally important!"

The secretary, a trifle impressed, disappeared for a moment, to return after a short interval accompanied by Aigne, who stood with the obvious impatience of the man of many affairs.

"This is the man," said the secretary by way of introduction.

"What can I do for you?" asked Aigne with his pleasant drawl.

"I've an invention," said Benson briefly. How simple it was, this reaching the boss, after all. "I have an invention which will land dirigibles without hauling. I am leaving here Saturday, and I would like to have the thing in safe hands before I go."

"And why do you trust me?" asked Aigne curiously.

Benson flushed and hesitated. He could not very well tell the man that Peggy's attitude had influenced his decision no less than Aigne's relationship to Haig.

"I must trust someone," he said simply at length.

"Will you leave me your diagrams then?" asked the employer. "I am very busy now, but I will look at them during the next twenty-four hours. Will you come back to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Benson.

And the precious documents changed hands. A face at the window turned away casually, and the unpleasant mouth of it twirled an extinct cigarette. Then the invisible machine began to click again.

There was no word of Peggy spoken, of course. Yet Benson could think of nothing else during all the interval that followed. So this was the man of her choice! Not a bad fellow, perhaps, after all, when one got to know him. And of her own class! For the moment he acknowledged class and its distinction, bitterly aware of having forfeited some intangible thing that had been his by heritage. But what did it matter since she was not concerned in the loss now? He recalled the vivid picture of her standing at her cottage gate, her hands in Aigne's. In a way this taking Aigne into his confidence was a sort of wedding gift to her, he told himself with a wry smile. And now the senator was coming to look into the strike. Well, it was all in the family. Bah—a sickening world, this!

That afternoon Aigne had taken Benson's plans home with him and looked them over. After the first glance every trace of doing the thing from a sense of duty deserted him. They were good, more than good! He was electrified. When at length he was finished with them he turned to some government specifications, and when his work was done turned the lot over to the dapper secretary.

"Blue envelope for the plan house—Lot O7612," he said. "Brown envelope in the office safe; and be sure I see that chap Benson when he comes back!"

With which he settled down for a long waking dream in which great fleets of giant airships landing with Benson's device circled about Peggy's blond head. To-morrow her dad would be here, and it would be a pleasure to show the old man about, even though he was bound by the most solemn promises to deceive him. Peggy had made him swear not to divulge her whereabouts, and Aigne had given the pledge gladly enough. What else Aigne dreamed of her is no one's affair. Her warm greeting, born of her loneliness, had surely justified the renewal of his hope of her.

And the dapper secretary before he went to his bed at the Y. M. C. A. deposited the envelopes as instructed, attended to a few minor matters and virtuously slept.

Also, ten minutes after the secretary's departure from the offices, Benson walked by the executive building, and seeing a dim light in what he now knew to be Aigne's office he approached the place on the impulse of a sudden resolve. If Aigne were, as it seemed, working late, it might be that they could talk now as at no other time. The unreality of night was upon him, distorting his sense of proportion pleasantly. Perhaps the other man would be in a like mood. He determined to chance it.

The building was a hollow square with the main entrance toward the yards, but the wing containing Aigne's room was furnished with several private doors opening on a driveway branching in from the main road and intended for the automobiles belonging to the department heads or their more important visitors. A desultory watch was kept at the main entrance, but a single man on duty was considered sufficient, inasmuch as all the important government papers in the company's care were kept in the plan house.

So it was without molestation that Benson approached the side entrance. The road was a new one and still unpaved. He made no noise, his shoes sinking into the soft earth and then into the turf of the walk. There was one step to the door. Benson stood upon it, and then, his hand arrested in the very act of knocking, his eye found a cranny in the shutter and gave him a clear view of the little room within.

The light came not from above but from a shaded gooseneck upon the floor. The door of the safe was open, and beside it knelt Carlo, a brown envelope—his, Benson's envelope in his hands.

With a deft silent movement Benson had the door, which was unlocked, open, and in another second he was in the room. Carlo turned at the sound, dropping the envelope, and in a flash the men had clinched. They fought silently as by some mutual agreement, rolling over and over on the floor, the foreigner reaching for Benson's throat. He found his windpipe and in the instant of relaxation had freed himself, his teeth showing like a wild animal's.

And then before Benson could recover himself Carlo was gone like a shadow, only a snarling sound in which his opponent's name figured, betraying that he had recognized John Israel. It all happened so quickly that it seemed unreal, and but for the pain in the throat where Carlo's fingers had closed like a steel trap, and the brown envelope lying upon the floor by the open safe, he could scarcely have credited its actuality. Yet here he was alone at midnight in Aigne's office, apparently in the act of robbing Aigne's safe, with the extreme likelihood of a watchman appearing at any moment. He dared not call for help, and indeed there was now no need for it. If he were to be caught here explanation would be difficult.

While he hesitated he heard a step in the far end of the corridor outside. It was the guard without a doubt! Instinctively he extinguished the light and stood waiting, fearful of trying to make his escape across the room in the dark. His heart beat to suffocation. But after a moment the steps died away in another direction and he breathed once more. Then with the collection of his senses and the returning control of his nerves came the overwhelming desire to look into the envelope before returning it to the safe. It would be perfectly secure there until morning, that was a fair gamble, and when he saw Aigne he would tell exactly what had happened. But for the peace of his own soul he must see the contents of the envelope once more. For without intention he had given Aigne both the original and the duplicate sets of drawings, and he did not possess another. His soul was fairly sick as he turned on the light and opened the flap. What he pulled out was a set of government specifications for a destroyer marked O7612. Otherwise the envelope was empty. His plans were gone.

With frantic hands he searched the safe, but to no avail. Then he rose from his knees, trembling in every limb. Who had them—Carlo? He replaced his brown envelope in the safe and swung the door shut. Then he extinguished the light once more, adjusted the spring lock of the outside door, and left the building. At the corner someone cried, "Stop there!" But Benson, unstrung now, and unreasoning, pulled his hat down over his eyes and started to run. Two shots rang out, and something whistled close to his right ear. Then he made a second mistake. He kept on running and turned into the light of a street lamp, so that his figure was clearly silhouetted to his pursuers. But a moment afterward he eluded them. There was a blind alley at hand, narrow and unlighted, which he remembered from boyhood, and into this he escaped unnoticed, while heavy boots pounding in haste passed by. Doubling back he swung upon a late passing street car and was gone. But when he had paid his fare and sat him down he noted grimly that there was a small round hole through his soft felt hat.

What could the whole performance mean? Who possessed his plans at this moment? Not Carlo; or if it were he, to what end could he have stolen them? For unscrupulous as the man was he must have known it would be impossible to dispose of them even for the purpose of socializing the invention; unless by chance it was Carlo and not the watchman who had attempted to shoot him. The thought clung unpleasantly, and the puzzle remained. Since Carlo could not use them he must have been employed by some enemy, but—to what end—by whom?

He felt at once frightened and exalted. If this invention was so highly valued by his unknown enemy it must really be as important as he, Benson, believed it. As to what course his own action should take, he could not decide. The grind of routine work postponed any immediate answer. He must sleep so as to be fit to do his trick. Arrived at his lodging he flung himself upon the bed beside that in which Billy Schwartz was already sleeping. They were working on a triple shift now, and Billy would succeed him. He noted absent-mindedly that the boy looked uncommonly ill in the laxness of unconsciousness, and was glad that for once he was sleeping instead of prowling about the town all night, as was his custom. And then from sheer exhaustion, mental no less than physical, he also slept.

XII

CARLO tapped upon the lower pane of Dort's window. The little shack in which the latter dwelt was the last of a long line of similar ones in a poor district, deserted at night save for a few straying cats that prowled among the refuse, and an occasional unobtrusive visitor such as the present one. At the end of the little street lay the river, silver and black in the late-risen moon. Ordinarily Carlo would have stood boldly enough at the door, for the neighborhood slept soundly and had secrets of its own; it was not prone to bear tales to the authorities. But to-night with the fear of the law upon him the agitator crouched in the shadow and repeated his signal impatiently.

After a while Dort could be heard moving about inside, fumbling for a light.

"Be quick!" entreated Carlo, shivering as a gaunt cat rubbed itself against his shins.

"Well," said Dort, at length opening the door and admitting the visitor by the light of a dingy oil lamp. "Stop your muttering and come in! Have you got the plans?"

"No," said Carlo shortly, closing the door and huddling down beside the stove. "Benson caught me."

"*Gott im Himmel!*" exclaimed Dort, setting down the lamp and staring at the other in blank astonishment. "How?"

Carlo explained. "But they were not in the safe," he added. "It is quite plainly a case of a mistake having been made. I figure that the Benson plans are in envelope O7612 in the plan house. Tell the senator that in the morning."

"I will tell Felde himself," replied Dort. "He will be here along with the committee. But he will be furious that you have let the things escape. They are safe enough now! *Schweinhund!* For what do you think you are employed, eh?"

"To organize labor, not to steal," whined Carlo. "God knows for a half a ruble I'd be out of this and glad of it. The police shot at Benson!"

"They did, eh?" said Dort sharply. "Then we'll hear more of this before we're through. I don't like it much better than you do!"

"What's going to be the end of the business anyhow?" asked Carlo. "There's too much action nowadays. Take blowing up that judge now. I'm glad that wasn't wished on to me. Ugh! Talk is all right until it gets people started doing crazy things. Where will the organization land us? What's the answer anyway?"

"I don't know—I can't tell you; but one man could if he chose," said Dort impressively.

"Felde?"

"That's the one—that's him!" said Dort. "He's the brains of the whole outfit in this country. If anything ever happened to him the revolution would be in a bad way. A great man, that Felde!"

"Well, no fear of harm coming to him," said Carlo. "He'll protect himself all right. I'll tell you one thing, comrade, if anybody's skin is to be sacrificed it will be yours or mine—never his own, mark my words!"

"Pooh!" said Dort. "You are a fool to talk such nonsense about death! What for do you want to make such nonsensical talk as that?"

He laughed, but he shivered none the less. Strange things had befallen one or two I. W. W. leaders who missed fire on some work of Felde's, and the law had had no part in their misfortunes.

Yet after a while these two lay down and slept.

In his berth in the Pullman that was carrying him from Muxton to Walltown Senator Willing slept uneasily, the wheels grinding into his consciousness and disturbing his rest. Across the aisle from him Herman Felde slept and dreamed of a beer garden with fat blond waitresses and beer—oh, such beer!—and of his father and mother, who sat on either hand drinking it, while he himself, a fat small boy, ate almond cake and tormented a green caterpillar which had dropped upon the table from the sheltering linden trees.

On his narrow cot Billy Schwartz floated through those prismatic, cosmic spaces that his drug induced. Beside him lay, dreamlessly, the exhausted Benson. Ted Aigne dreamed of his airships, and his secretary dreamed of bright bands to wear round straw hats. And Peggy in her little white bed dreamed she had a baby with golden curls, and smiled in her sleep.

Only Ruffles the cat was wakeful, being bent upon washing her face upon the back fence, which exhibition vastly intrigued a battle-scarred tom, her social inferior but worth angling for, until the late moon had quite disappeared. Curious how the world of the animals, century upon century, placidly ignores the march of human events! MacNab slumbered peacefully, and Peter snored at Aigne's feet.

And yet the forces that work ceaselessly through the night were shaping a strange destiny for those humans nearest and dearest to them. But they were far less conscious than the geese of Rome. The Great Western express hurried on, the clocks ticked

(Continued on Page 172)

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Women Designed It!

How should an electric iron be made to best fit women's needs? Here's a question that none can answer better than women themselves. That's why in producing this brand-new iron, as an improvement upon the six-pound Westinghouse Electric Iron previously on the market, Westinghouse enlisted the co-operation of women.

How heavy should an iron be? How should the handle be shaped? How should the cord be attached? These and dozens of other important points were settled not by men — not by engineers — but by women who use irons.

For example, it was found that women remove the plug from an electric iron in three or four different ways. The result is a plug that can be conveniently taken out in any one of these ways.

Women determined how the nose of the iron should be pointed, the better to iron tucks and gathers.

Women determined that the edge of the iron should be beveled, the better to look directly down on the work.

Women determined what should be the shape and the finish.

To the contributions of women were added the experience and ability of Westinghouse engineers, who produced a practically indestructible heating element and durable cord; distributed the metal so that from 85 to 90 per cent is in the bottom of the iron, where it holds the heat and saves current, and incorporated other features.

The weight of this new iron is six and one-half pounds. For traveling and for other purposes where a lighter iron is desirable, there is a three-pound Westinghouse Iron.

Westinghouse Electric Irons are on sale by light and power companies, electrical, department and hardware stores. Look for the name Westinghouse in the dealer's window and on the iron.

Westinghouse Electric Ware also includes Toaster-Stove, Turnover Toaster, Percolators, Curling Iron, Warming Pad, Cozy Glow and various other electric conveniences.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
EAST PITTSBURGH, PA.

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

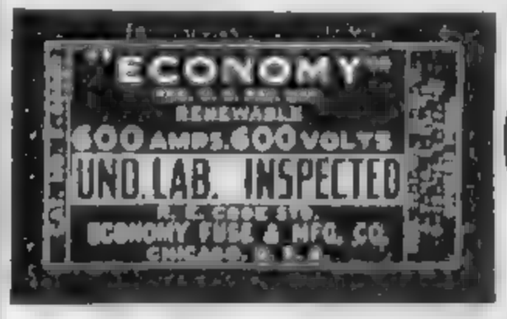
ECONOMY FUSES

The first line using an inexpensive bare link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be Approved In All Capacities by the Underwriters' Laboratories. (Dec. 1, 1919)

ECONOMY renewable FUSES gained this last great distinction not alone because of splendid performance in the rigid laboratory tests but largely because of their long record in actual service in the field.

Millions of Economy Fuses have been in use for many years—protecting circuits, lives and property and effecting marked economies in all branches of industry from the sweatshops in the lofts to the big steel plants, central stations, powder mills and even the U. S. Navy and other government departments.

When you buy fuses insist on the Underwriters' label on the fuse—and the "Und. Lab. Inspected" symbol on the renewal links. They are there for your protection. All ECONOMY renewable FUSES from 0 to 600 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts—bear these official marks of Underwriters' approval:



And remember—Economy renewable Fuses cut annual operating costs 80% as compared with the use of one-time fuses.

Say "Economy" when you order fuses.

For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Chicago U. S. A.

Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

(Continued from Page 169)

the hours away, the ferryboat slipped out to meet the incoming train, and the whole mechanical chain which makes these operations possible operated smoothly, impersonally, without warning. "Nobody could have foreseen what was going to happen," as the newspapers put it afterward.

But the reader will remember what the newspapers said. You will recall my protest at the beginning of this tale, that it was true; also my plea that it was too difficult for me to handle, which plea I now repeat. When so sensational an event occurs the inept writer must perforce give way to those geniuses of the press whose training has given them command of terse language capable of implying at least once again as much as it conveys.

My task as narrator really ends with a statement of the fact that Dort, alertly waiting at the gate when the party of inspection arrived, paid his respects to his old employer, Mr. Felde, who was the honored guest of the commission. This fact the papers brought out in the furor of inquiry which followed. But only recently has the Department of Justice let out the fact that at this juncture Dort managed to tell Felde that Benson's plans were in a blue envelope in the plan house and that the envelope was marked O7612. This much having been revealed in advance I am merely going to put before you a set of clippings, which will at once be familiar. They will recall the story better than I can tell it. The sequence is, of course, my own, and is arranged chiefly with an eye to the varying types of opinion which the big dailies stamp upon themselves.

The first is from the Times:

"Senator Willing and Herman Felde, noted capitalist, killed in sensational accident."

The Arm of Labor had it thus:

"Young engineer makes brave but useless attempt to rescue capitalists. Held on suspicion without warrant."

Then followed the names of the dead men in smaller type.

A semimuckraking sheet beloved of the parlor Bolshevists put the matter thus:

"The Peace Senator, mortally wounded, makes startling revelations. Companion in international plot is killed."

And again a sensational sheet with well-known German alliances found another angle:

"Mechanic causes death of three. Drug habit responsible."

But of all the statements given out by the numerous people concerned, only one stood the test of reprints in a thousand newspapers. Its utter simplicity defied the florid imaginations of small-town editors and cub reporters. They printed it intact. There was really nothing to alter. You may remember it. I refer to the interview which John Israel Benson the third gave to the reporters immediately after his arrest.

"I came off duty at noon," said the young laborer, his voice steady and quiet. "My trick was up then, and I turned the crane over to Billy Schwartz, my alternate. I did this with some reluctance, for I was troubled about the boy's condition. He had the coke habit, and God knows how he hung onto his job as long as he did. I saw he was not fit to go on duty but he quarreled with me over the surrender of the machine and so I let him have it, intending to report him as soon as I could reach the office. As I started down the ladder I saw the senator's party, on a level with my first landing, about seventy-five feet below the crane and a hundred diagonally from where I stood, entering the plan house. I had a vital interest in that building, as you are now aware.

"I went down another stage and saw that Billy had picked up a huge boiler and was starting across with it. When I reached the ground I saw something was wrong with the crane. It was moving all right but something sounded queer. Even in all the uproar I could hear it; an engineer gets used to noticing such things. Then I saw that a coupling was loose. She might hit the plan house and she might just crash down through the frames. There wasn't a guard in sight for once, except the fellow at the foot of the ladder to the plan house. He didn't seem to understand what I told him and so I just knocked him down and went up. The soldiers on the top platform didn't seem to understand me either. Still I managed to get by.

"Inside was Mr. Aigne and the senator and some other men. The door to the inside room was open and Felde was standing by it talking to the man, Grayson, who handled those things. That's why it was impossible to save them. They were too far away.

"When I called from the door they all came toward me except the senator. He turned back to try to get Felde, who stopped long enough to grab a blue envelope off the table. That delay was what killed him. I seized the senator by the arm and pulled him toward the door. The twenty-ton boiler fell just before we could make it. Some wreckage caught Senator Willing from the waist down pretty well. And that's about all," he finished, "except that, of course, it got Felde and poor Grayson. The others went untouched."

That was Benson's story. The interviews with Peggy were in their way even more sensational. If Theodore Aigne, the owner, and an expert stenographer had not been present at her father's deathbed his confession, as retold by her to the press, might never have been believed. As you may recall, the senator was carried to Aigne's house, and Ted at once sent for Peggy. The doctor and Ted agreed in their statement that it was her presence which induced the dying man to tell what he knew.

"I had always known that my father was working under some malign foreign influence," Miss Willing is reported to have told a Daily Dial reporter in the curiously uniform English which all interviewers allege to be verbatim. "But prior to his deathbed revelations I had no conception of his connection with the German-financed bureau for the spread of Bolshevism which he described. Indeed we have no proof of his connection with it except his own statement, and though Mr. Felde was undoubtedly the head of such an organization it would be unfortunately quite impossible to prove whether or not any official connection existed between it and the present German Government."

And much more in equally flowery language such as was never used by mortal woman.

It is surprising to note the similarity between the language used by Miss Willing and that which appeared in the same paper as issuing from the mouth of Mr. Aigne's secretary.

"I was intrusted with the two sets of plans on Thursday night," he averred. "And being somewhat fatigued by my arduous day I made an error which, as matters developed, proved most fortunate. Through some aberration on Mr. Aigne's part he had divided the specifications for the boat into two parts, putting one-half into each of the envelopes. The plans belonging to Mr. Benson were in neither. I discovered them in my portfolio next morning upon taking up my duties for the day. They had been neither in the safe at the office nor in the plan house, as Mr. Felde seems to have supposed, but in my room at the Y. M. C. A. building, where I make my residence."

It seems to me that I ought to stop this story about here. The reader will perhaps recall the arrest of Dort and later of P. Sullinski, and the finding of Carlo's body in the river, and the mystery surrounding it. And, of course, Benson's release from the charge of assaulting an officer, which had been the humorless complaint of the first soldier he had hit.

As for Peggy Willing's marriage, the newspapers printed so many pictures of it that the public must feel as though it had been present. And the press still prints paragraphs about the "millionairess who discarded her wealth and married a workingman." Mrs. Benson doesn't mind it. But I think Benson does. I recently transferred from the state to the Federal secret service, and I went to Walltown to talk to him about protecting the yards where the fleet of air merchantmen that he and Aigne are building are under construction. The Bensons had moved into the old mansion, which they had bought from the estate which held it, and a thorough renovation was taking place.

It was of a Sunday that I called, and I found the young inventor at work in the orchard. He was in the act of felling an old apple tree and the sound of his ax was as rhythmic as it was sure and strong. He stopped in his work to greet me and after we had talked a while I asked if he, through his experience, had discovered any panacea for the unrest that was still upon us. He laughed at me. Then he fished in the pocket

(Concluded on Page 175)

Why high authorities

are urging this new teeth-cleaning method

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. High authorities, after convincing tests, endorse it.

It has been proved for five years in every scientific way. And now leading dentists everywhere urge its daily use.

The time has come when every home should know it. Every person owes himself a test. The 10-Day Tube we offer should be written for and tested. This question of whiter, safer teeth is vitally important.

To end the film-coat

Dental science has for years sought a daily film combatant. Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. Most tooth troubles are now traced to it, including dingy teeth.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Dentists remove it when you visit them, but that is periodic. In the meantime it may do great damage. Few escape the ruin due to film.

It is that film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal. So film is now regarded as the teeth's great enemy.

Science finds a way

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to fight film. Its efficiency has been proved by many clinical and laboratory tests.

The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And numerous able men agree that this tooth paste, in other ways, meets every modern requirement.

The result is a tooth paste which, in three ways, seems to open a new dental era. Careful scientific tests have multiplied its advocates. And now millions of people, either through dentists or through home tests, have learned of its aid and protection.

Based on active pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

Pepsodent has two other effects now deemed essential, but its all-important action lies in constantly fighting film.

Quick, visible effects

The results of Pepsodent are quick and apparent. Once see them and feel them and one cannot doubt their value. So the best way to convince the millions is to send a 10-Day Tube.

That is the method now employed. A tube is sent to those who ask. Today the results are seen everywhere — white, glistening teeth, undimmed by film—cleaner, safer, prettier teeth. You see them wherever you look.

Now we urge that you make this simple, pleasant test. Few things are more important. See for yourself what this way means to you and yours. Then act as results direct. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent REG U.S. PAT OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. The tooth paste now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Watch it act

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will realize then how much this method means.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE 373

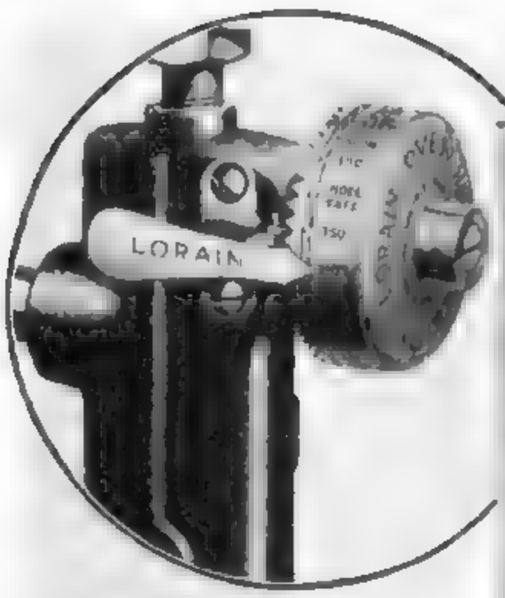
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 379, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address_____

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



With this wonderful device on your stove you can bake, boil, roast and stew in the oven at one time. No pot-watching, no guesswork.

Set the wheel—*then spend the afternoon in pleasure*

When you come home your whole meal is ready to serve

Invention has made tremendous strides in bringing into the kitchen, improvements that make work easier and better.

The kitchen cabinet is a wonderful advance over the old fashioned cupboard. The electric washing machine and iron have taken the drudgery out of washing. The electric vacuum cleaner has shown women new and better ways to clean. These are but a few.

Yet until the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator came there had not been a single vital improvement in the gas range since its invention. Women cooked as did their great grandmothers. They guessed at the heat. They had to stand over the hot stove watching and stirring.

A vital advance in cookery

Then came the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator. It revolutionized cookery. It modernized the gas range.

The "LORAIN" is a simple device that regulates your oven heat. The small wheel is marked off into 44 oven heats. You set the wheel at the temperature the direction book tells you is the correct heat for the best results. The heat never varies.

Think what this advance means! Foods formerly cooked on the top burners with the "LORAIN" are cooked in the oven. Thus it enables you to cook an entire meal in the oven at one time. You plan your meal, prepare it, put it in the oven, set the wheel—and then you are off for the afternoon's pleasure.

The "LORAIN" guards your cooking as if you were constantly there. When you come home a delicious meal is ready for you to serve.

It ends cooking guesswork

Until the "LORAIN" came, cooking with a gas range was almost entirely a matter of experience and guesswork. You guessed at the flame. You guessed at when the oven was hot enough. You guessed at when your foods were done.

With the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator there is no guesswork. You know the exact temperature for the most delicious results. And you set the wheel at that temperature. You know the exact time when your cooking will be most deliciously done. And in the meantime you do not even think about it.

Your gas range cooking is always perfect. Your baking is always baked through. Your meats are always done just right—never under-done, never over-done. There are no "unlucky cooking days" with the "LORAIN".

You must see it demonstrated

Only on the six gas stoves listed in this advertisement can you get the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator. Go to the dealer for any one of these gas stoves in your city. Let him demonstrate this wonderful device for you.

Once you see its simplicity of operation and its marvelous accomplishments you will not be content to cook a single day longer in the old-time way.

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the

"LORAIN"

the oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command

CLARK JEWEL—*George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.*
DANGLER—*Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*
DIRECT ACTION—*National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio.*
NEW PROCESS—*New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*
QUICK MEAL—*Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.*
RELIABLE—*Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

Every woman should have our interesting booklet "AN EASIER DAY'S WORK." You will be delighted with this book. It will be sent you absolutely free. So write for it now.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
14 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

(Concluded from Page 172)

of his overalls and brought out an old coin, a silver dollar with the date 1846 upon it. I turned it over curiously.

"What's this?" I asked. "And what has it to do with my question?"

"I found it in a hollow of this tree," he replied, "in company with a few fish-hooks, a float, a bundle of rusty nails, a bit of mirror with most of the mercury gone, and a little ivory pocket comb. See, here they are. A boy's treasures, beyond a doubt."

"But my question," I protested. "It doesn't answer that."

"Doesn't it, though!" he cried. "I tell you we have heard a lot of sentimental trash about false worship of the dollar—of money madness. That's a poor sort of talk. The American dollar is and always has been rather finely bound up with world trade. Its soundness has proved a pretty good incentive in the past for the creating of marketable goods. The sooner we get back to the honest confession of a liking for it, the better."

"A curious statement from a man in your position," I remarked. "So you think the traditional American talk of the almighty dollar is a good thing?"

"Why not?" he said with his slow smile. "There are two pretty good mottoes upon that old coin—and upon our new half dollars. The only trouble is we seem to have forgotten they are there! Read it for yourself!"

I remembered one, but not until I had taken the old coin and brushed away the dirt upon it did I recall the other.

"E Pluribus Unum," I read aloud.

(THE END)

Sense and Nonsense

Encouraged

COL. T. L. HUSTON, retired army engineer and wealthy co-owner of the New York American League Baseball Club, was at his favorite hunting club at Dover Hall, Georgia, very proud of three accomplishments. He had just bought Babe Ruth, the great slugger, for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, from the Boston Americans. Also he had personally selected and bought a fine Hereford bull for the club stock farm, and he had finished two hundred feet of a mud dam across the marsh to make a duck pond. So boyishly proud was the colonel that he telegraphed for George Stallings, the baseball manager, to come over from Macon and visit him.

"Colonel," said Stallings, a stock expert, upon arrival, "I'd shoot that bull right away. A Hereford is no good down here."

The colonel's face lengthened.

"You know, it's a funny thing about those great hitters like Ruth," observed Stallings at dinner that night. "I never knew one of them to repeat after a big season."

The gloom increased. The next morning they went out to inspect the dam—the real point of pride.

"But for one thing," said Stallings, "that dam would be all right. As it is, the fiddler crabs are sure to bore into it and ruin it in three months."

"Bob," the colonel said to his secretary upon arrival at the clubhouse, "get busy on that wire and hold up all invitations that I've sent out till I get this dam built."

Thriftless

AT MONTCLAIR, New Jersey, there is an old settler who spends most of his declining days sitting in front of the drug store making observations on the frailties of his fellow citizens.

The other day a well-known young man in the town got out of an automobile, wearing a brand-new suit of expensive clothes and carrying a cane. He went into the store and ordered ten dollars' worth of flowers sent over from New York, bought expensive cigars and candy, and invited everybody to the soda fountain for hot chocolate.

"Now jes' look at that young fellow, cutting all that swath and throwing his money round like that," observed the old settler in disgust. "An' I'll bet you, up at his house he ain't got a pint of liquor to his name."

Government Ownership

GEORGE PATTULLO tells a story of a loafer who applied for a job to a political boss and was given a card to the superintendent of a shipbuilding yard.

"But, boss, I don't feel right to work. Can't you find me a place where I can make a piece of money without workin'?"

"Who asked you to work?" demanded the boss. "Go on down there and show this card and they'll fix you up."

The applicant did as instructed, but was back at the end of three days, with the announcement that he was going to quit.

"What's the matter? Don't you like the job?"

"I likes the job fine."

"Ain't the pay enough?"

"I can't complain. It's as high as anybody's gittin'."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"Well, it's like this, boss: I goes down there and the guy looks at me card and says 'All right,' and puts me on the pay roll. There ain't nothing for me to do, so I hangs round and has it pretty soft. Then I notices a bird a-followin' of me everywheres I go. I just can't shake him. Wherever I walk that bird's right behind me. So I'm scared, boss. There's something queer about this and I want to quit."

"Why, you blamed fool," said the boss, "go on back there. That guy's your helper."

A Plausible Theory

FORMER President Taft and his daughter, Miss Helen Taft, who is just now acting president of Bryn Mawr College, are firm believers in high educational standards and also in adequate salaries for college professors. Bryn Mawr College is now engaged in raising an endowment fund of two million dollars, for the specific purpose of enabling its faculty to meet increased living costs, and Mr. Taft was recently invited to speak at a meeting of the committee which has the matter in charge.

Mr. Taft said that the importance of employing learned and thoroughly equipped professors had been freshly impressed upon his mind by the experience of a friend of his who is a great sportsman. It seems that his friend had two likely young bird dogs, which, judging by their ancestry, would have unlimited possibilities if properly schooled.

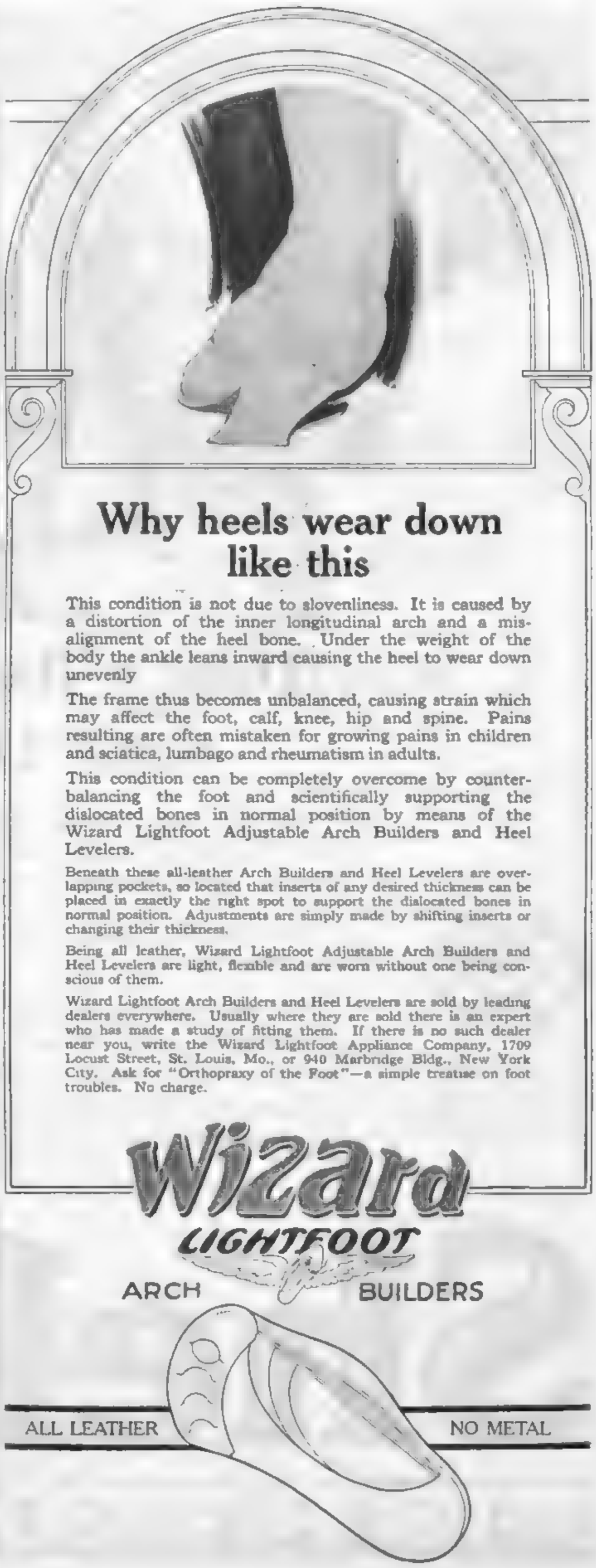
The owner of the dogs took the greatest pains to seek good advice as to where he should send them to be broken for field work. Several of his acquaintances suggested that he send them to an old negro named Randy Carter, who has a state-wide reputation as a successful educator of bird dogs.

This suggestion was followed and in due course the sportsman received word from Randy that the dogs were ready for a try-out in the field. Without loss of time he repaired to Randy's farm and gave the dogs a thorough test. Their behavior delighted him beyond words. His pets appeared to have acquired every canine virtue to be found in the perfect bird dog and none of the vices from which so few are entirely free.

He paid Randy double the fee that the old darky had proposed and then engaged him in conversation.

"It's simply marvelous, Randy, what you have done for those dogs. I don't see how you did it. Tell me, please, what do you consider the most important thing in training dogs?"

"Well, boss," replied Randy thoughtfully, "Ise been trainin' dawgs now goin' on fawty yeahs, and I 'low de most important thing is foh de trainer to know more dan whut de dawg knows."



Why heels wear down like this

This condition is not due to slovenliness. It is caused by a distortion of the inner longitudinal arch and a misalignment of the heel bone. Under the weight of the body the ankle leans inward causing the heel to wear down unevenly

The frame thus becomes unbalanced, causing strain which may affect the foot, calf, knee, hip and spine. Pains resulting are often mistaken for growing pains in children and sciatica, lumbago and rheumatism in adults.

This condition can be completely overcome by counterbalancing the foot and scientifically supporting the dislocated bones in normal position by means of the Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Heel Levelers.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be placed in exactly the right spot to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1709 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 940 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard
LIGHTFOOT
ARCH BUILDERS

ALL LEATHER NO METAL

Why Does a Railroad Conductor Stand Like This—

The conductor stands with feet spread far apart to brace himself against side-sway when rounding curves.

His feet are the bearings which keep him erect.

For the same reason the wheels on locomotives and railroad cars are braced against tremendous side-strains by having the wheels fixed to a revolving load-carrying axle with the bearings placed at the extreme ends of the axle.

This type of construction assures strength, economy of operation, and eliminates "time out" for repairs.

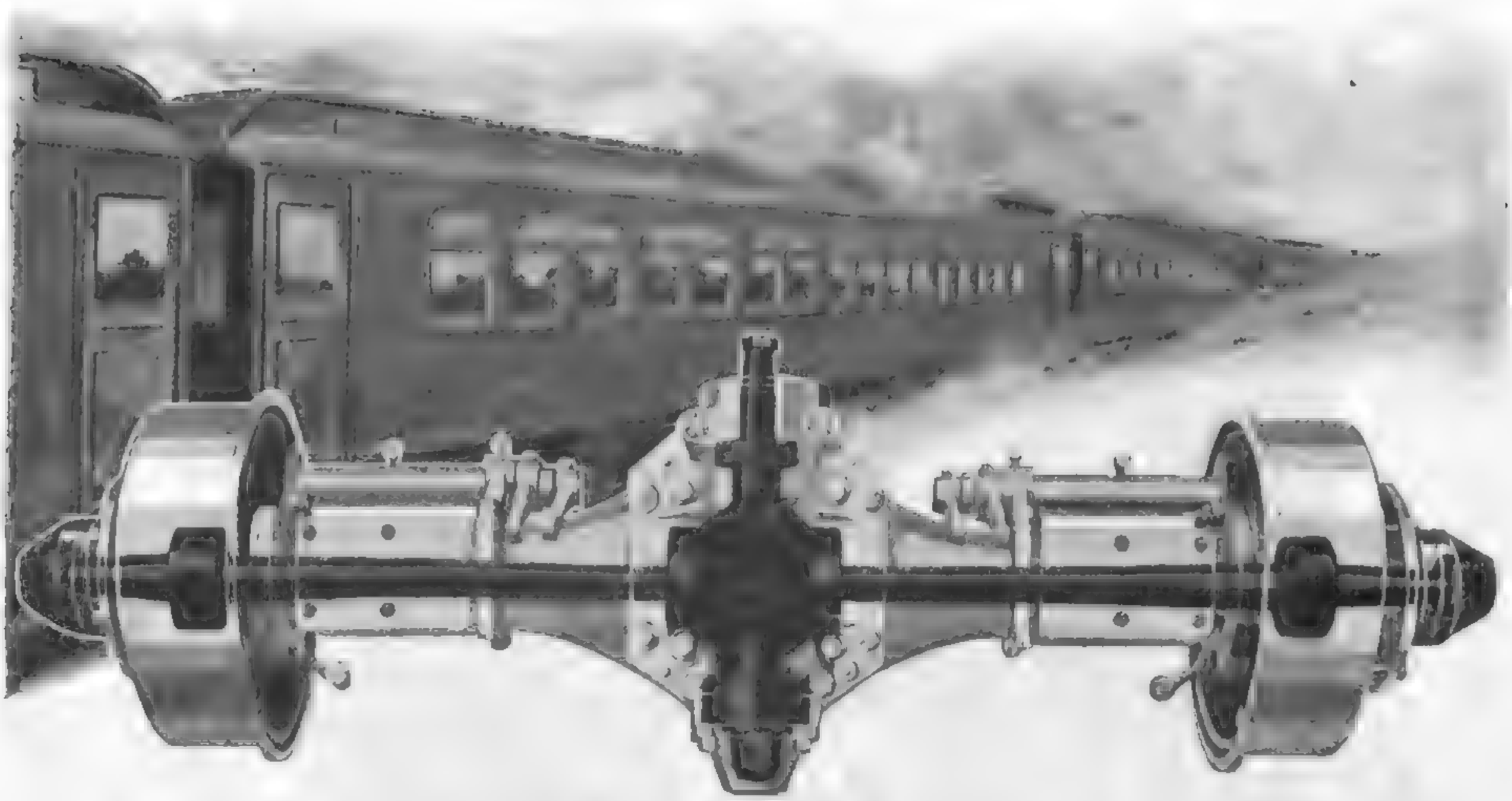
Trucks equipped with Sheldon Worm Drive Axles are safeguarded in the same way as locomotives and freight cars, which carry the Freight Tonnage of the World.

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for this Sheldon trade mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety and economy of upkeep.

Sheldon

CONSTRUCTED ON THE



And why is a Sheldon Motor Truck Axle Built Like This?

The bearings are widely separated and the rigid load-carrying axle has sufficient leverage between the bearings to withstand side-strains.

Remember, Capacity is an important feature of truck service, and Capacity is very largely a matter of Axle Strength.

The principle of Sheldon Worm Gear construction also facilitates ease and economy of operation, especially at starting, because the thrust load is taken by a ball bearing, which reduces friction to a minimum.

It will pay you to study axles. You can get Sheldon-equipped trucks from ½ to 5-ton capacity, and for every purpose.

Send for free booklet clearly describing the principles of Sheldon Construction.

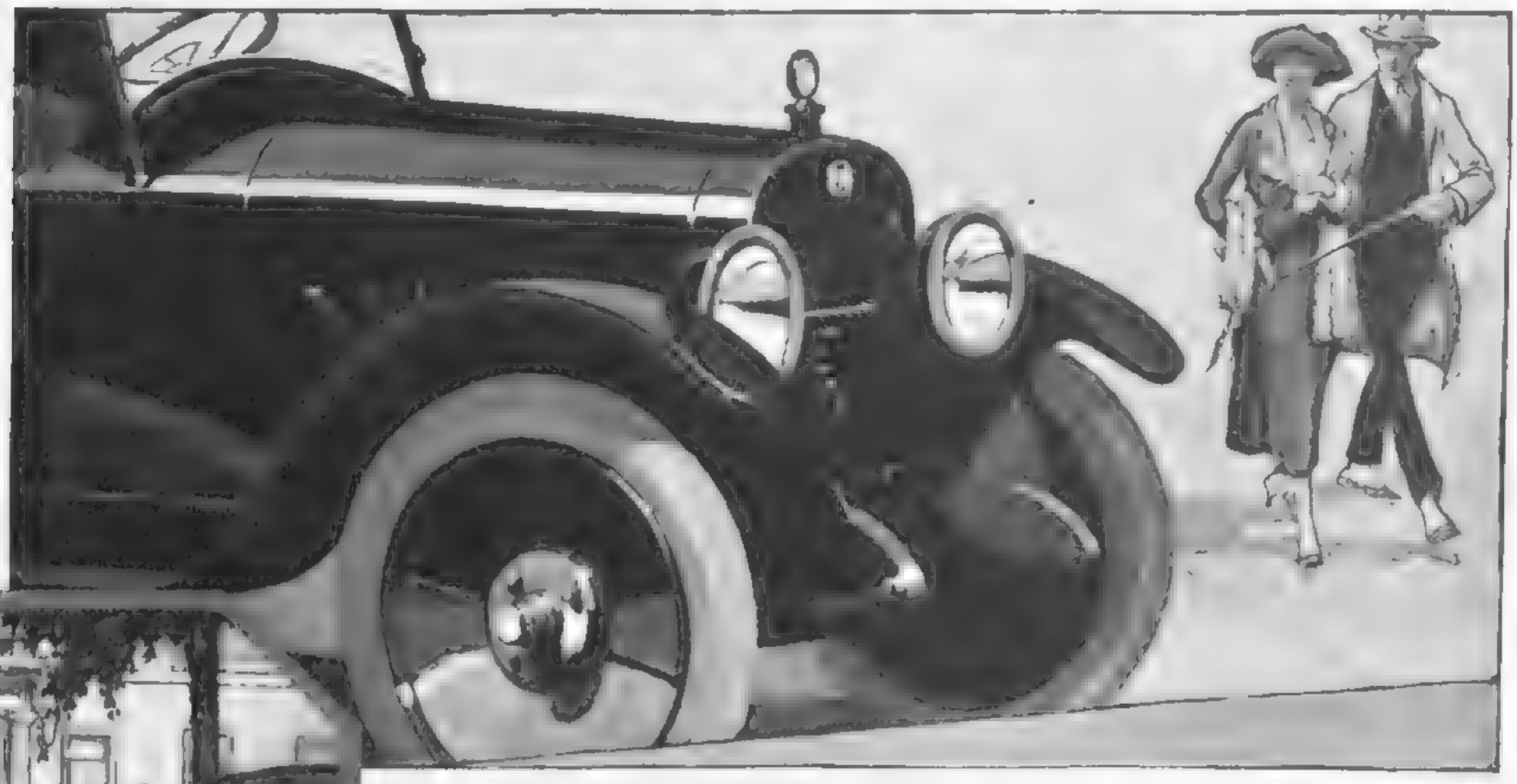
SHELDON AXLE AND SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

Axle FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

LOCOMOTIVE AXLE PRINCIPLE

Columbia Six



Well Groomed

Within recent years a new measure of achievement has been established.

People today are often judged by the cars they drive.

The brilliant hued speed monster of impossible lines and angles—the saucy roadster and the "down-at-the-heel" tramp car—are apt to typify the persons who own them.

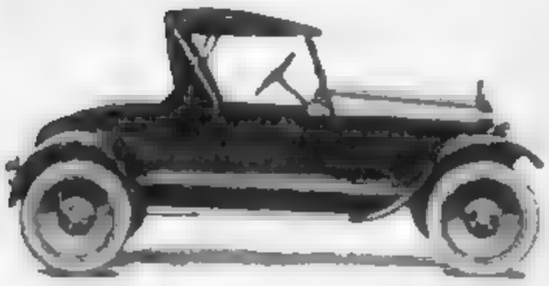
The Columbia Six has the substantial, well-groomed appearance that stamps its owner an established success.

Nothing bizarre or radical about it. Such effects are ever the mark of the social or business climber who is over-playing his part. The Columbia has a distinct air of "good breeding" that compels the sincere and lasting admiration of everyone.

In creating the Columbia, we have followed the invariable laws that govern correct dress—the best of materials and workmanship with deft touches in design that give it the brilliancy, freshness, and individuality of a spring gown from the hand of a master designer. It is distinguished by harmony and artistic balance in furnishings, fittings, and colors, and by scrupulous care and attention even to the most minute details.

Some cars depreciate in the pride of ownership more rapidly than they do mechanically. Yearly "trade-ins" prove this.

But the Columbia Six grows old slowly and gracefully. It keeps your confidence in its mechanical worth and retains your pride in its appearance because it is "*good all the way through.*"



The Columbia Six Two-Passenger Roadster—Disteel Wheel Equipped

For the Mechanically Inclined

Although it has never approached the radical either in design or appearance, the Columbia has always been far in advance of the field in the adoption of new features that really prove worthy of a place on a high grade car—for example, the Columbia pioneered in the adoption of thermostatically controlled radiator shutters and the non-synchronising cantilever spring suspension.

We are today the largest users of Disteel Wheels—the most advanced type of wheel on the market.

COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Gem of the Highway

OUT FRONT

(Continued from Page 14)

you must appear before them willy-nilly at the command of the manager. If only we could tell them that we don't want to do this rôle, never did want to, know in fact we can't do it, grow peevish as our worst spots are thrust over the orchestra at the audience; how we have remonstrated to impervious gods for as long as we were endured in sacred offices; how we left the presence feeling more inadequate and ornery than before—just pause, dear listener, to give a think to that, and perhaps you will be less annoyed with us next time.

These personal prejudices are extraordinary things on the stage. An actor or singer may be the victim of one of them for years, and then some indefinable something, perhaps a personal introduction, will break up the chunks and barriers of ice between the two souls and mutual understanding will ensue.

I believe William Winter failed for years to appreciate the marvelous, joyous art of Julia Marlowe, only to waken one day from his dream of antipathy to become one of her most ardent admirers.

Then at these early rehearsals we were just speaking of, all the fogs and dust of years seem to have settled in your ambitionless throat. But as the word goes out from this rehearsal as to the merits or mediocrity of the new opera you must make every effort to be pepful and charming, or energetic and unpleasant, as your part demands.

At a recent dress rehearsal of a première at the Metropolitan I was much interested in the invited audience. In front of me sat Ethel Barrymore. To her, musical though I believe she is, the acting of the singers must have been the most important, or at least the most striking, feature of the performance. It happened that the actors in that particular opera did not typify the modern opera singer, or singing actor, as they are called. All was done in the good old-fashioned way, leaving the voice free at all times. It was good operatic acting of the old sort, but poles apart from the real actor's art. Just behind me sat a famous musical critic to whom the production of the voice is of paramount importance. How differently he must have looked upon the goings on on the stage from the way Miss Barrymore did. Then a composer pure and simple, perhaps more simple than pure, sat not far away. To him the orchestra and the orchestration presented the most interesting and important part of all the elements of the opera. Scenic painters and interior decorators—their soft-voiced, blue-collared satellites—hovered near, screwing up their eyes and emitting important dictums on back drops and distances. To them all modern scoring was as naught, all singers but as things that crawled in front of them; nothing counted but the screaming background—which was no longer a background but a fore and middle ground—beautiful perhaps, but never designed as it should have been to be a subservient aid to the whole picture instead of a predominating glare, maddening to the betrayed eye. Then much farther back in the auditorium sat a rival prima donna or so, and rivals of the male singers on the stage. Their reactions must necessarily have been tinged more or less with personal emotions. The singers who were doing the actual work had their admiring little groups also, all throbbing and enthusiastic, with "Isn't she wonderful?" "Isn't he marvelous?" the burden of their song.

The Dutch Coffee Pause

All of these elements saw more or less what they had come to see, and were in some measure biased in their judgments. The singer, perhaps a great egoist, sure of perfection, perhaps a modest student, trying to live up to a dimly felt ideal, must be the target of all this criticism, and will you tell me how he or she might please them all? It can't be done, I tell you! But that audience is extraordinary, of course. The average one has a large and leavening lump of just people, more or less mere, as Daisy Ashford would say, and that is our salvation probably.

A most inspiring audience is one composed of children. About the only benefit I have received from the war is that I no longer have to sing the Witch in Hansel and Gretel on Christmas afternoon. For years I ranted and raged through that delightfully strenuous part, and though I always enjoyed it hugely I did wish I might have the day free sometimes.

The greatest pleasure was to hear the swift staccato patter of little hands beating out their joy when the wicked witch was thrust into the oven and came out just brown gingerbread. It was truly delightful to realize how thoroughly the little things were carried away by the performance.

Actors will tell you that all audiences are different. I once asked Martha Hedman if it was not rather deadening to play the same part so extremely many times in succession, running into several seasons. She answered that the audiences kept it fresh for her. If she said a certain line with a trifle of apathy the lack of response in the audience at once showed her she was slowing up in this particular spot, and she watched herself carefully the next time she spoke those particular lines to see that they got the same response as they had received when the play was fresh.

I have often wished one might introduce here the famous coffee pause of Dutch concerts. One of New York's brightest critics once wrote that the back row of a concert hall was usually filled by newspaper critics, who sat with their overcoats over their arms, in case of sonatas! If they had a steaming cup of hot coffee to look forward to, even a sonata might not have displaced them. It is always printed on the program just where the coffee pause is to be, and as soon as the singer has thrown her last ecstatic glance of gratitude to the applauding audience and tripped through the door in the rear, waiters invade the aisles bearing trays of cups and saucers, and everyone partakes of the grateful beverage. Tongues chatter loudly, everyone is sociable and presently the empty cups are handed back to the waiters and one settles back in much better mood to listen to the rest of the program. Of course the singer does not come in on this, but then we usually have something queer in a vacuum bottle, or raw eggs, or sometimes—recklessly—a bottle of porter. That is, we used to have these things. How many of us have descended to tea! Indeed I was in the dressing room of a famous star the other day who was dispensing cocktails during a particularly arduous rehearsal. They flowed in oily abundance from a huge vacuum bottle and were handed round in aluminum mugs—oh, no! Just a bit at the bottom of the mug, dear reader—water glasses, anything that would contain liquid. A stray and thirsty foreigner—we always have an assortment on hand—happened in.

"You will have some?"

"Is it tea? No thanks," said the wary and disgusted one, who had doubtless been fooled by tea-totaling Americans before.

His disgust was as nothing to that which flashed from his countenance, however, when as the bottle was emptied I whispered, "That was not tea; it was cocktails, dear one."

Madame Marguerite Sylva

Personally I always have tea; others have oyster liquor; one Italian prima donna gulps the yellow of the egg before singing; another sucks down the white only. A Spaniard has the yolk of an egg beaten for about a quarter of an hour into sherry or port wine. Some devoted and silent partner follows every song bird about with something wet, for it is dusty work.

In Zaza I have to drink many glasses of cider, the best substitute I could think of for the punch the old lady raves for. It really is mighty poor stuff, and I am hard put to it to smack my lips realistically.

It is a bad plan, though, to depend on any one thing, for some fine evening it may be lacking, and then all your nerves will mention it severally.

Where Fashions are Set

My colleagues who have sung much in South America tell me that the singers who are popular in that country have to sing so often during the season that they grow hardened in a great degree to nervousness. The very fact of their having to appear so frequently accustoms them to singing, even though they may not feel like it, and of course this cures one of exaggerated worry as to whether one is doing well or not. Singers that please the audiences down there are not always the greatest favorites here. Their opera houses are very large, and they prefer a brilliant piercing quality of tone to the soft round one we are more apt to enjoy.

You cannot even tell if they will like the same operas that we do. For instance, in the Puccini trilogy we produced last year the comedy Gianni Schicchi made the hit of the three. This was true of them almost wherever they were produced, but I hear that in one big city in South America they began to hiss and groan very soon after Gianni Schicchi started and continued it so loudly that by the time the lovely soprano air was reached you could hear nothing of the music. This uproar continued until the end of the opera. The director of the orchestra was fortunately a man of great self-control and conducted calmly to the end.

Perhaps the high price of eggs is a blessing in disguise to public performers these days. At the late display of German consideration of our feelings and misunderstanding of our national temper—the brief season of German opera in New York—one gentleman did arm himself with several eggs of most questionable quality and bestowed them accurately about the performers' persons, but he had every reason for desiring a truly unpleasant squashy effect, and what he probably would have liked to throw, but wasn't allowed to, would have cost a whole lot more than eggs do.

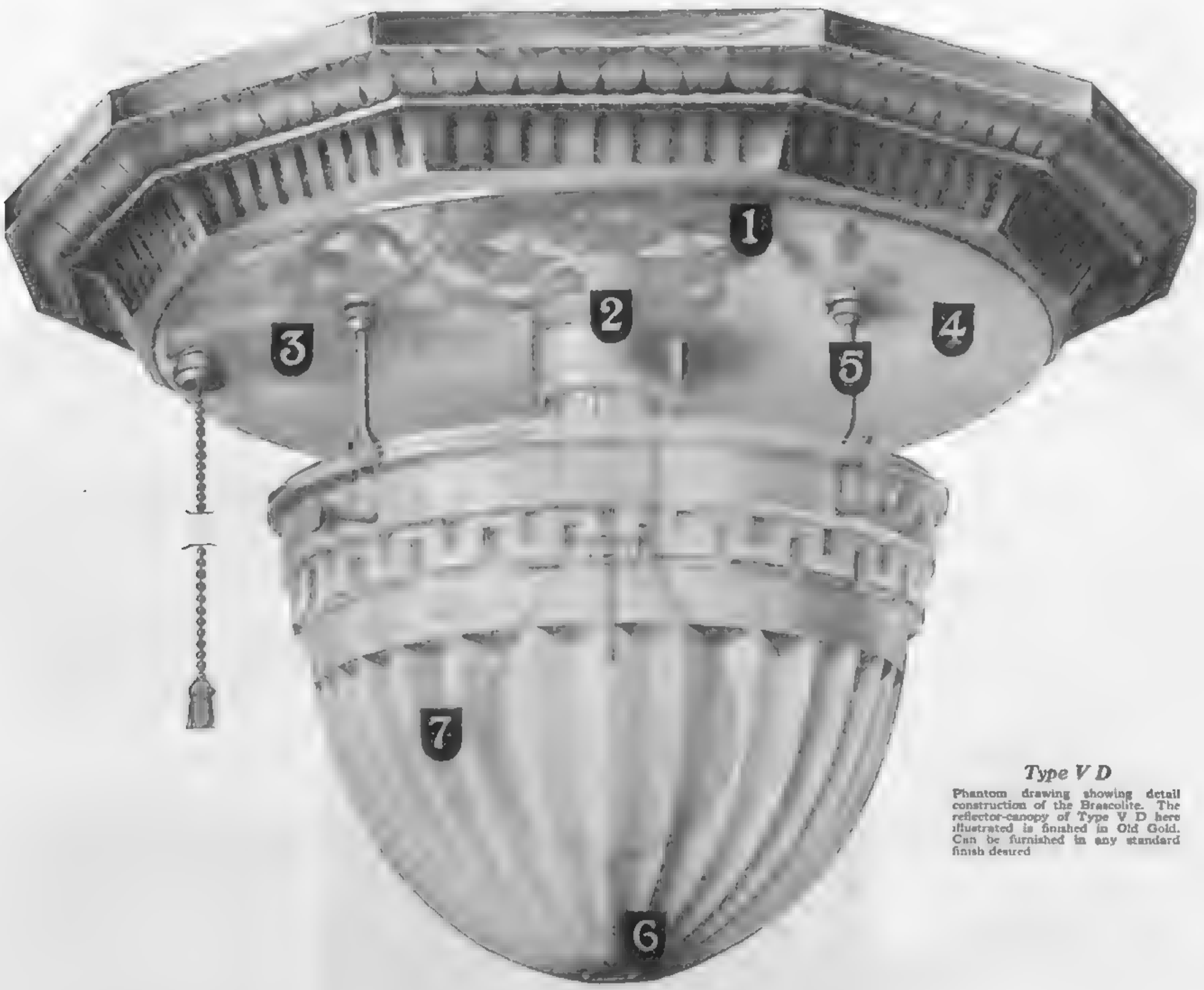
The audiences of Paris are a continual amusing study for the observing foreigner. There at the theater the mode is first launched, and smart ladies and brilliant originators of fashions go there to study the latest creations. Some favorites' gowns may upset the entire feminine world. Just now I believe they are all hooping hard. Can this be our fate in America? I hear that the audiences are strangely different from the ones before the war. All who have been there must remember the young black-and-white messieurs, elegant to an unbelievable degree, with their black silk cylinders tipped back and slightly over one ear, standing up in their stalls in between the acts and turning their backs on the curtain leisurely to examine the fair ones posing for their glances. Well, those same young men have gone, and have left a great gap behind them. They were intelligent, a vital part of the actors' audience, quick to catch every bit of good writing, every nuance of the stage favorites' art; cultivated and keen to a degree. They are gone; and in their place are many nouveaux riches, with their tastes still to be cultivated to that degree of perfection.

But they tell me also that the French theaters are not to be compared with their standards of before the war; that in some of them the leading rôles are filled by actresses who have been able to take the largest amount of shares in the company, or by the numerous and flourishing protégées of bigwigs. They also say the scenery is as a general rule far inferior to ours.

(Concluded on Page 183)

The BRASCOLITE

PATENTED AND



Type V D

Phantom drawing showing detail construction of the Brascolite. The reflector-canopy of Type V D here illustrated is finished in Old Gold. Can be furnished in any standard finish desired

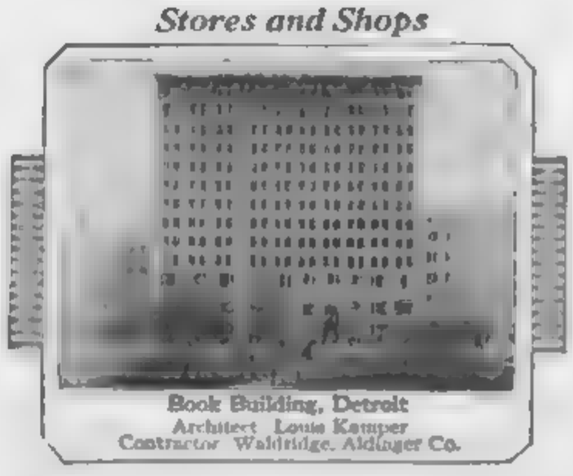
Office Buildings

Rice Building, Boston
Architect Parker, Thomas & Rice
Contractor Turner Construction Co.

Public Buildings

Missouri State Capitol, Jefferson City
Architect Tom A. Boyd
Contractor Gilvin-Terrill Co.

Stores and Shops



Book Building, Detroit
Architect Louis Kamper
Contractor Walbridge, Aldinger Co.

COLITE

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

7 reasons why it is the perfect lighting fixture

1. Brascolite Improved Supporting Tripod—simplest device for attaching to any kind of electric outlet.
   Means lowest cost for installing.
2. Brascolite Socket, made of porcelain with protected terminals—no wire splicing.
   Eliminates all danger and fire risk, and all electric troubles.
3. Brascolite Pull Switch of new toggle construction in insulated housing.
   Insures long, dependable life of continuous service.
4. Brascolite Flat Reflecting Plane made of white porcelain on Armco—positively will not rust, peel or discolor.
   Light rays refracted directly and without obstruction to the working plane.
5. Brascolite Spindles not only support the bowl, but hold the reflector periphery flush with the ceiling—being adjustable to correctly position the bowl, they insure utilization of every ray of light, thus producing maximum and uniform light distribution.
   The result is a candle-power variation of but 6 per cent in the very large radius of 135 degrees.
6. Ventilation upward through the hole in bottom of bowl insures long lamp life and least accumulation of dust.
   This reduces operating depreciation to the minimum and practically maintains the original lamp efficiency.
7. Scientific configuration of the white glass bowl thoroughly breaks up the intense white Mazda light and softens it by diffusion. The principle of diffusion plus reflection has made Brascolite the ideal light of eye-health and comfort, exceeding in efficiency every other fixture in the world.
   Total absorption of but 20 per cent versus the blinding clear Mazda lamp, plus properly directed light rays to a useful plane and a large luminous object, in area 569 times as large as the lamp filament, in which the intrinsic brilliancy is reduced 97 per cent.

In every field of commercial lighting the Brascolite has attained universal acceptance as the perfect lighting fixture, because of its perfectly developed principle of reflection and diffusion. Daylight is diffused light — the perfect light for eye-comfort and service. Brascolite reproduces the softness of natural light by scientifically controlled artificial means which have met every test of experts for efficiency, economy and service. The Brascolite carries its own ceiling or reflecting plane and is therefore independent of room-ceilings either in height or color. Its wide variety of designs—both period and modern—adapts it to every plan of architecture and to every kind of building—stores, offices, banks, hotels, theatres, schools, churches, state capitols, railway stations, libraries, homes, etc. Fifteen thousand dealers sell Brascolites. Your dealer will be glad to show them. Our new catalogue No. 7 pictures and describes the complete Brascolite line with prices. A copy will be sent upon request.

There's a Brascolite for every purpose. A wide variety of styles and sizes adapt it to every kind of building—commercial, public and private.

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Division of the St. Louis Brass Manufacturing Company

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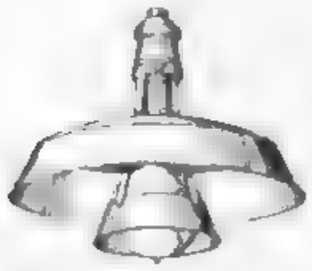

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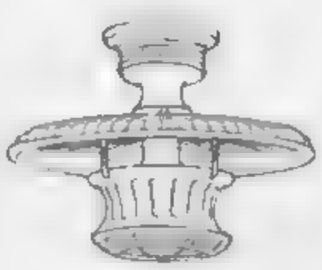

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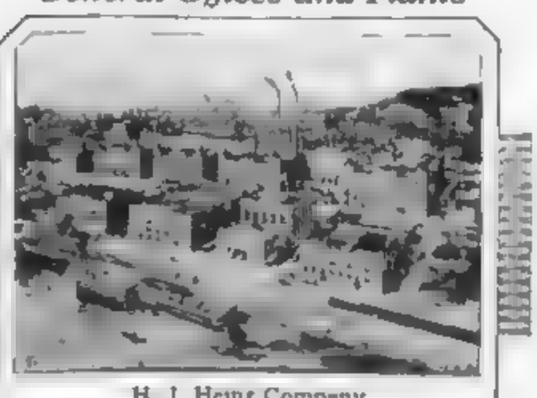

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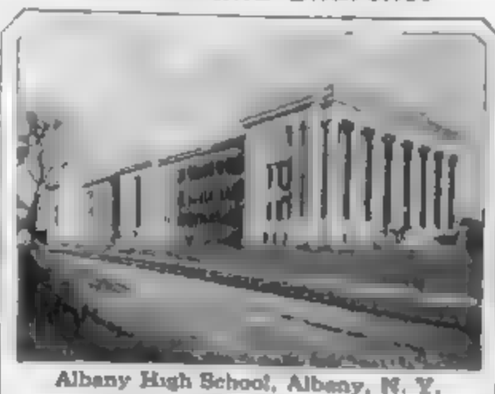

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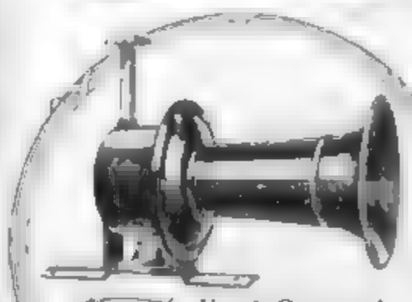

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $4.75
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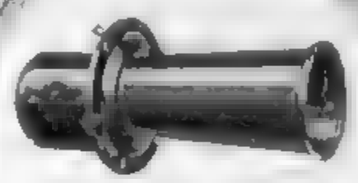

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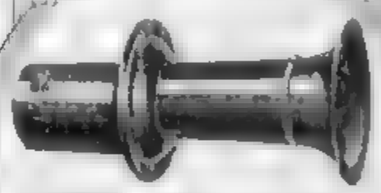

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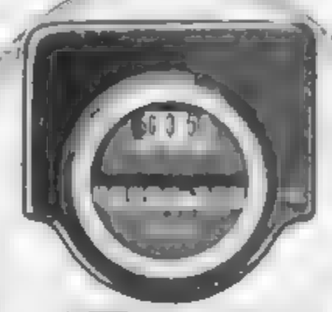

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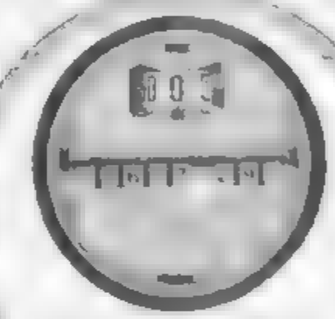

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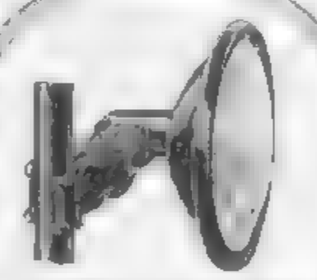
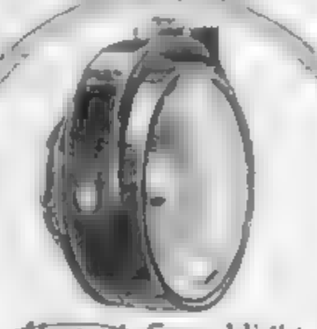
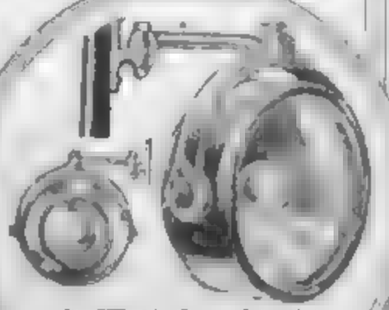


Stewart Searchlight Popular Priced Model $4.75



Stewart Searchlight Standard Model $7.50



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COMPARE Stewart Custombilt Necessities with anything else on the market in quality, service, satisfaction and dependability. Ask any motorist's opinion. Go the limit in investigating and you will decide on *Stewart* accessories every time. Over six million satisfied users.

"If your car hasn't Stewart equipment it hasn't standard equipment."

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N.
Chicago, U. S. A.

A Nation-wide Chain of Service Stations.

(Concluded from Page 179)

Charlie Chaplin is a huge favorite in the dozens of French movie theaters; the audience sighs and shouts with rapture when his name appears on the screen. Quite important people write essays about him, and he is a popular idol.

Fairbanks and Hart are both very popular, but our women fail to please them much, even the one and only Mary. The movie theaters are much inferior to ours.

America is doing a great work of propaganda for itself through its movies. Our rural love stories, our society dramas, ground out by the hundred, with virtue invariably triumphant, with boys and girls of simple tastes and high morals always getting each other in the fade-out—surely that must show the Balkans what quiet home life in America is like and how much better it must be for the digestion than the shooting and intrigue they seem to thrive on. Also the apparent ease with which American millionaires are snared by true love, combined with organdie and yellow curls; that must send many a simple villager to the local steamship office in poor old Europe. She may sell her wonderful peasant embroideries and set sail with the money, and after a generation buy them back again on Madison Avenue and the cross streets for her grandchildren to dress up in—at only a three hundred per cent advance in price.

I believe the movie audiences the world over have one element in common, and that is—the snugglers. The back seats are the happy hunting grounds of amorous youth wherever one goes apparently, and it is tactless to invade them unless you have to.

Emmy Destinn

In the concert world the audience plays a very large part in the singers' success. As the auditorium is usually fairly well lighted every part of the house is visible to the lonely artist on the stage. Late comers must be waited for, fanning ladies ignored, all parts of the house must be sung to impartially.

At one concert where I appeared this season every time I came back upon the stage to begin a group of songs, bowing an acknowledgment of the applause, a little old gentleman in the second row half rose in his seat, returning bow for bow. Many people in the first rows think you catch their eye, when you have not been conscious of their presence. I remember when Clara Butt was over here, meeting several people in the next few days who said that she had sung a certain song straight at them. As they were widely distributed in the great hall, though all somewhere in the front rows, the lady understood her business pretty well to create that impression.

Cafés Chantants

I have a particularly trying gift of extreme far-sight, which is sheer torture sometimes in concerts. Just last summer, singing in a huge auditorium, I saw a very young girl in a lonely part of the top gallery lie at full length along the seats, waving her arms in the air from time to time. What she came to the concert for I can't imagine, but it was peculiarly distracting.

A fascinating audience is the one that gathers in the cafés chantants in Paris. There you see the girls of the Quartier with their charming cheap adaptations of the passing fashion, perhaps a silk foulard twisted round their bobbed hair and held in place with two big gilt-headed pins, or with cheap dangling earrings of fascinating irregularity caressing their little brown throats. Their heavily painted eyes, half-veiled, gaze in utter sophistication at the familiar scene before them. Some throaty poet-tenor, who has written his own song, gets up beside the raw-backed upright piano, which is shoved into the center of the room. Perspiring, pink cheeked, he pipes his sentimental ballad with a poignancy of appeal, a sincerity of feeling, a familiarity with his love theme which sways you unconsciously, and the little girls follow his honeyed tones with breathless intensity. The *père de famille* is there, too, sometimes with his better half, sometimes with other *pères*. Their hair clipped *en brosse*, strongly tempting the would-be caressing female by its upstanding velvet, they swallow down the strong double meanings of the comedian with great gulps of satisfaction. They like their wit well seasoned—that's why they came.

Students abound, pale and ruddy, cultivating emaciation as their chief claim to attention or utterly oblivious of it as an accepted part of their meager years of art study. Affectionate *amies* cling to them, or banter them with the charming comradeship of the Frenchwoman, be she great or small—the something that caters bewitchingly to the man consciously but not obviously. They sit at the little marble-topped tables, leaning on their elbows, cigarette in hand; over all broods an enchanting bluish veil of tobacco smoke, the odor of cheap wine grows stronger as the evening warms; chatter, chatter go the lively tongues in their musical, superbly produced language; hands with queer rings gesticulate; their bosoms rise and fall in deep-felt laughter; to and fro the apron-clad waiter whisks—a bock here, a blonde there, a pink grenadine of cloying sweetness for madame, a cup of chocolate *bien chaud*, a little to eat, much to drink, slow-sipped and economical to the last—what could be more amusing, more really enjoyable, given the right company and the few necessary sous? Probably nobody spends more than a dollar or so, but everyone is living, is alert; no vegetable minds waiting for someone to start something; waiting and waiting and finally disappointedly going home, as we are apt to do in this country. It isn't that there is anything specially brilliant said or done, but there are the will to be amused on the one hand, the knowledge that what they do will be appreciated on the other, which make for pleasant and memorable hours.

Italian Audiences

The Italians pride themselves on the cultivation of their audiences. I believe there is a strongly grounded theory that they are the most worth while and cultivated audiences in the world—that is, operatically and dramatically speaking. They express their sentiments at all times as they will, and the actor or singer depends on this active expression to gauge his performance. The artist has always before him the possibility of finishing a performance to empty benches, this not being considered at all an impolite procedure, but a quite ordinary and obvious one on the part of a displeased audience. It must be a great schooling, and how the Italians must miss it when they play for Anglo-Saxons! No wonder they hire a claque at the opera house; anything to make a racket out in front and break that ghastly, unnatural, million-eyed stillness that lies before them.

Often I have been asked what an audience looks like from the Metropolitan Opera House stage. Have you seen a field of cabbages at night, pale greenish globes in rows? That's what they look like to me out front. The blazing footlights make a blinding wall of light between you and them. This for a year or two is a rather disconcerting thing. You must stare into this hot wall, smile at it, frown through it, be yourself behind it. It is so unnatural that it takes some time to accustom oneself to it. To me it was overstimulating at first, and made all things seem more unreal than ever on the stage. The heat is sometimes great from the electric bulbs of red, white and blue in a line in front of you, and this heat is thrown back and up to you by the reflector, which at the same time protects the audience's eyes from the glare. The first row or so of people might be recognizable if you strained your eyes, but personally I think it so extremely disillusioning to see a singer or actor trying to recognize people out front that I have never allowed myself to do it. When we go out for bows, and the house is lit up, one can see well enough, and what was a glimmering cavern full of ghosts to be charmed becomes but an ordinary gathering of people more or less animated.

Madame Homer and Four of Her Children

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FAIRBANKS SCALES

UNTIL Thaddeus Fairbanks invented the platform scale, weight-measuring instruments had not been greatly changed since ancient Babylon. From age-incrusted pictures carved in stone we learn that these instruments in use in Egypt differed little from the one probably used in Abraham's transactions with the sons of Heth, of which we are told the four hundred shekels he paid Ephron for a burial place were weighed out in silver currency.

It remained for an ingenious Yankee hemp dealer and artisan to solve the problem of accurate weighing by means of the platform scale as we now know it. Until his invention appeared in 1830, old-time methods of weighing, by balance or steelyard, were the only ones in use. Little did this Vermont inventor realize how great a revolution he had wrought in the world's trading methods!

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The Temco Electric Motor Co., *Leipsic, Ohio, U. S. A.*

YAS-SUH, 'AT'S ER DOG!

(Continued from Page 21)

give a reward which would make Mr. Johnson's single-dollar payments look like plugged nickels. To the genius who should go forth and find Old Lee at a moment when the Northerner was mourning for the vanished super-dog, Young Colbridge's purse would open automatically, deluging Meshek with riches. The idea was nothing short of sublime. Drunk as he was, Meshek Stone realized that. And realization spurred him into action. Climbing unsteadily to his feet he chirped to the sleepy dog; and Old Lee got up, stretched himself fore and aft and followed the wavering course of the negro down the street and out into the open country.

Not until Old Lee was safely moored to a rope in a corner of the far-away cabin, with soft straw under him and a dented pail of water at his side, did Meshek recall that he had failed to bring out the dog's wonted rations. True, Old Lee had just eaten. But to spur Young Colbridge to the needed acme of tip giving, at least a day—perhaps more—must elapse before Meshek could return the dog to the store. Meantime Old Lee must have food—and plenty of it.

Townward Meshek bent his still-wavering steps. Walking with a decided accent, yet with more or less speed, he made his way toward Cottrell's meat market. As he went he revolved in his mind excuses for demanding a new and large consignment of scraps for Old Lee so very soon after the last requisition. Meshek for the moment was without money and without collateral. Searight had seen to that—in exchange for much gin. Yet Old Lee naturally must be fed.

As Meshek came to this conclusion for the seventh time he brought up in front of the meat market. The windows were dark, for unnoted by Meshek the evening had been advancing. The hour was not far from midnight. Long since Watkins Cottrell had shut his shop for the night. The whole crooked little street of shops was in blackness.

The vacant blindness of the vicinity cheered rather than depressed the food seeker, for his Napoleonic mind already had surmounted the difficulty of Cottrell's absence and had even turned that absence to account. Meshek had become a man of action. Shuffling round to the rear of the rambling store he gave an experimental joggle to one locked window after another. The fifth of these rattled with promising looseness. Drawing his barlow knife, Meshek inserted its one blade deftly between the upper and lower sashes and groped with it for the catch. The lightest of shoves sent the old-fashioned catch clicking back, and Meshek with another furtive look round the black alley opened the window and clambered in.

To the ice box from the opened sash was but three steps. Meshek, thanks to his familiarity with the store, took those steps with no shadow of hesitation. He swung wide the solid door of the refrigerator and wormed his way into the chilled interior.

Guided solely—and satisfactorily—by his sense of touch, he located a monster loin of beef hanging slablike among other slabs. Still going by touch, he brought his willing fingers to bear upon the section of loin he desired for Old Lee. Drawing his barlow knife again, he began to hack.

"Dat gran' ol' dog's sho' gwine know now dat Meshek Stone is a niggeh of his word!" soliloquized Meshek as he wrought over the clammy mass of beef. "He's sho' gwine know dat Meshek don't take no two dollahs—not eben f'om a Yankee—not widout givin' Ol' Lee full value received. Dat dropper's gwine live on de fat of de lan' all de time he's tied out—dat he is!"

Encouraging himself thus with cheery promises, Meshek cut hard and deep into the sirloin. Hunk after hunk of the gelid meat he shore off the parent loin and stuffed into his shirt bosom for safe-keeping. At last he was satisfied that Old Lee was supplied with choice viands for at least a three-day sojourn in the cabin, whereat he groped his way out of the ice box.

"It mos' sutt'nly is coolish-like in dat li'l boodwah!" he informed himself as he swung shut the refrigerator door. "But I'd shivveh a heap mo'n dat fo' Ol' Lee. An'," he informed his faintly grumbling conscience, "him an' me ain't robbin' no one either. De meat trus', it rob de people. De paper say so. An' no one cain't rob a robber, kin he? No, sir-ree—dat he cain't! He ——"

Meshek's smug reflections came to a gobbling halt. A spear of light was ripping through the darkness of the shop and was playing with merciless gleam on the shambling body that crouched in front of the ice-box door. Wandering perfunctorily through the alley during his somnolent nightly patrol of the town, the single Shelbyvale policeman had noted the open window and had brought his electric torch to bear. Much gin and more delusions of grandeur and a hazy uncertainty as to the hour had made Meshek forget the danger from these nocturnal rounds.

At nine o'clock next morning Mr. Edwin Johnson in his capacity of town magistrate was constrained to sentence his pampered handy man, Meshek Stone, to ninety days on the rock pile for the crime of breaking and entering and for having in his possession and on his person not less than eleven pounds of choice meat pilfered from the market of Watkins Cottrell.

It was a most clear case. Meshek blinking and dizzy from the tertiary stage of his potations did not so much as attempt to deny his guilt. Nor could he advance any excuse for what he had done—especially to Mr. Johnson. His past record of purely negative worthlessness and his popularity as a factotum for all local huntsmen softened the verdict. Instead of holding the poor shaking creature for a higher court, Mr. Johnson took it on himself, with the connivance of everyone concerned, to impose sentence.

This at nine o'clock. Precisely at ten Meshek Stone was installed in due and ancient form as a member of the Shelbyvale jail's chain gang.

Neither the sovereign state nor the incorporated borough profited overmuch that day from the enforced services of the new prisoner. The gin was still mighty within him, clogging his brain, thickening his gait, making him barely five per cent efficient. But a night's resonant sleep on a plank bed restored the negro to normal and brought back memory as well as coördination.

In the gray of dawn he woke in his cell, cold sober and sickly bewildered. He lay there peering at the window bars and trying to remember. It was his first official visit to the calaboose, but he had no trouble at all in recognizing his whereabouts. And a few minutes of concentrated effort brought memory into action, telling him why he was there.

At first Meshek was sore tempted to cry. He had all the horror of law that is the portion of a negro who has been lucky enough hitherto to escape its clutch. Here he was, in jail—his days, ninety of them, to be spent with the miserable chain gang on the road, the sport of every shrill-voiced boy in Shelbyvale; the horrible example for the more fortunate of his own race. He was disgraced—forever disgraced—here in the community where everyone had liked and—so he chose to tell himself—trusted him! Good-by to his sinecure job down at Johnson's store! The man who had sentenced him was not likely to keep him on afterward as an employee—not even in the humble office of feeder to Old Lee!

Old Lee!

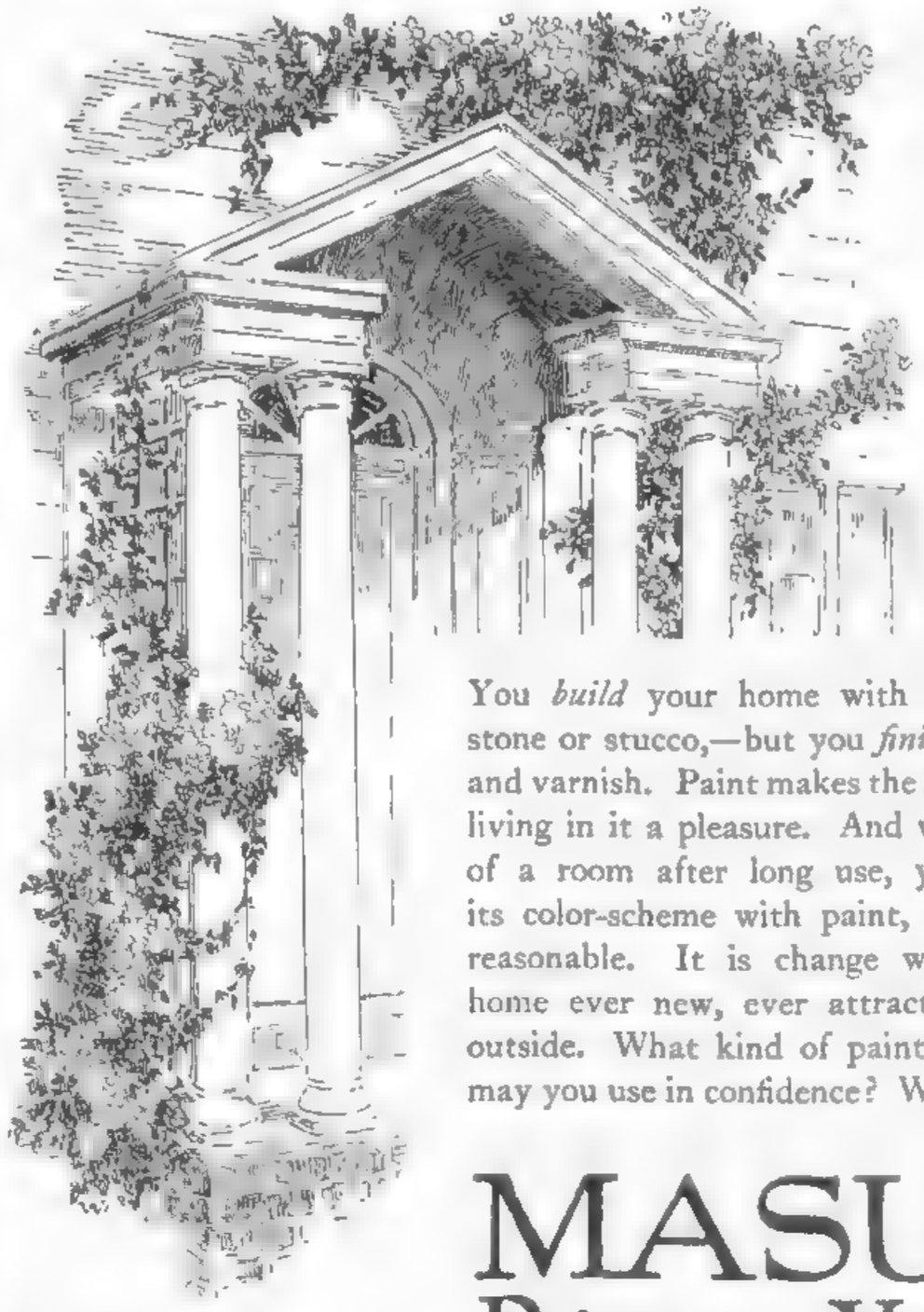
Meshek sat up with much suddenness on his hard bed, his mouth ajar, his eyes bulging in despair. Old Lee!

Far out in the brake—a place not visited thrice a year except by Meshek himself—Old Lee was tied and helpless in that tumble-down cabin. There for thirty-six hours the grand old dog had lain, without food and with a fast-dwindling supply of water.

There for eighty-nine days longer must he stay. Weeks before the end of that period he must die in anguish from starvation and thirst. Old Lee! The dear, trusting, lovable dog that Meshek had tolled on to his death—for the hope of a measly tip from a Northerner whose clothes looked like the fool pictures on the outside of cartridge boxes!

The negro began to weep, not noisily as befits a candidate for the anxious bench, or with any attempt at artistic effect. He wept as little children weep—openly and heartbrokenly and with queer strangling noises far down in his throat. Old Lee! Poor, poor Old Lee! Old Lee who had loved and believed in him and whom he had led to starvation!

(Continued on Page 189)



Making Your Home with Paint

You *build* your home with wood or brick, stone or stucco,—but you *finish* it with paint and varnish. Paint makes the home and makes living in it a pleasure. And when you weary of a room after long use, you can change its color-scheme with paint, at a cost quite reasonable. It is change which keeps the home ever new, ever attractive, inside and outside. What kind of paints and varnishes may you use in confidence? We answer

MASURY Paints *and* Varnishes

They are quality at its very best—pure and so guaranteed. They are made from first class materials, the label of every Masury can setting forth the content of the product in plain English. The house of Masury doesn't make "seconds." Since 1835, our house motto has been "Make it the best that can be made, or not at all." Masury Paints and Varnishes cover every painting need. The foremost group is called the Masury Big Six. It is led by Cosmolac, the one varnish for every purpose.

Cosmolac is for use indoors or out. It covers all surfaces like glass. It gives protection against all weathers, against heat or cold, against soap or soap-powder. Cosmolac is not affected by heat, steam, hot or cold water nor marred by scuffing heels. It stays brilliant and satiny as the brush leaves it and will not turn white or cloudy. It does not craze, crack, blister or peel.

Masury Perfection Flat White and Colors for walls and broad surfaces. They dry without gloss, without brush marks. Soft and restful to the eye and endure in a way peculiar to all Masury products. Easily cleaned with soap and water. Many pastel tones—but only one grade, that comes not only of knowledge, but the will to excel in sheer quality.

Masury China Gloss White Enamel is really white. It covers woodwork with a smooth, hard coat that shimmers like moonlit water. It is easily kept clean and is not dulled by soap and water. And it is as good for use on metals as it is for woodwork.

Masury Liquid House Paints cannot be surpassed for outdoor use. They stay fresh and bright through severe weather punishment because they are pure lead and zinc paints—and so guaranteed. Many colors and tones.

Masury Pure Colors in Oil are standard products used by first class painters for tinting white lead and zinc in mixing of paint for first grade work. They enjoy renown because they are true to name and nicety of requirement. Specify their use by your painter for satisfactory results from every point of view.

Masury Superfine Colors are for use on motor-cars, coaches and carriages. Insist upon them for your vehicle and you will get a first class result. Only a first class mechanic should use them. Masury Superfine Colors are used by the builders of the very finest of motor cars.

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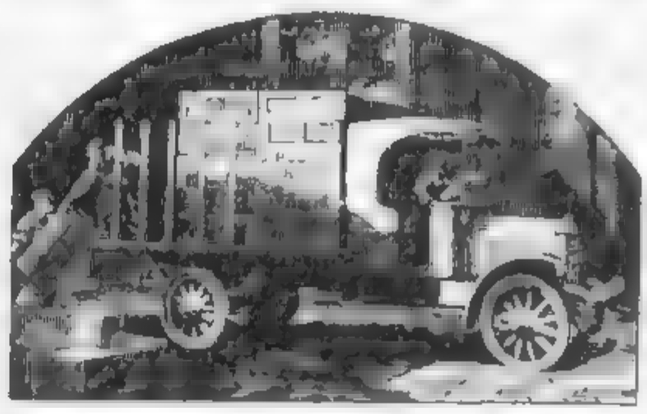
GARFORD



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This is the verdict of men who buy for *Low Cost Ton-Mile.*

Garford

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That the United States Army has made Garford a Class A Standard is another proof of Garford serviceability

TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 186)

Eighty-nine days more! In the first of those days, when the water should be gone, Old Lee would stretch himself out in high-bred patience on his rumpled bed of straw, calmly certain that the friend who had brought him thither would not let him suffer. Then would come growing and gnawing hunger and the increasing hell of thirst. The old dog would perhaps strain at his rope. He might even chew it in two. But that would be all the good it would do him. The cabin door was fast shut to bar out inquisitive wanderers. Old Lee would not make known his plight by howling. Why, you couldn't get a yip out of that dog with an ax handle! He belonged to the iron breed that does its suffering in grim silence.

Blubbering noises such as might be made by a man half drowned began to shatter the early-morning quiet of the cell corridor. Meshek's dolor was reaching a crescendo as he pictured the series of scenes in the cabin when hunger and thirst should reign. He checked his lamentations for an instant as he pondered on the plan of sending word to Mr. Johnson that Old Lee was prisoned in the brake cabin. But almost at once his woe resumed full sway.

For the stealing of meat valued at $4.84 Meshek was in for ninety days' hard labor. Over and over again he had heard Edwin Johnson, and Gregory, too, declare that Old Lee was worth a thousand dollars of any man's money. If a nigger must do ninety days for the theft of $4.84 worth of white folks' beef, then in the name of all the kings of Israel how many eternities must he stay there for the theft and the hiding of a dog worth one thousand dollars?

Morbidly Meshek tried to work out the miserable sum in his head. He got two answers. One of them gave the total at an approximate century; the other at something between two and five thousand years. Neither solution brought balm to Meshek Stone's tormented soul. In either case it would mean life imprisonment—that much, anyhow. Moreover, it was doubtful if either of the Johnsons could find the cabin by means of his description. It wasn't in a white folks' region at best. And perhaps no Shelbyvale nigger but himself could find it. No, there was no hope. Old Lee was starving to death in that lost cabin down in the brake, and the only man who could free him was doing ninety days on the rock pile. Wherefore the lamentations of Meshek the captive assailed high heaven.

Down the corridor clumped a sleepy and none-too-genial warden. Guided by howls of dire heartbreak he came to the gate of Meshek's cell and scowled in through the bars. At sight of him the despairing negro fairly writhed in eagerness.

"Mo'nin', Misteh Caine!" he hailed the warden, meeting the unloving glare with a tearful smile of ingratiation. "Mo'nin', suh! I sutt'nly is glad to see yo'! I got a mighty big favor to beg of yo' dis mo'nin'. Ise bleeged to git outen heah, Misteh Caine! Ise bleeged to! Not fo' keeps o' co'se, but fo' jes' one li'l hour. Dat's all! One hour! I'll be back by de end of one hour, Misteh Caine, suh. I promise true, I will! But I gotta be turned loose dat long, so I'll thank yo' if yo'll jes' let me out. I promise 'fo' God I'll be back in jes' one hour. You-all c'n tack a extry day onto my sentence if yo' has to, to make up fo' ——"

"Shut up, 'Shek!" exhorted the warden. "What the devil do you mean by waking the whole place at this time of night? One more peep out of you and you'll take a walk to the dark cell. Now ——"

"Yas-suh, Misteh Caine," cringingly assented Meshek. "Jes' like yo' says. Dat's right. Dat's c'rect. Yo's de boss heah. Yo' knows best. I'll keep still like I was daid an' fune'led. Only jes' tuhn me loose fo' one hour, suh! I'm mighty sorry to bust up any of yo' rules an' by-laws, suh, but I'm jes' nachully bleeged to git outen heah fo' one hour. It's life an' death, Misteh Caine. So if ——"

"Lissen here, nigger!" broke in the irate Caine. "And lissen plenty hard, too, for your own sake! You ain't going to be turned loose from this jail for another eighty-nine days at the very best. So shut up and ——"

"Den Ise bleeged to bust out de bes' I kin!" sobbed Meshek—"wheddeh you-all says aye, yes or no to it. I'll come traipsin' back soon's ever I kin git to dat cabin an' ——"

"That talk of jail breaking don't go with me," sternly interrupted Caine, "so switch it off at the start. Lots of niggers have bragged that they'd break jail here. Some few of them have done it. D'you know what happened to them? Never a one that we didn't get back! Never a one that didn't get double time for running away! Never a one of them that didn't get a ten-minute round with the good old black-snake whip in my office when we caught him. Pris'ners ain't s'posed to be cowhided any more. But ask some of your jailbird chums how it feels and what redress they got for it. Just ask them! Well, that's what's waiting for you if you try to skip. Keep on remembering it! Now shut up and go to sleep!"

The warden stamped back to his own quarters, leaving Meshek quaking and gabbling. Caine had wasted an undue amount of time and admonition on this black prisoner of his. He had done it as a result of a telephone talk the previous night with Edwin Johnson.

Johnson in mystified sorrow over his henchman's fall from grace had asked the warden to make Meshek's lot in jail as easy as could conveniently be done, allowing the captive, for instance, to work without the chains that adorned the arms and ankles of some of the road gang's members and employing him on odd jobs about the building. He vouched for Meshek's good behavior.

After the early-morning outburst Caine saw no cause to doubt the wisdom of Johnson's indorsement. At breakfast Meshek was apathetically meek. He plodded with sodden docility to his day's work with the road gang. He seemed too dazed and cowed to make trouble for anyone.

All day long Meshek labored with the gang. It was the hardest day's work of his long life. It did queer things to his soft muscles and stiff bones. It made him so tired he was physically sick. Yet to the best of his poor power he kept at it.

All day long before his mental eye rose the vision of Old Lee—waterless by now, as well as foodless—waiting in the cabin for the trusted friend who had brought him thither and in whom his faith would refuse to waver.

When the vision waxed too sharp Meshek would pause in his roadway labor long enough to peer out of the corner of his eye at the near-by guard. This guard with rifle eternally aslant over his arm seemed to have the uncanny gift of catching every eye that chanced to be turned his way. And as his truculent glance once and again met Meshek's the negro could have sworn that the rifle's slant suddenly became less noncommittal and more personal.

No, there was no use in courting the death of a flushed quail by making a dash for any of the tempting cover that beckoned him from every side. He went on with his loathed toil, and at the day's end he tramped back through the purpling twilight to the jail.

On the prisonward hike, Meshek whispered to the mulatto directly in front of him:

"Say, niggeh, what happens when a pris'neh gits away?"

"Hell happens!" was the succinct reply. "Jes' hell! Good ol' Baptis' hell! Not de easy 'Piscolopian kind. I'd sho' hate to be him"

"H'm!" sighed Meshek dolorously, adding as a forlorn hope: "But sho'ly some of 'em mus' try it sometimes?"

"Dey does," returned the long-timer. "But not eveh twice—not de same niggeh. Dey ain't 'nough of him left arter ol' Caine gits done wid him."

Meshek lapsed into silence, dragging his aching body along step by step. Into the outer yard of the jail the gang was herded. The guard grounded his rifle as the last prisoner filed through the gate, and he reached for his pipe.

A turnkey pushed shut the gate with a languid gesture. Then with a gesture that was anything but languid he sat down hard upon the dirty pavement of the yard, urged thereto by a wool-coated head that had smitten him amidships with vast force.

The closing gate was still aswing, when the same woolly head butted it into swift counter motion. Meshek Stone catapulted out through the narrow opening and into the darkness beyond.

The guard instinctively whipped his rifle to his shoulder and took a snap shot at the refugee as the gate was thrust shut behind him. The bullet slapped the running negro's shoulder in a rough good fellowship that left a bleeding wale behind it. The graze spurred the flying bare feet as the lash of a whip might lend a speed spurt to a spent race horse.

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But before you give her the Spring overhauling and tuning-up, write for free Clover Bulletin No. 75 on Valve Grinding, and No. 80, on Lapping Scored Cylinders, Grinding in Piston Rings, Fitting Rings to Pistons, together with samples of Clover Leaf Valve Grinding Compound. Written by automobile engineers, these bulletins point out in simple, understandable language how to get all the power possible from your engine.

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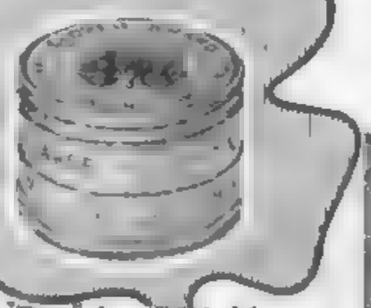

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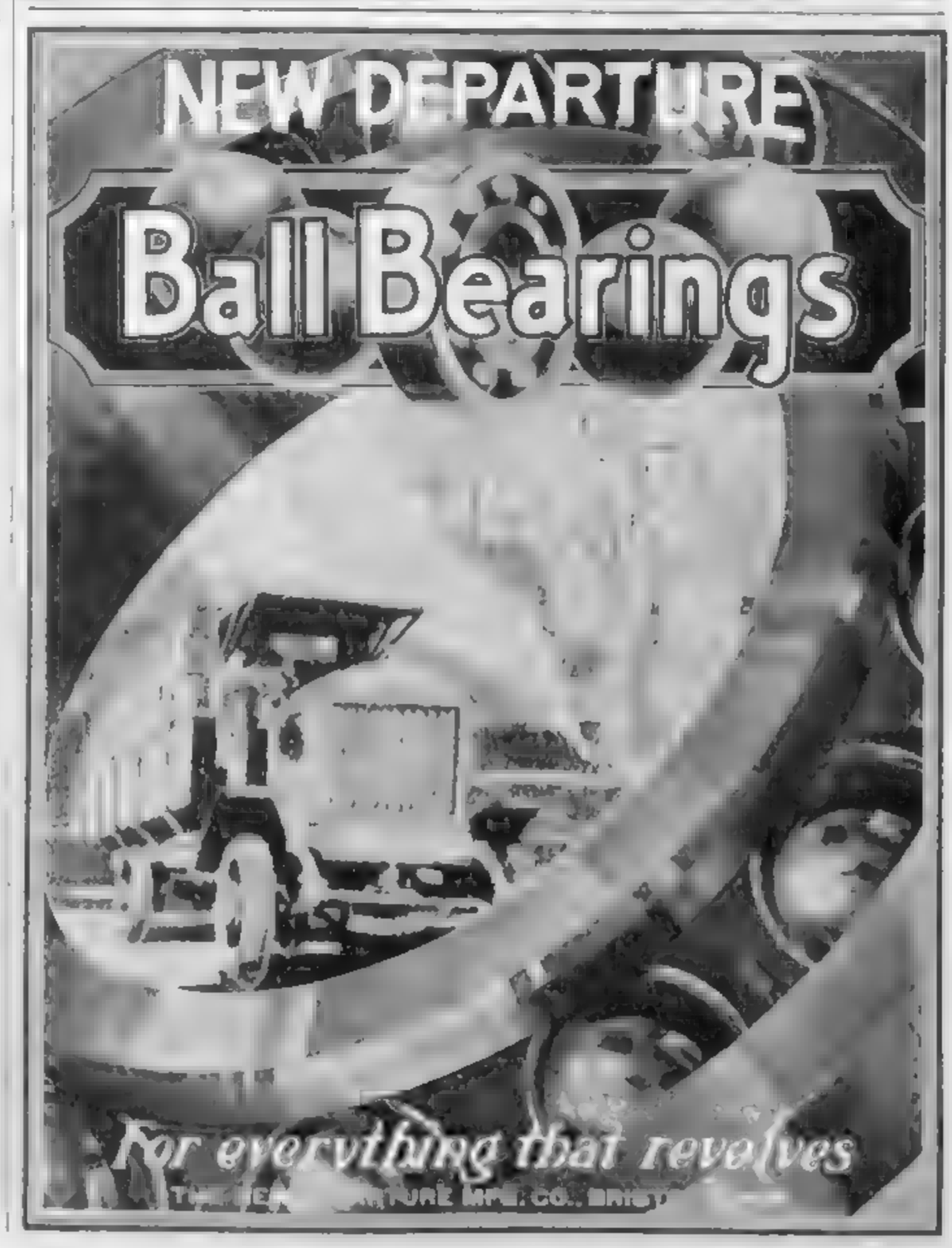
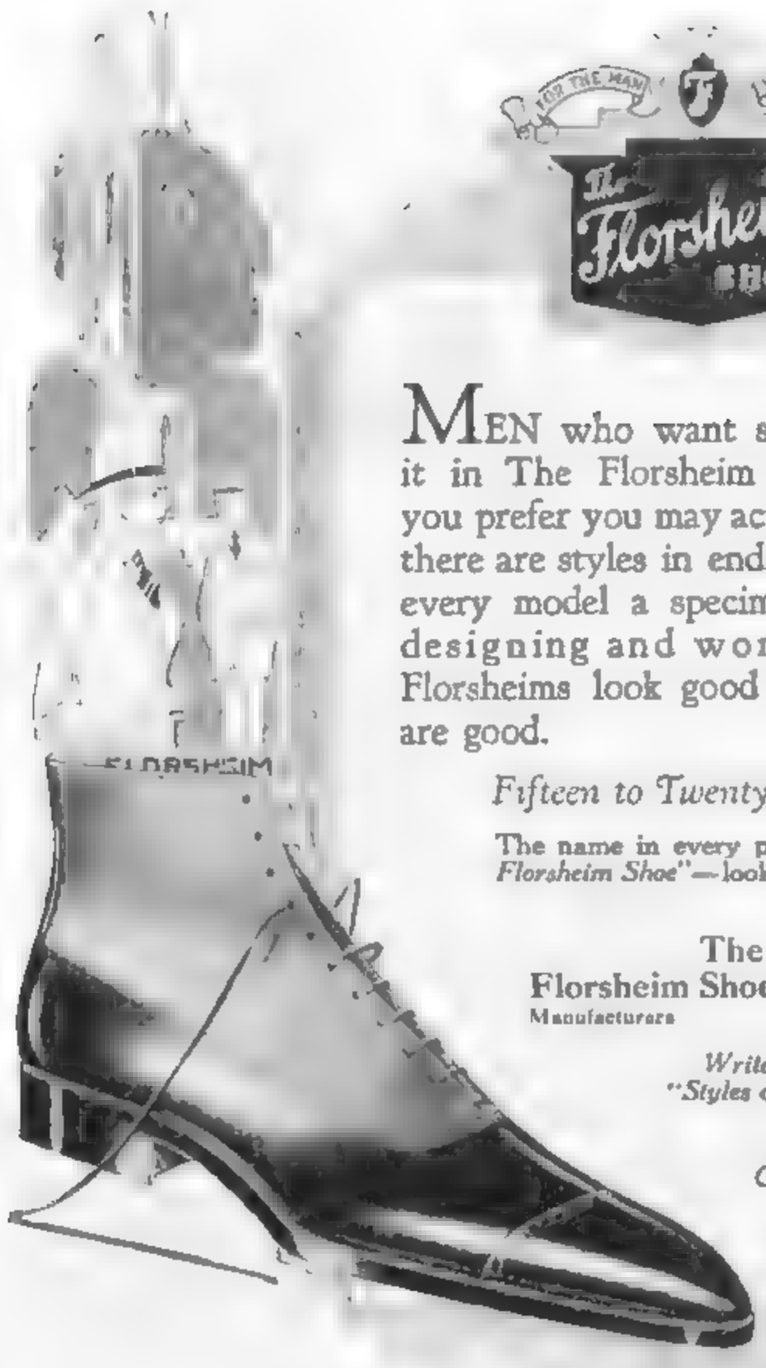


For everything that revolves



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MEN who want style will find it in The Florsheim Shoe. What you prefer you may actually have—there are styles in endless variety—every model a specimen of expert designing and workmanship. Florsheims look good because they are good.

Fifteen to Twenty Dollars

The name in every pair—"*The Florsheim Shoe*"—look for it.

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WIRELESS! A real radio station at your home

Zizz, Zizz—Zazz—Zizz, Zizz! "It's Brooklyn Navy Yard! They're calling to a warship off Fire Island. Take the receiver, Jack! Hear them?"

Any boy can have a wireless station right in his own home—a real wireless, not a toy—one that will receive messages up to 1000 miles and send them 3 to 5 miles. With a No. 4007 Gilbert Receiving Set you can have a station completely assembled in an hour and be listening to the messages of Government and commercial stations and many amateur stations all over the country. It's fascinating. It's instructive.

Gilbert Radio outfits are right up-to-date—the very latest. They were designed by an expert, a wireless officer of the U. S. Army during the war. The Wireless Book in each outfit tells the location of the Government stations—when they send messages—how to receive them. It gives you the wireless code. And the powerful Gilbert station at New Haven sends messages to boys every day.

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Forgetting the ache in his every joint, the pain of the bullet slap, the fatigue and the peril that were his, Meshek sped up the dim road at a most creditable pace. At the first turning he flung himself into a wayside thicket, and thence made his journey across country, trying not to lose heart and sense of direction at sound of the hue and cry behind him.

The jail bell was ringing like mad. The jail cannon boomed twice. Thus might all hearers know that a prisoner had escaped and that a reward of fifty dollars awaited the man who should procure his return—two cannon shots for a negro prisoner, three for a white man.

Meshek, hearing, had no trouble in picturing a hundred folk laying down knife and fork and rising from the supper table to catch up their guns and fare forth on the quest of the fifty-dollar guerdon. Truly Caine had grounds for his chronic boast that no prisoner of his had ever been able to elude recapture! Money was too scarce and searchers were too many in and round Shelbyvale to let fifty dollars' worth of fugitive go uncaught.

But it is one thing to start the countryside on a man hunt and quite another to round up the prey in the darkness. The clangor of the bell still beat in Meshek's ears as he ran. It seemed to follow him and him alone. He could hear shouts and the sound of padding feet. Once, indeed, he fell on all fours in a patch of weeds barely in time to elude two gun-carrying men who were racing across lots to join in the chase.

When the men had passed on Meshek broke cover and struck again into that clumsy run of his. At the third step the ball of his bare foot thudded flat on a small round stone. His hundred and forty pounds of weight and his momentum aided the impact. There was a snapping that sounded to the negro as loud as a pistol shot. Then an agonizing pain shot up his ankle and leg.

He had met with the mishap which has been the bane of so many cross-country runners. In stepping on the stone with full force he had broken one of the small bones of the left foot. Meshek rocked to and fro, nauseated by the keen agony of the break. Then straightening, as the banging of the bell came afresh to his ears, he began to hobble on, favoring as much as he could the foot, already beginning to swell and burn.

Handicapped as he was, it took him a full hour to limp groaningly to the cabin in the brake. As he pushed open the crazy door a welcoming whine came to him through the darkness of the musty room. In another second—sobbing, chuckling, pain sick, jubilant—Meshek had untied the rope from Old Lee's collar. The dog danced round his friend in a rapture of welcome that overcame for once his monumental dignity.

It had been lonely there in the cabin for this endless forty-eight hours. The last of the water was just gone, and Old Lee was rabidly hungry too. Small wonder he greeted with such enthusiasm the friend with whom the idea of food was always associated in his canine mind.

"Oh, Lee, ol' beautiful!" babbled Meshek, hugging the wriggling animal to his breast. "Of all de gran' dogs whatever happened, yo's dat dog! To think of yo' bein' so pow'ful glad an' friendly at me arter de way I done locked yo' up heah an' ev'thing! Lee, I gotta pay some high fo' yo' bein' glad. I gotta do double time—back yondeh to de calaboose, an' I gotta git a black-snake whahn' too. So mebbe we're even arter all—you an' me. An' now come help me fin' a stick I kin use fo' a crutch-like. An' den me an' you is gwine have a feed what is a feed to make up to yo' fo' stahvin' like dis. I knows wheh dey's a windeh what kin be opened wid a knife or a splinter of wood, Lee. An' behin' dat windeh's all de high-class meat a dog kin eat in a week. C'm on!"

It was Patrolman Zollicoffer, Shelbyvale's one policeman, who recaptured Meshek Stone. Zollicoffer took his police duties very seriously indeed. By way of grounding himself in his profession he was wont to read diligently such detective literature as came his way, and to make practical use of what he gleaned therefrom. Thus it was that he had learned the fictional trait of all desperate criminals to haunt the scene of their crimes.

Watkins Cottrell's meat market was the scene of Meshek's crime. What more natural than that the fugitive should indulge in a brief haunt of that romantic spot? Thither went Patrolman Zollicoffer, while the man hunt waged through the open country and the negro quarter. And there he found his man.

He found more. He found Edwin Johnson's dropper dog that had been missing for two days. Man and dog were seated side by side on the butcher-shop floor just within the opened window.

Both seemed very happy indeed, until they were interrupted. Meshek was busily hewing great hunks of tenderloin from a slab of beef he had lifted from the ice box and was feeding them to the ravenous dog as fast as Old Lee's busy jaws could be made to assimilate them.

To Patrolman Zollicoffer it was the most natural thing in the world that Meshek Stone should thus be haunting the scene of his crime. To Warden Caine, when the prisoner was returned to him, it appeared nothing short of violent insanity. And having conscientious scruples as to ill treating a hopeless lunatic, the warden forbore to cut patterns in Meshek's flesh with his blacksnake whip. Instead, he merely locked the returned prisoner in his cell.

There next morning Gregory Johnson and Young Colbridge found him. They, like Caine, were starkly puzzled to account for his antics. Nor could their most adroit questionings lure the victim from nursing his injured foot and sore shoulder in mournful silence—until Greg, as by an afterthought, asked: "But what on earth was Old Lee doing with you? He'd been away for two days. We couldn't find him anywhere. How did you happen to run across him?"

"I—I jes' happened to—to kind of meet up wid him," shyly answered Meshek.

"But ——" began Young Colbridge.

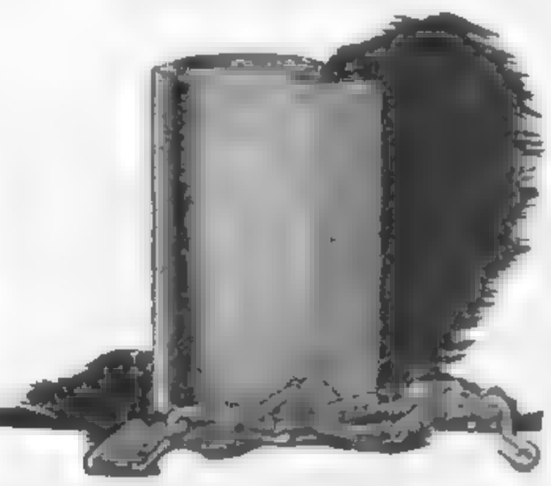
Meshek wheeled on the Northerner in a gust of fury.

"Misteh Yankee!" he sputtered; "Misteh Northerner, nex' time yo' gives a niggeh two soft dollahs to buy suhline steak wid fo' a dog—nex' time yo' does a highfalutin thing like dat—well, suh, give it to some niggeh what's totin' a rabbit's foot an'—an' all de odder voodoo charms he kin staggeh along undeh. 'Cause dat niggeh's gwine to have plenty o' need fo' 'em all—an' den some!

"Still," he mumbled mournfully to himself as the visitors left, "'at ol' dog's wuth ninety days o' any man's time, I reck'n.

"'At's er dog!"

it* never rusts~products exposed to weather, including window screen, marine equipment, automobile fittings, etc., are not destroyed even by the metal-eating action of sea fog or city smoke.



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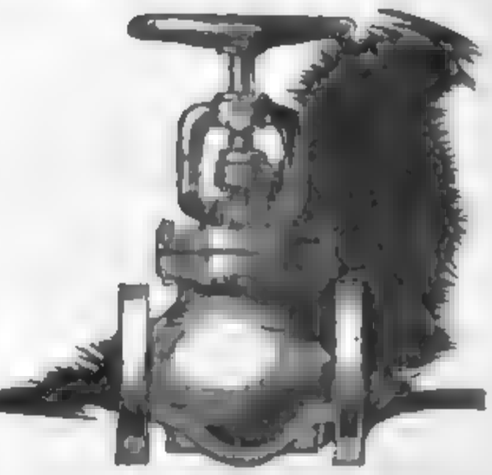
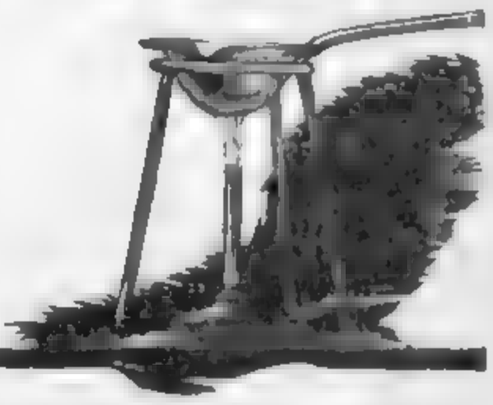


it* defeats the corrosive attacks of alkalies and most acids and so is widely used in chemical apparatus and in commercial process equipment wherever chemical action is encountered.



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Lincoln Motor Designed for Elevator Work		Type of Motor Formerly used on Elevators	
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Total	$160	Total	$200

For years a certain type of electric motor had been used on elevators. It was the "customary practice" religiously followed by both elevator and motor builders.

When Lincoln motor specialists went into this elevator problem some years ago, they threw "customary practice" overboard, donned their working clothes and began a series of practical tests right down in the elevator pit where the wheels go round.

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The control mechanism for the Lincoln Motor was so simple that an even greater saving could be made on this. The example given above shows what this means in dollars and cents.

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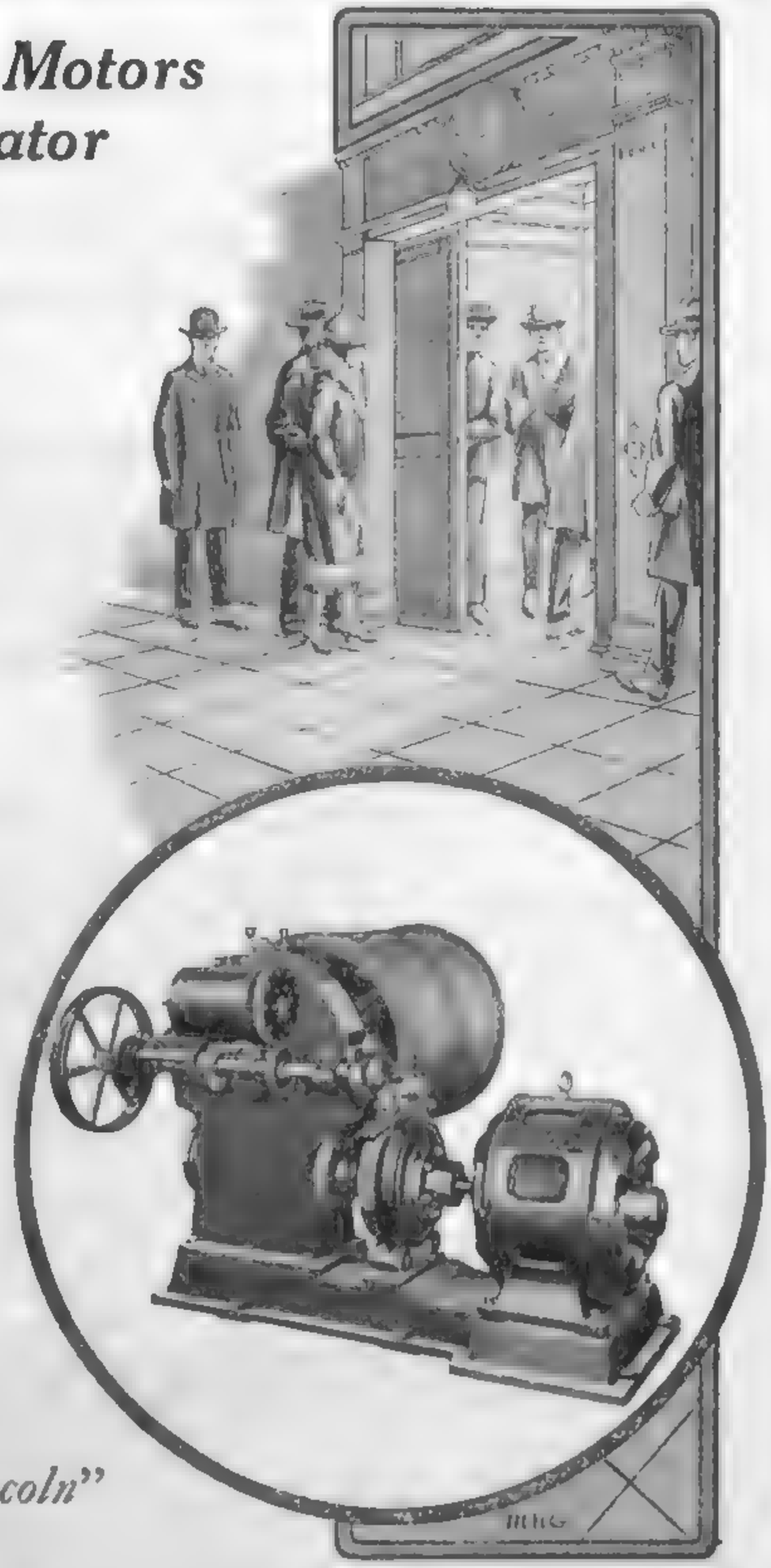
Lincoln engineers—specializing on motors—find opportunities like this on practically every motor-driven machine—to save on first cost of installation—cut down operating cost—or increase production.



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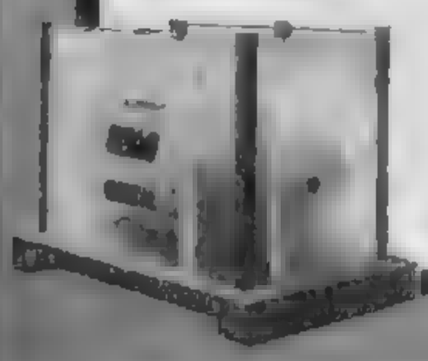

"Link Up With Lincoln"

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General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

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UNCLE SAM AS AN EMPLOYER

(Continued from Page 23)

adjust pay to the work performed by employees occasion an increasing percentage of refusals of appointment and of resignations; the chaotic salary conditions make it impossible to secure an equitable system of promotion; there is no systematic, coherent organization of government service in any department; in the absence of systematic control there is no adequate basis upon which just conclusions can rest regarding service conditions; employment problems of relatively small importance distract the time and attention of Congress and the Executive; established methods and traditions continue to govern long beyond the period when new conditions demand radical reforms; the fixing of salaries and the making of promotions are haphazard and without sufficient data for comparisons and appraisals; there is no study of the employment problem and no basis upon which to offer logical conclusions; it is inevitable that the old-rooted belief should persist that mere personal impressions and political influence control advancement and protect incompetence."

Those are the measured words and conclusions of the Civil Service Commission. Now for a case in point: Employees of the Dead-Letter Office appeared before the Congressional Joint Commission on Reclassification of Salaries to tell about the conditions of their work. They pointed out that the dead-letter service of the United States is divided into four sections, or territories, with headquarters at Washington, and branch offices in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. They showed that returners in the New York branch were paid $1395; in Chicago, $1435; and in San Francisco $1650, as against $1350 in Washington; that selectors were paid $1620 in New York; $1690 in Chicago; $1680 in San Francisco, as against $1310 in Washington; that other clerks in the dead-letter service were paid $1515 in New York; $1620 in Chicago; $1800 in San Francisco, as against $1420 in Washington. They asked that the pay be equalized and for a reclassification of employees so that all who are doing the same sort of work would be on the same basis.

The Golden Age of the Service

It should be said that at this particular juncture the government service is going through a period of depression and low morale such as no one I have been able to find in public employ can remember. It is the common testimony of government employees of long service and of whatever grade or rank that administrative efficiency is at its lowest ebb in the departments and establishments that go to make up the Federal service. I have no desire to infect this article with the taint of politics, but it must be said that the present rank and file now look back to the Roosevelt Administration as the Golden Age.

T. R. was a great hand to have bureau chiefs and division chiefs and minor employees at the White House. He was always dipping into the departments over the heads and without the knowledge of his cabinet officers. He got into direct personal contact with the men who are actually doing the work. This personal recognition enthused all of them; even the men who were not sent for to come to the White House were always bucked up by the hope and belief that if they did an outstanding piece of work Mr. Roosevelt would send for them, and that they would receive personal recognition. This is what they themselves now tell us. I know it is true, for I was in Washington through the seven years of the Roosevelt Administration. "No attention has been paid to the departments and the routine administrative work of the Government since the war began," more than one employee has said to me in the course of my present inquiry.

There is no basis in fact for any complacent belief that the Government runs itself. Many old-established businesses are now decayed and dead that proceeded on that belief. Of course the Government has a certain indestructibility because it is not conducted to make money. It has no need to show a profit. It cannot become bankrupt and cease to exist. But it can become bankrupt in efficiency, it can become bankrupt in morale, it can become bankrupt in the standards it should set for itself. It is true that a general slackness and discouragement on the part of the great bulk of the Federal employees is visible now.

A comprehensive inquiry into the conditions of the postal service and the state of mind of the employees all over the country made by a joint commission of senators and representatives is just concluding. I have had access to its interrogations of postal employees from every part of the country. They all tell the same story of men leaving the service, of a poorer quality of men coming in, of the difficulty of retaining even poor men, of men coming in and staying for a few days or a few hours and then leaving without notice, and of a scale of pay that too often did not give a living wage, of debt, of sickness and of discouragement. Yet through the whole sordid, pitiful tale runs a golden thread of patience, of devoted loyalty to the Government, of faith in the soundness of our institutions, and of hope that conditions would be remedied when they became known.

The result of the whole inquiry is an impressive and heartening illustration of the attitude of government employees toward an impersonal and heedless employer who is forgiven much because of a deep-lying feeling that the nation's business must be carried on; that, after all, however trying the conditions and inadequate the pay, it is public service. The amazing and interesting thing is that such a sound, healthy sentiment still survives.

Postal Officials' Testimony

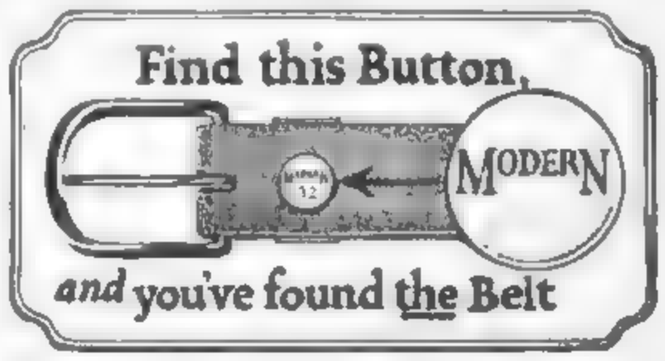
I quote Mr. Walter V. Ellis, a letter carrier at Camden, New Jersey. He has been in the postal service for thirty years. His average pay during that long period of uninterrupted service has been $956 a year. Hear him:

"I want to say to you that we have not at any time done anything that would bring reproach on the Government. Though we have been underpaid and dissatisfied people, because conditions have been such that they warrant us in being dissatisfied, we have been one hundred per cent loyal and ever shall be. . . . We came into the service when we were young men; now I am getting old and gray and I begin to look like Uncle Sam. . . . I declare to you that in the city of Camden I questioned the boys and I said, 'How many of you have been having butter to eat?' There is not a man there that had been eating butter. . . . Through the wave of anarchy and in all other things we stood steadfast, though our condition was not good; we bought Liberty Bonds, and sold them to buy food for our families. We are not begging now. We do not come with our hats in our hands like paupers. We are American citizens, looking for justice, looking for equality, looking for rights."

Now as to the deterioration in the character and quality of the men going into the service. I summon Mr. John J. Diamond, who is employed in the post office at Philadelphia.

"The standard of the examinations has been lowered to a great extent and that possibly brings in a class of men who do not reach the intellectual standard of former times. There seems to be a different atmosphere among the men coming in to-day. When I entered the service there seemed to be a spirit of coöperation, a desire to be of real service to the Department and to the Government. At the present time that spirit is not present and there seems to be a lethargy among the new men coming in. We have quite a number of temporary employees, and sufficient men, but not of the right caliber. The men who have been perfected in the system of clerical work are going out of the service to accept positions where they can get a better salary."

This is the story of a post-office clerk, William H. Canavan, of the Chicago office: "The time for pride has gone. We have been held back by pride from telling the things that happen to us, but let me recite here a specific case. A man is employed in the post office; his wife becomes suddenly and seriously ill. He has five children and is unable to obtain a nurse. He couldn't pay her if he could get one, and he has to take over the charge of the home and the charge of his children and of the administering to his wife, with the help of his neighbors; and he finds in an examination of his home conditions that there are only two



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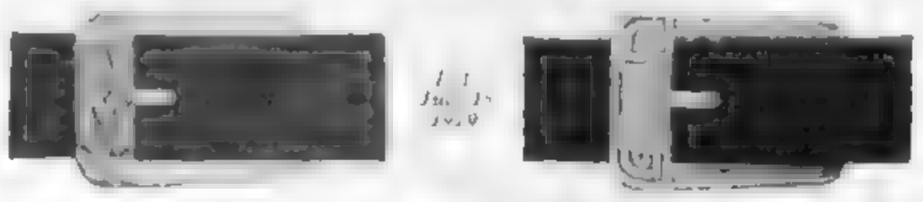

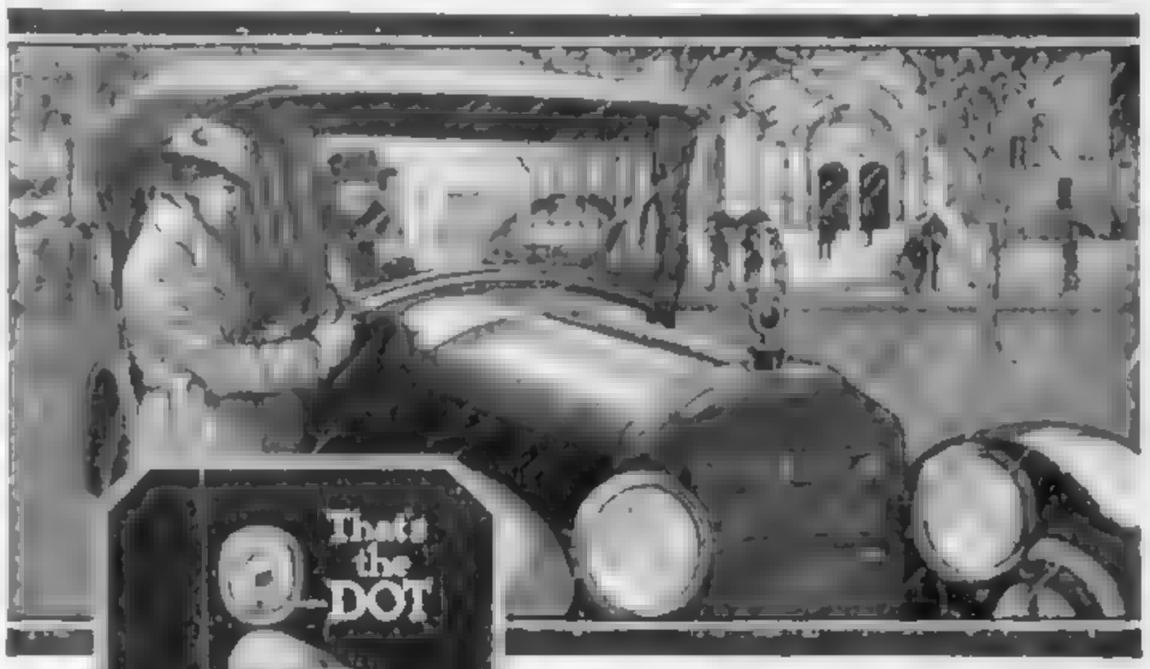

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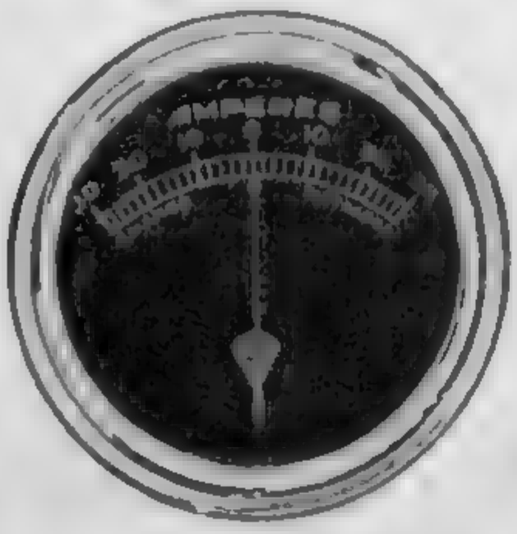

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THE W. G. NAGEL ELECTRIC CO
TOLEDO, OHIO

towels in the house that are fit for use; only one change of bed clothing in the house. He was humiliated before his neighbors by that condition and that it was withheld from him by his self-sacrificing wife by frequent washings, for fear that it would break down his spirit if he knew the condition, and utterly destroy his efficiency.

"When I left home this morning it was raining—again the time for pride has gone. My wife said, 'I will have to keep Robert home from school.' I said, 'Why?' She said, 'His shoes won't stand the trip.' I spent twenty dollars for shoes this month, and three of my children haven't shoes fit to wear. Those are some of the things upon which you might well decide this question, and it is a question of everyday life. They asked a question in the questionnaires with regard to specific self-denial. No man in the post office is competent to answer that question for you. If we were to sit down and calmly figure out the future it would overwhelm us and break our spirit. The wives are the ones to come before you and tell you what it means.

"These are some of the things we have to contend with, and I am better situated than some of the clerks in the Chicago post office, and I want to say to you, forgetting the pride I have had, that my wife has had one new dress in three years. I have had this suit for four. I wear it to work and on Sundays too. My wife by constant effort, by turning over and knitting and sewing—not by using our old clothes; we couldn't; we have to keep them ourselves—has managed to keep the children clothed, is able to keep them, in some manner, upon the streets and fit for school. These are some of the conditions, and I am not facing those conditions on a salary of $1500, because I am able to make nearly half that much on the outside. I make nearly $2200 a year altogether, and yet these are the conditions that confront us. Even making that extra money, fifty dollars a month, since the signing of the armistice, I have not been able to keep my family and give my children the schooling and the education they should receive."

Striking Cases of Underpay

Samuel Borowitz is a post-office clerk in Station D, at Thirteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. He has been employed there for ten years. His present salary is $1500 a year. He has a wife and two children, one nine years old and one three years and three months. Four chief items of his expenses are rent, food, milk for the children, and car fare. He keeps an accurate account and finds that these four items cost $113 80 a month, to be taken out of a salary of $125. In addition, he has to buy his lunches. He goes to work in the post office at three o'clock in the afternoon and works until twelve o'clock at night. In the forenoon he works as a paper hanger. He found that he had to get some outside employment to make enough money to keep himself and his family alive. He gets up in the morning at eight o'clock and by nine o'clock he is leaving his flat. He does not get back until one o'clock the following morning. Between nine o'clock every morning and three o'clock every afternoon, when he must report at the post office, he earns about three dollars hanging wall paper. Then he goes to work in the post office at three o'clock.

He says: "I am a pretty active fellow and can't be idle, but many a day when I am fixing up accounts in the post office I will be falling over asleep. My eyes just close up on me. My record in the post office has been a hundred per cent efficiency record. I had one of the highest efficiency records in the post office when I first entered. But I never did anything outside at that time. My record is not impaired yet, but my health is impaired, because I have got to continue—I must continue working the same way."

W. L. Baldwin is superintendent of the Tompkins Square Station of the New York City post office, whose salary is $2000 a year plus the temporary bonus of $200. He is the head of the financial department of the postal station. On the day on which he was interrogated last September he had in his care $5,168,000, representing the postal savings of 14,000-and-some-odd depositors. This station is on the East Side of New York. Pants pressers in sweatshops down there are paid forty-eight dollars a week for a forty-four-hour week. Mr. Baldwin is paid by the Government $38.75 a week for taking care of more than $5,000,000 of savings. Mr. Baldwin and his clerks, with an aggregate annual salary of about $12,000, take in for the Government and pay out each day such sums as to give a balance of upward of $5,000,000. The station does a postal-savings business of about $20,000 a day. His station serves a postal population of about 250,000. Mr. Baldwin has been in the service forty-two years and nine months. He has had no increase of pay since 1898. He is now getting as much as it is possible for him to get under the law. He is sixty-six years and eight months old. He is hoping that Congress will pass a retirement law.

Qualifications of Letter Carriers

Most people come into contact with the post office and the postal service through the letter carriers. I was amazed to discover what qualifications a mail carrier must have, what he must do, and what he must learn to get and hold his job. Before he is permitted to take the required civil-service examination a man seeking a position as letter carrier must show that he possesses the following qualifications:

He must be a citizen of the United States.

He must be between eighteen and forty-five years of age.

He must not be less than five feet four inches in height.

He must weigh not less than 125 pounds.

He must be physically sound and in good health.

He must give the names and addresses of five persons, preferably employers, who have knowledge of his character, experience and ability.

His application must be signed by two vouchers.

He must be examined by a physician and furnish a medical certificate showing his physical qualifications before he is eligible to appointment.

Having met these requirements the applicant for the position of letter carrier must pass an open competitive examination, conducted by the Civil Service Commission, with an average percentage of not less than seventy.

The successful applicant, when his name is reached on the eligible register, receives, as a rule, an appointment as a substitute carrier. To qualify for that position he is required to furnish a bond in the sum of $1000.

Substitutes were paid at the rate of forty cents an hour up to November 8, 1919, since which time there has been a temporary increase to sixty cents. They are not entitled to the benefits of the eight-in-ten-hour law, the vacation law, Sunday or holiday compensatory time law or, in fact, most of the laws that benefit regular employees. There is no time limit to substitute service, and the time served as a substitute does not count in his favor in regulating his salary when he is appointed as a regular carrier. The average period of service as a substitute has been four years. The average earning of substitutes is less than forty-five dollars a month.

The substitute must report for duty at five or six A. M., he is subject to call for duty until midnight, and he sometimes works all that time. He must qualify as a clerk and as a chauffeur, and when, in the latter capacity, he is in charge of a motor vehicle he is responsible for any damage to the machine. He must be efficient in route and station schemes and must be able at any time to take any regular carrier's route and make his deliveries efficiently.

After a period of service which, as has been stated, averages four years, the substitute is given an appointment as carrier for a probationary period of six months, at the end of which time he may be designated as a regular carrier. At any time during the probationary period, however, he may be dropped from the rolls on the ground that his services are not satisfactory.

The regular carrier is usually first assigned to the collection service, gathering mail from letter boxes. His duties in this line are arduous and monotonous. He usually makes eight trips of one hour each or sixteen trips of one-half hour each in the course of the day's work. He is walking all this time and carrying a heavy load, frequently as much as seventy pounds, before his return to the office. The work is generally regarded as harder than that of the delivery carrier. After two to four years in the collection service the carrier is or may be assigned to delivery service.

(Continued on Page 197)

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This spring!-Insure your steam-heating system against next winter's chill

April with its sun and showers banishes all thought of winter's cold, the shivering in chilly rooms—the awakening on zero mornings to find the steam heating system dead, or else it showed uncomfortable signs of life—hissing steam from the air valve or dripping water on costly rugs and hardwood floors.

Remember?—of course. So take action now—prepare for next winter this month, the very day the fire dies out.

Prepare also against further rises in coal prices by arranging **now** to burn less coal next winter. Phone your heating contractor to install Hoffman Valves immediately, while the system is idle and he is not rushed.

He'll tell you that Hoffman Valves make perfect that best of heat—steam. He knows from experience how they will save tons of coal, paying for their installation in a few winter months. For they keep radiators hot on low steam pressure. Their perfection is automatic. There is no bothersome tinkering with screw drivers or penknives to adjust them. They are noiseless, hard working little chaps, keeping steam locked in to radiate its heat, but venting all air in pipes or radiators that causes bangs and hammering. If water tries to spurt out Hoffman Valves turn all of it back to the radiator.

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The leading architects specify—the best heating contractors install, Hoffman Valves

Hoffman Valves are not an experiment, they are an assured success. Over one and a half million of them are at work today. They are guaranteed to cure your heating troubles—to operate perfectly for at least five years or your money will be returned without question on our part.

Have your heating contractor install them this month, and if you desire the five-year guarantee in writing have him notify us. We'll send your certificate as soon as the valves are installed.

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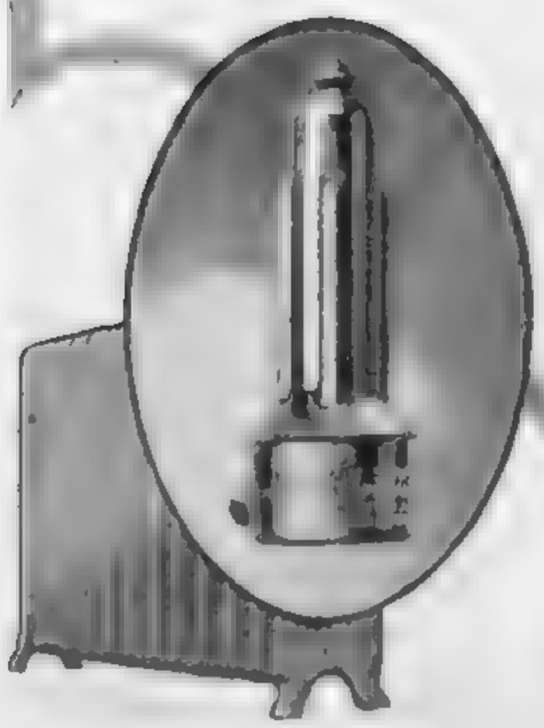

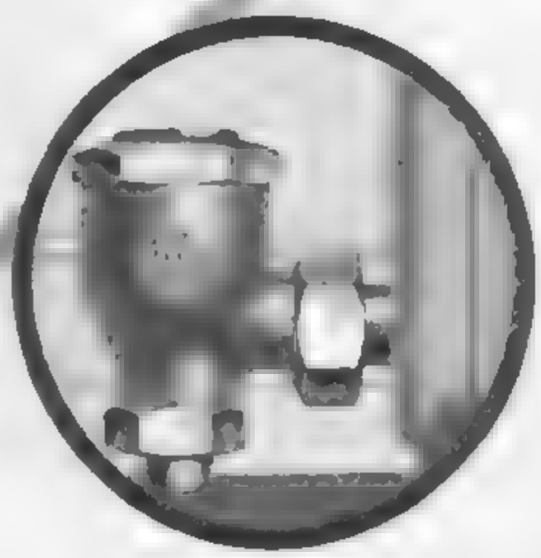

(Continued from Page 194)

The letter carrier must be gifted with an accurate, retentive memory. He must assimilate for instant use the postal rules and regulations, which are contained in a book of 400 pages. In this book are the rates of postage of the several classes of mail matter, rules pertaining to registered mail, special-delivery mail, insured mail, C. O. D. mail, pension letters and money orders, and the characteristics peculiar to the mailing and delivery of each of those kinds of mail. He must know how to detect obscene mail and all other prohibited kinds of mailing matter, and be prepared at all times to answer the queries of the public.

The carrier performs work of a clerical nature. That he may arrange his mail in an order of sequence for delivery the carrier must learn the scheme of distribution for his route, which consists of memorizing several thousand names of patrons of the postal service and associating those names with the labeled pigeonholes in the post-office distributing case, and thus his mail will be arranged for orderly, expeditious delivery. This work must be done with accuracy because the carrier is the last link in the chain of the post-office system of handling mail, and he is the man who is penalized for all errors of distribution. He must also memorize the names of patrons who formerly resided on his route, so that he will know what mail is no longer deliverable on his route, in order that it may be transferred by the carrier to the route to which it now belongs.

The carrier must keep a log book, in which are recorded the removal addresses of former patrons of his route. Whenever a letter is received by him for one who removed from his route it is the carrier's duty to cross out the post-office address and inscribe thereon the new address of the addressee. This log book contains hundreds of names and the carrier is required to memorize the forwarding addresses, so that he can write on the envelope, without recourse to the log book, the new address.

In office-building routes the carrier must memorize the room numbers of the addressees so that the mail can be delivered without the delay incident to making reference to the building directory.

The carrier, upon his entry into the service as a substitute letter carrier, is used interchangeably in the capacities of clerk and carrier, and as a clerk he must memorize the clerk's primary scheme of distribution in order to perform his clerical work.

Sickness Among Letter Carriers

The carrier is frequently called upon to obtain information of a confidential nature, elicited by the several secret-service departments of the Government, both within and without the postal service. He is called upon to give clews to the whereabouts of alleged criminals, of post-office burglars, of seditious persons, of smugglers, of fraudulent schemers making use of the mail service, of deserters from the Army and Navy, of counterfeiters, of illicit distilleries and other revenue dodgers. During the war he was called upon to report places where persons speaking foreign tongues congregate, to take census of foreign-born peoples, to furnish the names of young men eligible for army or navy service. Often is intrusted to him the task of gathering information which will result in locating heirs or in reuniting families whose members have been lost to each other.

The carrier is a fiscal agent. He is used as a collection agency in delivering C. O. D. parcels and unpaid mail, and is responsible for all moneys intrusted to his custody as well as for the mail and packages. He also carries with him on his route a book used for registering mail of patrons unable or unwilling to take it to the post office for registration, and he is accountable for the moneys received by him for such purpose.

During the war he was assigned the work of investigating people of pro-German tendencies and instructed to report all matters coming within his ken which might injuriously affect the country's interest and welfare. He collected funds for the Salvation Army, sold Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps, and so on, and performed sundry other duties related to the many authorized war activities of the United States.

Supplementing all the foregoing duties it is required of the letter carrier that he be a man of integrity and responsibility, meeting all his financial obligations promptly, that he live decently, and that he present always a neat personal appearance.

The latest report of the United States Compensation Commission discloses the information that the occupation of letter carrier is a hazardous one. The report shows that nearly ten per cent of all the injuries reported to the commission are injuries in the outdoor city delivery service, nearly all of which represents injuries to letter carriers.

As the work of the carrier above described devolves primarily on the legs and feet for practically the entire period of daily service the lower extremities are overdeveloped at the expense of the rest of the body, resulting in an unbalanced physical condition. When sickness overtakes him he recovers more slowly than the average person, owing to low vitality caused by the exacting and strenuous nature of the work in which he is engaged. The effect upon his health may be illustrated by figures from the New York City office, where in 1916 there were 626 carriers on the sick list out of a total of 2275 men, and of these seventy-one were sick more than once; in 1917, 771 out of a total of 2500 were on the sick list, and 131 were sick more than once; and in 1918, 735 out of 2500 were on the sick list, and eighty-five were sick more than once. A total of 3041 weeks was lost on account of sickness in 1916, 3063 weeks in 1917, and 2920 weeks in 1918.

Letter carriers are entitled to and receive under the law a vacation of fifteen days each year with full pay for this period. However, it is the rule of the service that the men on duty must do extra work to make up for the time of the men on vacation. It has become the practice, with the sanction of the department, to double up routes during the summer as a measure of economy.

The Doubling-Up System

What is termed the doubling-up system is inaugurated in many post offices at the beginning of the vacation period in July of each year. In practice it consists of abolishing one or more routes at each office, and the regular carriers of the abolished routes are required to work as substitutes on the routes of the other carriers who are on vacation. The abolished routes are divided among the other men at the office, which makes their work heavier in the heat of the summer, when climatic conditions demand that it should be lighter. On account of such conditions men are frequently required to work overtime to finish up all the work.

Under these circumstances it is not difficult to understand why the Post-Office Department is finding it increasingly difficult to get letter carriers. In the second civil-service district of New York City in 1916 there were 1200 applicants for letter-carrier jobs. In 1917 there were 900 applicants, and in 1918 there were only 100. Monthly examinations were held in 1919, and in May last year there were only thirty-four applicants. Often after men successfully pass the examination they decline to take the jobs. Virtually the same situation obtains in the railway mail service, where, because of the inadequacy of the pay, the slowness and unevenness of the promotions and the conditions of the work, there are an increasing number of resignations and a difficulty in getting new men to come in.

One of the results of this situation has been that the postal service has become strongly unionized. The railway mail clerks' union is called the Railway Mail Association. The clerks have a union called the National Federation of Postal Clerks, and the strongest union of them all is the National Association of Letter Carriers. The railway mail clerks' union joined the American Federation of Labor in October, 1918, by a referendum vote of 6827 for and 2072 against. The letter carriers joined the American Federation of Labor in 1917. Five years previously the letter carriers had taken a referendum vote on joining the federation and decided that they would not by a majority of 15,000. When the question came up again in 1917 the letter carriers decided to throw in their fortunes with the labor-union men by a majority of 21,000. So that at this time virtually the whole government civil service is unionized, and all of the unions, with the exception of the rural carriers, belong to the American Federation of Labor.

I have not sought to draw a black picture in this account of the Government as an employer, but have taken the facts wherever I have found them, and the testimony

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Is Wronging Herself Nowadays

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They simply do this:

Attach a Blue-jay plaster. The pain stops instantly, and from that moment one forgets the corn. In two days take the plaster off, and the corn will come out. Only rare corns need a second application.

Tens of millions of corns are ended in this simple, easy way. The folks who know it laugh at corns.

Stop paring corns. That never-ended one. Quit the old, harsh treatments.

Try this scientific way. Prove that a moment's effort can end any corn. Then your corn troubles will terminate forever.

Do it tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—
Ends Corns Completely
Sold by Druggists

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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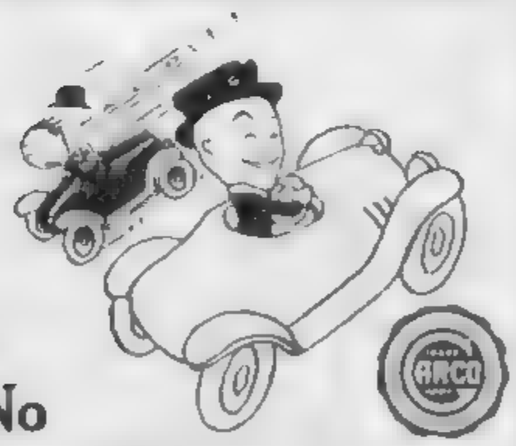

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So they line their brakes with Garco and are sustained by all the Garco staying qualities—strength, endurance and a tenacity as unyielding as the grip of a vise.

Your dealer will initiate you into the Garco fellowship.

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Mr. C. E. Norbeck, of Minnesota, is seventy-five years old. Yet in a single month he has earned in his spare time alone $160.00 acting as representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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of government employees ranging through all the jobs from cabinet officer down to charwoman. The conclusion is inevitable that the whole government service is in urgent need of a reorganization and a reclassification of wages and salaries. The conditions now of entrance, of employment, of promotion and of division of work are for the most part grotesquely chaotic. The Government cannot hold good men while it offers them no inducements to remain, and it cannot afford to employ solely inefficient, mediocre men who cannot find employment elsewhere. The burden of the Government is carried on by the $1200, $1500, $1800, $2500 and $3000 a year men. The great body of them are excellent men. They hold on year after year through a feeling of loyalty to the Government and through a real interest in their work. They should not be penalized for it.

The whole governmental machine needs reshaping and reorganizing. It fairly sprawls in its present shapeless mass. It needs to be coördinated and rid of its spare and worn-out parts. In its present aspect it reminds one of nothing so much as of an old house that has come down through a long line of heirs, and has been added to and changed to suit each tenant as he came into possession. The original structure has been overlaid and cumbered and disfigured by an ell here, a set of gables there, a new wing, a half-story extension, a Moorish tower—all stuck on anyhow, anywhere to suit the taste and fancy of the temporary owner. Once built or added, nothing has been destroyed. Some of the dwellers in this hodgepodge of a building have found themselves installed in pleasant sunny rooms with a southern exposure and have quite comfortably stayed there. Others have become lost in the cellar or the attic. They are miserable, but afraid to leave. They are waiting to be rescued.

What is needed, of course, is for Congress to delegate to somebody or some agency or group the responsibility of analyzing the whole present mechanism, and then stripping it of its wasteful and useless parts. It would not be a difficult or an overwhelming task. It is being done in private business every day. It would be simple enough to find out what each of the ten great departments of the Federal Government is doing; it would take time. Duplication of work would at once be disclosed, and outworn agencies that perform duties no longer necessary would stand so clearly revealed that they could no longer hide themselves.

Having this information there are available any number of trained men who could devise a new, simplified and modern mechanism to carry on the business of the Government with less delay and an economy of process that would mean not only improved service but cheaper service.

With this survey of the mechanism there must necessarily be at the same time an examination of the condition of the human cogs in the machine. Basing wages or salaries on duties performed and laying down a system of terms of employment are not unknown sciences. It should not be beyond human power to arrange that people doing the same work should receive the same pay or that long and faithful service should not go unrewarded or that the rate of pay should be adequate to meet living costs. Some sort of employment manager must stand in the relation of employer to these four or five hundred thousand employees. It is proved that Congress cannot do it successfully. A man who enters the government service as a career resigns himself to becoming an employee for life. He must look to his employer to meet changing economic conditions that affect his livelihood.

Now that the national Government is increasingly putting a guiding and directing and arresting hand on and into private business, it might with good grace set its own house in order. Its own employees are discontented, and merely raising the pay of all of them, efficient and inefficient, useful and useless alike, will not improve matters. It seems a lurid thing to say, but I am about ready to accept the belief that the routine processes of the Government, already halting, will break down unless Uncle Sam becomes an intelligent employer. He is not that now.

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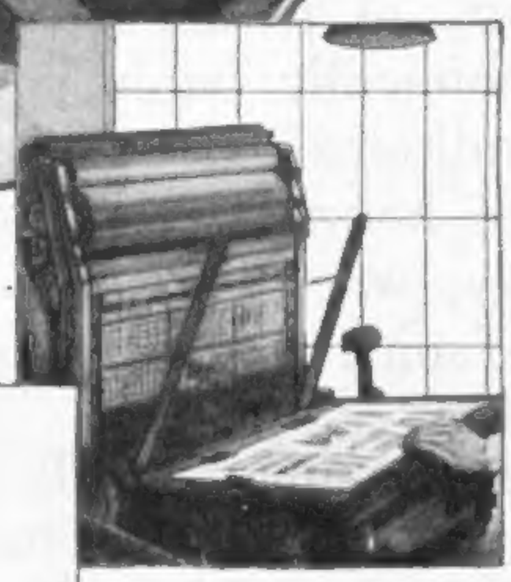
THE rubber stamp is a simple primary method of printing.

Your rubber stamp and his printing press

A CATALOG picture of a rubber stamp.



THE printing press does in a better way exactly what your rubber stamp does.

IF printing a fine catalog were as simple a matter as wielding a rubber stamp, there might be some excuse for the general idea that a printer shouldn't require much time or material to turn out a good job.

But even to print a picture of a rubber stamp requires time, judgment, costly materials, and the work of a number of skilled men.

Before you can print a picture you must make one—and right there, right at the beginning, it is well to know what kind of paper the picture is to be printed on.

If you merely want a picture of a rubber stamp to illustrate a point, a simple outline drawing that suggests a stamp is enough. But suppose you had rubber stamps to sell, and you wanted to make a picture of your stamp so true to life that people would want to buy it of you.

Then you want a specially good picture.

This picture would be engraved on a copper plate, with lines reversed just as they are on the bottom of the stamp. The plate would be put on a press, where first ink rollers and then the printing paper would engage its surface. Now then—if the picture and the engraving plate were made for just any good paper, and just any good paper were used, your printed result might be pretty good.

But if you are particularly proud of your rubber stamps, or whatever you are selling, and want your printing to speak for and as your product, it is worth while to use a paper manufactured to exactly the standards of the printing you want done.

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How to

Better Please the Men

EVERY woman knows how important food is to the men of the household. Good work depends on it. It is the only difference sometimes between the "good" and "bad" days.

Men must be well fed to be happy.

Attractive flavors are necessary. But to make success doubly sure always garnish with a lemon.

When a food is *attractive in appearance* it is most sure to be well digested.

Also, lemon juice makes all foods so garnished more efficient by *directly* aiding the digestion through its salts and acids.

And these valuable *alkaline salts* also counteract the excess acidity of meat, fish and other "acid" foods.

So there are other reasons besides the dainty "appetite appeal" for garnishing with lemons.

Lemon juice is a "natural sauce"; use it instead of vinegar on vegetables such as beans, asparagus and spinach.

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Sunkist
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200 Tested Recipes
—FREE

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We have incorporated these recipes in a valuable book—"Sunkist Recipes"—which we will send without charge on request. This book also tells how to prepare many attractive garnishes. A post card to the address given will bring it.

Use California's Sunkist lemons. They are juicy, tart and practically seedless. The skins are waxy, clean and bright—these lemons make the best looking garnish and contain the most juice.

All first-class dealers sell them. Get a dozen now. Learn the many ways in which you can use lemons to make housekeeping easier.

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"Nobody who has ever met him has had the face to resist his smooth manner. Ask the oldest patriarch you know—he'll swear by his beard that Williams' is the best friend a man ever had."

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Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

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Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you prefer to use a shaving cup, as many still do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap or Williams' Barber Soap.

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Williams' Shaving Cream

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